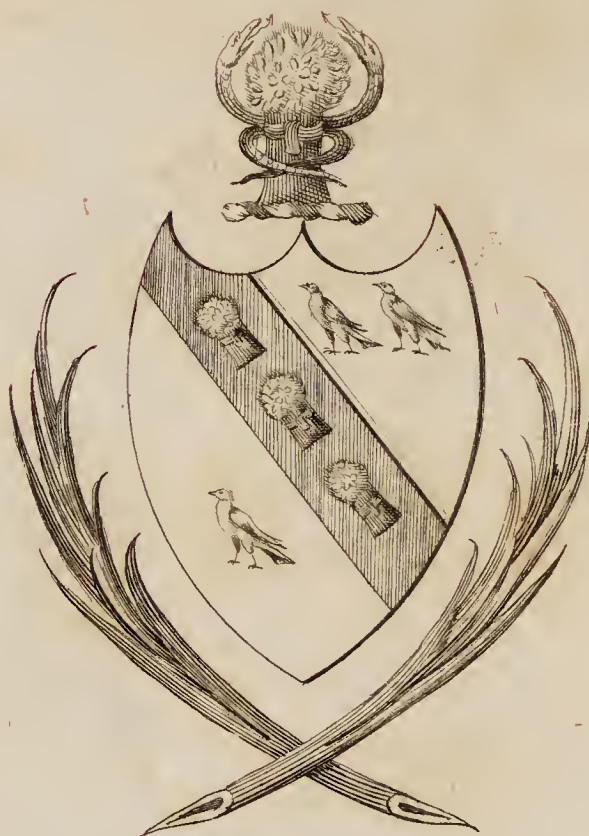




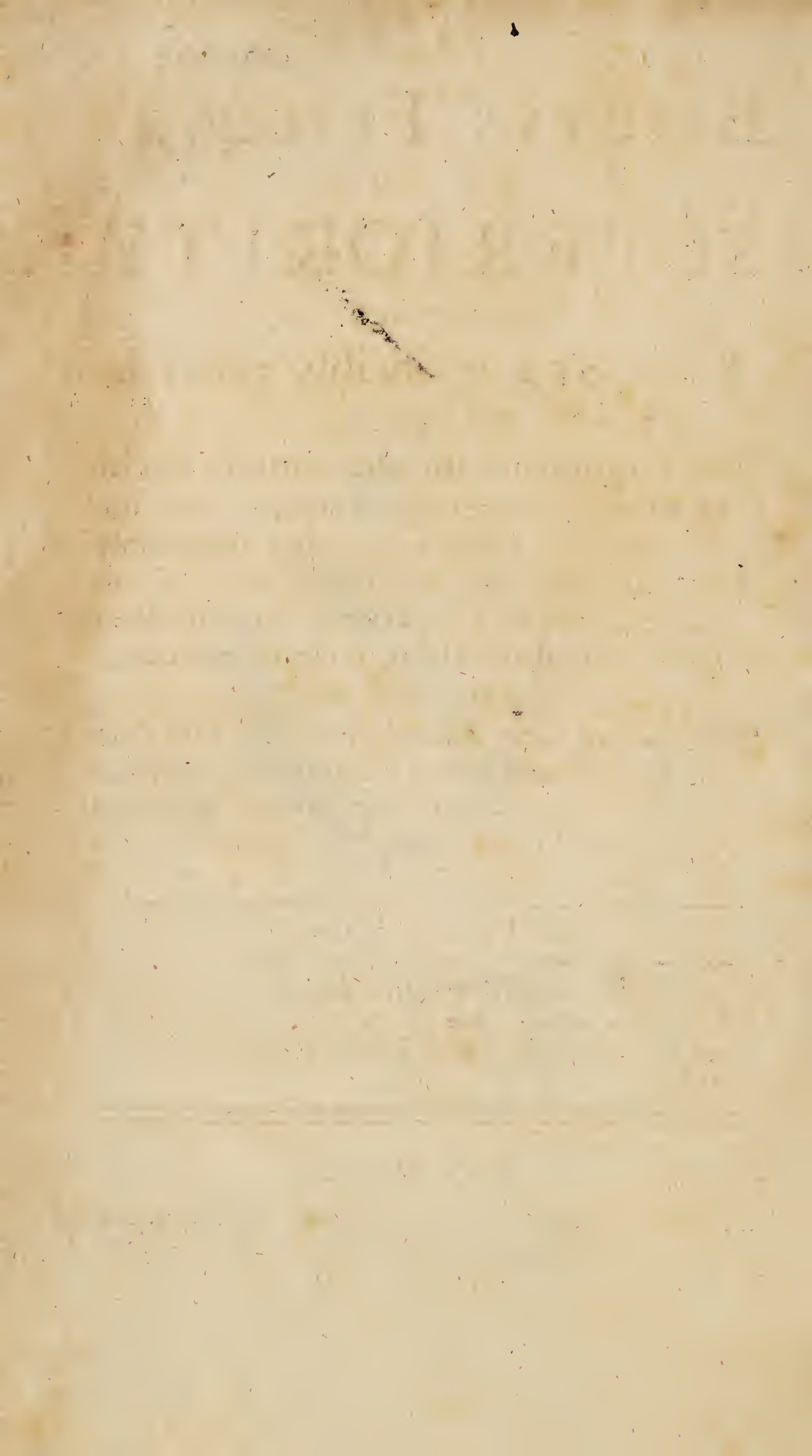
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W.  
BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH:  
OR, THE  
SUPERIORITY

OF THE  
FAIR SEX invincibly proved.

WHEREIN

The Arguments for the natural Right  
of Man to a Sovereign Authority over the  
Woman are fairly urged, and undeniably  
refuted; and the undoubted Title of the  
Ladies, even to a Superiority over the Men  
both in Head and Heart, is clearly evinced;

SHE WING

Their Minds to be as much more beautiful than  
the Mens as their Bodies; and that, if they had  
the same Advantages of Education, they would  
excel their Tyrants as much in Sense as they do  
in Virtue.

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IN THREE PARTS.

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The Whole interspers'd with a delightful Variety of  
Characters, which some of the most celebrated *Heroes*  
and *Heroines* of the present Time have had the Goodness  
to fit for.

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Printed and sold by J. ROBINSON at the *Golden Lion*  
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OF THE

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Lowry & Co. 1881

NEW YORK

The undersigned has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of \$100.00 from the Treasurer of the Board of Health, New York City, for the purpose of purchasing the necessary supplies for the use of the Board of Health, New York City, for the year 1881.

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W O M A N

Not I N F E R I O R to

M A N.

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SECTION I.

The I N T R O D U C T I O N.

**I**F a celebrated Author had not already told us, that *there is nothing in nature so much to be wonder'd at, as THAT WE CAN WONDER AT ALL* ; it must appear to every one, who has but a degree of understanding above the idiot, a matter of the greatest surprize, to observe the universal prevalence of prejudice and custom in the minds of *Men*. One might naturally expect to see those lordly creatures, as they modestly stile themselves, every where jealous of superiority, and watchful to maintain it. Instead

of which, if we except the tyrannical usurpation of authority they exert over us *Women*, we shall find them industrious in nothing but courting the meanest servitude. Was their ambition laudable and just, it would be consistent in itself, and this consistency would render them alike imperious in every circumstance, where authority is requisite and justifiable. And if their brutal strength of body entitled them to lord it over our nicer frame; the rightful superiority of reason to passion might suffice to make them ashamed of submitting that noble principle to baser passion, prejudice, and groundless custom. If this haughty sex would have us believe, they have a natural right of superiority over us, why don't they prove their charter from nature, by making use of reason to subdue themselves. We know we have reason, and are sensible that it is the only prerogative nature has bestow'd upon us, to lift us above the sphere of sensitive Animals. And the same reason, which points us out our equality with them, would enable us to discern the superiority of *Men* over us; if we could discover in them the least degree of sense above what we ourselves possess. But it will be impossible for us, without forfeiting that reason, ever to acknowledge ourselves inferior to creatures, who make no other use of the sense they boast of, than meanly to subject it to the passions they have in common with Brutes. Were we to see the *Men* every where, and at all times, masters of themselves, and their animal appetites in a perfect subordination to their  
rational



rational faculties, we should have some colour to think that nature design'd them for masters to us, who cannot perhaps always boast of so complete a command over ourselves. But how is it possible for us to give into such a notion ; while we see those very men, whose ambition of ascendancy over us nothing less than absolute dominion can satiate, court the most abject slavery, by prostituting reason to their groveling passions, suffering sense to be led away captive by prejudice, and sacrificing justice, truth, and honour to inconsiderate custom ?

How many things do these mighty wise creatures hold for undoubted truths, without being able to assign a reason for any one of their opinions ? The cause of which is, that they suffer themselves to be hurried away by appearances. With them, what seems true must be so ; because the light, in which they eye things, stands them in the stead of conviction. Where they want evidence in the principles, fallacy helps them to fill up the vacancy with chimeras in their inference. In a word, as they suppose without reason, so they discourse without grounds ; and therefore would have as strongly maintain'd the negative of what they assert, if custom and the impression of the senses had determin'd them to it after the same manner.

But a few ages ago, the belief of the *Antipodes* was a heresy in philosophy. Ignorance, dignified with the prerogative of custom, and supported by the seemings of reason, intruded the contrary Opinion ; and the gravest Philosophers were, or af-



fectcd to be, so well convinced of it, that it was an argument of the utmost arrogance to attempt to set them right. And yet the matter has been since so unquestionably proved, that nothing but the height of madness, or the depth of ignorance, can now countenance a doubt of it.

The constant revolution of days and years determin'd the wisakers of old to assert, that all the celestial orbs move round the earth : And custom, ever prevailing custom, drags the major part of our cotemporary book-worms to follow their opinion. Whereas the very same *Phases*, if we maturely consider, may equally incline us to think, that the earth itself is a planet, and moves with the rest of the planets round the sun. What mighty superiority of reason then have these over-grown boys over lesser children? Both argue alike from appearances : The former see, from the diversified positions of the earth and sun, that there is motion in one of them ; and, because they feel not the agitation in the earth they stand upon, therefore, precipitately conclude, that it is the sun moves round them, and not they round the sun. The latter, insensible of the motion of a coach, fancy, when in one, that the houses pass by them, and not they by the houses. Are not both led in their judgments by like principles? yet with this difference still, that real infants are less obstinate in error, and more ready to be set right, than the others.

In like manner, the wild savages in the *Indies*, (who, by the bye, are nevertheless of the same species

species with our domestic ones at home) for want of knowing the mechanism of a clock, are apt to attribute it's movements to invisible spirits within it; while your blind followers of *Des Cartes* blush not, to take upon religious trust, from him, that the whole animal creation consists but of different kinds of *Automata*, or self-moving clock-work; notwithstanding it's being pretty well known, that their master himself had too much sense to believe his own system, having invented it only to amuse and impose upon Simpletons.

The *Men*, who have taken care to engross the affairs of *Religion*, as well as of civil life, to their own management, are no more guided in that than in any thing else by the dictates of reason. The religion they were bred up in they blindly prefer to all others, without being able to give any stronger proof of it's being the best, than that it was the faith of their fore-fathers. Upon the strength of this prejudice, they adhere to it as the only true one; and, without ever examining into it, or comparing it with others, they condemn all beside it as erroneous. Is not this the case with most of the *Men*, our clergy not excepted. No country pleases a man so well as his own; nay, so far is he apt to carry prejudice, that he can seldom be induced to do justice to any other nation, even where truth is on it's side, if the honour and interest of his own are at stake: And this is a foible the very best *Men* are equally subject to. Nay, such is the imbecillity of *that sex*, even beyond ours, that even professions  
are



are a matter of prejudice ; and a fool of our own is often more acceptable in company than a wise man of another calling. The very inequality of stations, which pride, ambition, and other like causes have introduced among *Men*, has deceived multitudes of them into a notion that the same inequality is in *Men* themselves.

If we allow ourselves but time to trace this diversity of vulgar errors up to the fountain-head ; shall we be able to find them any other source than *interest* and *custom* ? And yet such is the prevalence, which custom, ever so wrongly introduced, has over the minds of the *Men*, that it requires much less difficulty to wean them from sentiments, which they themselves have built on the most convincing evidences of *reason* and *truth*, than to draw them from the *prejudices* which *custom* has instill'd into them.

I should never have done, was I to reckon up the many groundless notions the *Men* are led into by *custom* : of which there is none more absurd than that of the great *difference* they make between their own sex and ours. Yet it must be own'd, that there is not any vulgar error more antient or universal. For the learned and illiterate alike are prepossess'd with the opinion, that *Men* are really superior to *Women*, and that the dependence we now are in is the very state which nature pointed out for us.

*Self-prais'd, and grasping at despotick Power,  
They look on Slav'ry as the female Dow'r ;*

To

*To Nature's Boon ascribe what Force has given,  
And Usurpation deem the Gift of Heaven.*

So that to advance the contrary doctrine, after so long a prepossession, must appear as great a paradox as it did some years ago to assert, that on the nether surface of the globe there were men who walk'd with their heads downwards to us; and whether the one be not as agreeable to truth as the other, will best be found on a fair trial. But what judge shall we have recourse to, or what evidence can be admitted in an affair of so delicate a nature as this, whereon depends the right of one half the creation, which ever side prevails?

All the *witness* we desire to be allow'd, is plain *undisguised truth*; and if the *Men* have but generosity enough left to admit this evidence, we shall have no room to fear any they can bring in Contradiction to it. We are willing, for charity's sake, to hope, that, however they may be disposed, they will at least blush to make any exceptions against a witness so unquestionably impartial.

But who shall the matter be tried by? We ourselves are too nearly concern'd in the decision, to be admitted even as witnesses in the trial, much less as judges of the cause; and the same consideration equally excludes the *Men* from acting in it in either capacity. And yet so far are we from having anything to apprehend from the defect of justice in our pretensions, that if the *Men* were ever so little more candid and less corrupted in their judgments than they



they really are, we would readily subscribe to their own sentence. But as the case now stands, we must appeal to a more impartial arbitrator.

Hitherto the *difference* between the *sexes* has been but very slightly touch'd upon. Nevertheless, the *Men*, bias'd by custom, prejudice, and interest, have heretofore presumed boldly to pronounce sentence in their own favour, because possession empower'd them to make violence take place of justice. And the *Men* of our times, without trial or examination, have taken the same liberty from the report of other *Men*. Whereas to judge soundly whether their sex has received from nature any real supereminence beyond ours, they should entirely divest themselves of all *interest* and *partiality*, and suffer no bare reports to fill the place of argument, especially if the reporter be a *party* immediately concern'd.

If a *Man* could thus put off the partiality attach'd to *self*, and put on for a minute a state of neutrality, he would be able to see, and forced to acknowledge, that *prejudice* and *precipitance* are the chief causes of setting less value upon *Women* than *Men*, and giving so much greater excellence and nobility to the latter than to the former. In a word, were the *Men Philosophers*, in the strict sense of the term, they would be able to see, that nature invincibly proves (at least) an *equality* in our sex with their own.

But as there are extremely *few* among them capable of such an abstracted way of thinking, they  
have



have no more right to act the judges in this matter than ourselves; and therefore, we must be obliged to appeal to a more *impartial judge*, one incapable of inclining to either side, and consequently unsuspected on both. *This* I apprehend to be *rectified reason*, as it is a pure intellectual faculty, elevated above the consideration of any sex, and equally concern'd in the welfare of the whole rational species. *To this Judge* we leave our cause; by the decision of this we are prepared to stand or fall; and if, upon the evidence of *truth, reason* should declare us inferior to *Men*, we will chearfully acquiesce in the sentence.

But what if we obtain a decree in our favour, upon impartial examination? Why then all the authority, which the *Men* have exerted over us hitherto, will appear an unjust usurpation on their side; for which nothing can make a tolerable atonement, but their restoring us to the state of equality *nature* first placed us in. And till they do that, the fancied wrongs they charge upon our whole sex, tho' but applicable (*if at all*) to a very small number among us, whom I don't pretend to justify, can only be looked upon as very moderate reprisals upon theirs.

To set this whole matter then in as clear a light as possible, it will be necessary to clear our ideas, by separating the fictitious from the real, the obscure from the evident, supposition from matter of fact, seemings from entities, practice from principle, belief from knowledge, doubt from certainty,—and *interest* and *prejudice* from *justice* and *sound judgment*.

*Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,  
And learn to try false merit by the true.*

To this end therefore we must examine, in order, what are the *general notions* which the *Men* entertain of *our sex*, on what grounds they build their opinions, and what are the effects to us and to themselves of the treatment we receive from them, in consequence of their present opinion. In the course of this little treatise, I shall also occasionally examine, whether there be any *essential difference between the sexes* which can authorize the *superiority* the *Men* claim over the *Women*; and what are the causes of, and who are accountable for, the seeming difference which makes the sum of their plea. And if, upon mature consideration, it appears, that there is no other difference between *Men* and *Us* than what their tyranny has created, it will then be evident how unjust they are in excluding us from that power and dignity we have a right to share with them, how ungenerous in denying us the equality of esteem which is our due, and, how little reason they have to triumph in the base possession of an authority which unnatural violence and lawless usurpation put into their hands. Then let them justify, if they can, the little meannesses, not to mention the grosser barbarities, which they daily practise towards that part of the creation whose happiness is so inseparably link'd with their own.





## S E C T. II.

*In what esteem the Women are held by the Men, and how justly.*

WAS every individual *Man* to divulge his thoughts of our sex, all would be found unanimous in declaring, that we are made only for their use, that we are fit only to breed and nurse children, to mind household affairs, and to obey, serve, and please our tyrannic masters.

*Women, the Toys of Men, and Slaves of Lust,  
Are but mere Moulds to form Man's outward Crust;  
The heavenly Spark, that animates the Clay,  
Of the prime Essence that effulgent Ray,  
Th' enobling Soul, is all to Man confin'd,  
Not meanly squander'd on weak Woman-kind.*

All this is very fine, and, amidst a seraglio of slaves, could not but sound mighty well from the mouth of an *Ishmaelite*. Yet I cannot help thinking it of a stamp with all those fantastical expressions, which, tho' easily advanc'd, can never be prov'd.

*Men* seem to conclude, that all other creatures were made for them, because they themselves were not created till all were in readiness for them. How

far this reasoning will hold good, I will not take upon me to say. But, if it has any weight at all, I am sure it must rather prove, that the *Men* were made for our use than we for their's, as we were not produc'd till they were form'd to receive us, and till it was judg'd by the Creator himself, that they could not be happy without our Society.

That the province of breeding children belongs solely to us, is as certain, as that the office of getting them is wholly their's. And if the latter entitles them to any degree of public esteem and respect, surely the former entitles us to an equal share; since the immediate concurrence of both is so essentially necessary for the propagation of human nature, that either without the other would be entirely useless. Where then is the reason for under-rating us, or claiming superiority over us, for an office in life, in which they bear so equal a share with us? It is too well known to be dissembled, that the office of nursing children is held by the *Men* in a despicable light, as something low and degrading. Whereas, had they nature for their guide, they would not need to be told, that there is no employment in a common-wealth which deserves more honour, or greater thanks and rewards. Let it be consider'd what are the advantages accruing to mankind from it, and it's merit must stand immediately confest. Nay, I know not whether it may not appear to render *Women* deserving of the first places in civil society.

Why,



Why, or to what end, do the individuals of human species associate together, but for the better preservation of life, and the peaceable enjoyment of every thing conducive to that purpose? Do not such then as contribute the most to these public advantages deserve the greatest share of public esteem? And who are these but the *Women*, in the generous disinterested employ of nursing the *Men* in their infancy?

It is from this principle that princes are consider'd as the chief persons in the state, and in quality of such receive the first honours of it; that is, because they are at least supposed to have the greatest share of toil care and foresight for the prosperity of the public weal: So, in proportion, we pay more or less of that respect to such as are under the Sovereign, at a lesser or greater distance from him, because the nearer or farther off they are from sharing with him in the fatigues of serving the public, the more or less useful to society they must be consider'd. For the same reason, we are apt to prefer soldiers to gownsmen; because they are supposed to stand as a bulwark between us and our enemies. And all mankind give to persons such a degree of respect as they suppose them to merit by being useful. And since this is the case throughout life, are not the *Women*, by the very same rule, entitled to the greatest share of public esteem, who are incomparably the greatest contributors to the public good? *Men* can absolutely dispense with princes, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, &c. as they did in the beginning



beginning of time, and as savages do still. But can they in their infancy do without nurses? And since they themselves are too awkward for that important office, are not *Women* indispensably wanted? In a peaceful orderly state, the major part of *Men* are useless in their office, with all their authority; but *Women* will never cease to be useful, while there are *Men*, and those *Men* have children. Of what other use are Judges, Magistrates, and their dependant officers in the execution of justice, any more than to secure their property to persons, who, if the Constitution allowed it, wou'd perhaps be able to do themselves justice in a more exact and expeditious manner? But *Women*, more truly useful, are employ'd in preserving their lives to enjoy that property. Soldiers are esteem'd and rewarded because engaged in defending full-grown *Men*, who are equally, and often more, capable of defending themselves. How much more then is our sex worthy their esteem and gratitude, who watch and labour for their safety, when as yet they know not what they are, are unable to distinguish between friends and foes, and are naked of every defence but that of tears! If princes and statesmen sometimes exert themselves in the service of the public, ambition is their motive, and power, riches, or splendor, the point in view. But our more generous souls are bias'd only by the good we do to the children we breed and nurture: Daily experience reminding us, that all the gratification we can hope for from the unnatural creatures, for the almost infinite pains, anxieties, care, and assiduities

to

to which we subject ourselves on their account, and which cannot be matched in any other state of civil society, is an ungrateful treatment of our persons, and the basest contempt of our sex in general. Such the generous offices we do them : Such the ungenerous returns they make us !

Surely then nothing but a corrupt imagination can make *Men* look upon an office of such high importance to them, as mean and contemptible, or as less valuable than it really is. How largely are they rewarded who succeed in taming a tyger, an elephant, or such like animals ; and shall *Women* be neglected for spending years in the taming that fiercer animal MAN ? If the source of this unjust partiality be inquired into, we shall find, that the only cause why these important services done by us are too little valued, is, their being so frequent and usual.

However, as the pleasure, which the generosity of our sex makes us take in that office, is sufficient to make us discharge ourselves of it with the utmost tenderness, without any view of reward, I do not here mean to complain of our receiving none. I would only beg leave to say, that our being so much more capable than the male kind to execute that office well, no ways proves us unqualified to execute any other. Indeed, the *Men* themselves seem tacitly agreed to acknowledge as much : But then, according to their wonted disinterestedness, they are still for confining all our other Talents to the pleasant limits of obeying and gratifying our masters.

That



That they are our masters, they take for granted; but by what title they are so, not one of them is able to make out. And yet so universally received is this notion among them, that it every where prevails, from the prince to the peasant. Nay, I myself was accidentally witness to the diverting scene of a journeyman taylor's beating his wife about the ears with a neck of mutton, to make her know, as he said, her *sovereign lord* and *master*. And yet this, perhaps, is as valid an argument as the best of their sex is able to produce, only convey'd in a dirtier manner.

But be this as it may, whether nature design'd them for our masters or not, if their injunctions were the sober dictates of sound reason, we shou'd find the yoke of obedience an agreeable weight; since, obeying them, we should but submit our will to *reason*, and act like those intelligent beings we know ourselves to be. And that, generally speaking, the *Women* are more inclined so to do than the *Men*, where every circumstance is parallel, is too well known to admit of a doubt. But then it wou'd be putting ourselves upon the level with brutes, to descend to a compliance with the generality of their commands; since that alone wou'd suffice to degrade us, and render us as despicable as the upright unfeather'd animals who impose them upon us.

Masters then, or not masters, they have but one of these two ways to chuse in exerting their pretended authority: Either let them, as usual, suit their  
com-

commands to their *passions*, in opposition to *reason*, and then none but *Women*, as irrational as themselves, will obey them ; a pre-eminence which no *Woman* of sense will envy them : Or, let *reason* speak in their orders, and all *Women* of *sense* will listen to that ; tho' the *Men* shou'd tickle themselves with the notion, that our obedience is paid merely to their injunctions.

Were the *Men* to make choice of the *latter*, we would indulge them the innocent liberty of fancying themselves masters, while we, delighted with seeing all the authority placed in *reason*, where it should be, must know that each sex wou'd have the privilege of conveying its influences to the other in their turns. And if *Man* had steadiness enough to conform all his injunctions to the dictates of *reason* ; the same steadiness wou'd induce him to yield to those dictates, when *Woman* was the means of conveying them. No matter by what mouth *reason* speaks. If *Men* were strictly attach'd to it ; whether we or they were the vehicles of its decision, we shou'd on both sides be equally determin'd by it. But the case is at present quite otherwise. The *Men*, who cannot deny us to be rational creatures, wou'd have us justify their irrational opinion and treatment of us, by our descending to a mean compliance with their irrational expectations. But I hope, while *Women* have any spirit left, they will exert it all, in shewing how worthy they are of better usage, by not submitting tamely to such misplaced arrogance.



To stoop to some regard for the strutting things is not enough ; to humour them more than we cou'd children, with any tolerable decency, is too little ; they must be served forsooth. Pretty creatures indeed ! How worthy do they appear of this boasted pre-eminence. To require us to be their drudges, whom they are forced to court and decoy into their power by the most pitiful cringes ! Upon what title do they build a claim to our devoirs clearer or more valid than we can shew to theirs ?

If brutal strength, in which we acknowledge their pre-eminence, is a sufficient plea for their trampling upon us, the lion has a much better title over the whole creation. But that is a more generous kind of brute than those we are speaking of, and therefore scorns to exert its strength where it finds too great a disproportion, even in an adversary.

I allow indeed, we ought to make it part of our business to please the poor things, if the attempt were likely to succeed. It would be quite barbarous to let a child cry, if a rattle would keep it quiet. But the misfortune is, that it is a study for life to find out a means of pleasing these greater and more stubborn brats. I have heard, it is a vulgar proverb, that *the devil is good-humour'd when he is pleased*, and if this proverb, like others, be founded on experience, it is a proof, the devil can be pleased sometimes. I wish as good an argument could be brought to prove that the *Men* can ever be so. But such is the fantastical composition of their nature, that the more pains are taken in endeavouring



vouring to please them, the less, generally speaking, is the labour like to prove successful ; or if ever it does, the reward never pays the expence. And surely the *Women* were created by heaven for some worthier end than to labour in vain their whole life long.

I foresee it may be urged, that we cannot be said to spend our lives in vain, while we are answering the end of our creation: And as we were created for no other end than for the *Men's* use, our only business is to be subject to and please them: Neither shall we be answerable for neglecting every thing else, because God has not given us a capacity for more. But this must appear, from what I have already said, and shall hereafter more fully shew, begging the question ; and supposing what should (but cannot) be proved.

There are some however more condescending, and gracious enough to confess, that many *Women* have wit and conduct ; but yet they are of opinion, that even such of us as are most remarkable for either or both, still betray something which speaks the imbecillity of our sex. This silly groundless notion, o'er-whelm'd by a multitude of instances to the contrary, was sinking into its due oblivion, when, for want of something better to employ his pen, a certain whifler was pleased lately to revive it in one of the weekly \* papers, lest this age should be ignorant what fools there have been among his sex in former times.

To give us a sample then of the wisdom of his sex, he tells us, that it was always the opinion of the wisest among them, that *Women* are never to be indulged the sweets of liberty ; but ought to pass their whole lives in a state of subordination to the *Men*, and in an absolute dependance upon them, And the reason assign'd for so extravagant an assertion, is our not having a sufficient capacity to govern ourselves.

*Wretches accurs'd ! by hell's black council driven  
Thus to debase the fairest work of heav'n.*

It must be observed, that so bold a tenet ought to have better proofs to support it than the bare word of the persons who advance it ; as their being *parties*, so immediately concern'd, must render all they say of this kind highly suspicious. However, since we are equally susceptible on that account as they are, it must be to as little purpose for us to deny it ; unless it be to put them upon the proof. And doubtless, creatures of such profound wisdom as these *Men* are, if we take their own word, wou'd never attempt to assert any thing so positively, without being able to back it with the best of evidence. Let us see then, upon what grounds they build these extravagant notions of our sex, and how far they will stand the test of *truth* and *reason* ; that we may give into their opinion, or reject it.





## SECTION III.

*Whether Women are inferior to Men in their intellectual capacity, or not.*

IN the first place then, according to them, “ the  
 “ greatest part of our sex have but short lucid  
 “ intervals; — but sudden flashes of reason,  
 “ which vanish in a minute; — we have a  
 “ resemblance of that planet, which is dark of itself,  
 “ and only shines by borrow’d light; — our  
 “ wit has but a false lustre, more fit to surprize  
 “ admiration than deserve it; — we are enemies  
 “ to reflection; — the majority of us only reason at  
 “ hazard, think by fallies, and discourse by rote.”  
 A heavy charge this, to be laid against the majority  
 of *Women*. But granting it, for argument’s sake,  
 to be literally true, is it not as undeniably true, that  
 the very same charge may be equally retorted on  
 the majority of *Men*? And yet would they not  
 triumphantly alledge it as a proof of our weak sense,  
 were we to conclude, in their way, that all the *Men*  
 therefore ought to be perpetually under our guardi-  
 anship? A little experience is sufficient to demon-  
 strate how much fitter we are to be guardians over  
 them, than they are to be such over us. Every  
 young *maiden* is qualified to be the mistress and  
 manager

manager of a family, at an age when the *Men* are scarce susceptible of the precepts of a master. And the only sure expedient to reclaim a young fellow from his excesses, and render him useful to society, is to give him for *guardian* a *Wife*, who may reform him by her example, moderate his passions by her prudence, and win him from his debaucheries by her engaging behaviour.

So far then are the *Men* from proving their principle by practice, where their interest is concern'd, that, when their own profound wisdom is too weak to curb the more unruly among them, they have no other recourse than to shelter them under our tutelage: Thus contradicting in fact, what they advance in Words. But is it not the fear of making us too proud of ourselves, which makes them contend, that we have neither solidity nor constancy, much less that depth of judgment which they very humbly ascribe to themselves? Wherefore else do they so wisely conclude, that it must absolutely have been a joint effect of divine providence and their own sovereign sense, which debarr'd us of *sciences*, *government*, and *public offices*? If we permit 'em to give a Verdict for themselves,

“ ’Tis *Man’s*, with Knowledge to expand the Soul,  
 “ And wing his Eagle-flight from Pole to Pole ;  
 “ ’Tis his, to pierce Antiquity’s dark Gloom,  
 “ And the still thicker Shades of Time to come ;  
 “ ’Tis his, to guide the pond’rous Helm of State,  
 “ And bear alone all Wisdom’s solid Weight.

“ While



- “ *While Woman's only Science is to move*  
 “ *The fondling Passions and the baby Love.*  
 “ ————— *Be this her Doom,*  
 “ *Fix'd to the Toilette, Spinet, and the Loom.*

Whether there be any solidity in this, will best appear on a fair examination. To know then, whether *Women* are less capable of the sciences than *Men*, we must consider what is the *principle* by which *sciences* are attain'd ; and if That be wanting, in our Sex, or less perfect, there will be no more requir'd to demonstrate our Antagonists are in the right. But if that *principle* should appear to be as perfect in the *one* as in the *other*, then there will be great reason to suspect the *Men* of *jealousy* ; and it cannot be rash to say, that their only reason for excluding us from all the avenues to knowledge, is the fear of our excelling them in it.

It is a known truth, that the difference of sexes regards only the body, and that merely as it relates to the propagation of the Species. But the soul, concurring to it only by consent, actuates all after the same manner ; so that in *this* there is *no sex* at all. There is no more difference to be discern'd between the souls of a dunce and a man of wit, or of an illiterate and an experienced Person, than between a boy of four and a man of forty years of age. And since there is not at most any greater difference between the souls of *Women* and *Men*, there can be no real diversity contracted from the body : All the diversity then must come from  
*education,*

*education, exercise, and the impressions* of those external objects which surround us in different Circumstances.

The same Creator, by the same laws, unites the souls of *Women* and *Men* to their respective bodies. The same sentiments, passions, and propensions, cement that union in both. And the soul, operating in the same manner in the one and the other, is capable of the very same functions in both.

To render this still more evident, we need only consider the texture of the head, the seat of the sciences and the part where the soul exerts itself most. All the researches of Anatomy, have not yet been able to shew us the least difference in this part between *Men* and *Women*. Our brain is perfectly like theirs. We receive the impressions of sense as they do. We range and preserve ideas for imagination and memory as they do. We have all the organs they have, and apply them to the same purposes. We hear with ears, see with eyes, and taste with a tongue as well as they. Nor can there be any difference pointed out between our organs and theirs, but that ours are more delicate, and consequently fitter to answer the ends they were made for.

Even among the *Men*, it is universally observ'd, that the more gross and lumpish are commonly stupid ; and the more elegantly form'd are ever the most sprightly. The reason is plain : The soul, while confined to the body, is dependent on its organs in all its operations ; and therefore the more  
free



free or clogg'd those organs are, the more or less must the soul be at liberty to exert itself. Now it is too well known to need any support, that the organs in our sex are of a much finer and more delicate temperature than in theirs ; and therefore, had we the same advantages of study allow'd us which the *Men* have, there is no room to doubt, but we should at least keep pace with them in the *sciences*, and every branch of useful knowledge.

It can only then be a mean dastardly jealousy in them, to exclude us from those advantages, in which we have so natural a right to emulate them. Their pretext for so doing, that study and learning wou'd make *Women* proud and vicious, is pitiful, capricious, and of a piece with their practice. No : false knowledge, and superficial learning, only can produce so bad an effect. For true knowledge and solid learning must, cannot but, make *Women*, as well as *Men*, both more humble and more virtuous. And it must be own'd, that if a little superficial knowledge has render'd some of our sex vain, it equally renders many of theirs insupportable. But that is no reason why solid learning should be denied, or not instill'd into either ; rather ought the greater pains to be taken to improve, in both, every disposition to the sciences, into a true relish for, and a deep knowledge of, them ; according to the advice of one of their brightest writers, as applicable to any science as to it is poetry,

*A little learning is a dangerous thing ;  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring ;  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.*

It is a common notion, that mankind need not be knowing to be virtuous ; which proceeds from this, that we see many persons, who are reputed men of sense, of very immoral characters ; and therefore is it falsely concluded, that knowledge is not only unprofitable in itself to virtue, but even frequently destructive of it. Whereas it wou'd be easy to prove, that the knowledge of ourselves and of many other things is highly requisite to improve our sense of moral obligations : Since the chief reason which is to be assign'd for so many persons falling into vice and folly so precipitately, or practising virtue so faintly, is their being ignorant of themselves, and the true nature of things : And how shall they remove this ignorance but by *science* and *study* ?

If then there have been some of our sex so affected with their learning as to become assuming, their fault carries its excuse with it. Either they have been such as had not drank deep enough to learn to be humble, or, the uncommonness of this advantage in our sex, and the difficulties they must have surmounted who have attain'd to it, will apologize for the little vanity they may have shewn. As a person of low rank, whose merit and industry have  
 raised



raised him to an unusual eminence, may be excused, if, seeing himself advanc'd above the sphere of his equals, he shou'd be seized with some degree of giddiness. Besides that, if it be a fault, as its wanting an apology proves it to be, it is a fault which the *Men* themselves daily fall into. And yet neither in the *Men*, nor in the *Women*, ought it to be imputed, as a blemish, to the *sciences* they may possess. The real cause of it is, that they who are versed in any science look upon themselves as possess'd of something, which is a mystery to the generality of the World. But let the matter be how it will, it is more than probable, that, since the vanity of the learned *Men* greatly surpasses that of the learned of our sex, as appears from the frothy titles the former arrogate to themselves : If *Women* were admitted to an equal share of the sciences, and the advantages leading to, and flowing from them, they wou'd be much less subject to the vanity they are apt to occasion.

It is a very great absurdity, to argue that learning is useless to *Women*, because forsooth they have not a share in public offices, which is the end for which *Men* apply themselves to it. *Virtue* and *felicity* are equally requisite in a private as in a public station, and *learning* is a necessary means to both. It is by that we acquire an exactness of thought, a propriety of speech, and a justness of action : Without that we can never have a right knowledge of ourselves : It is that which enables us to distinguish between right and wrong, true and

false: And finally, that alone can give us skill to regulate our passions, by teaching us, that true happiness and virtue consist not so much in enlarging our possessions as in contracting our desires.

Besides, let it be observed, what a wretched circle this poor way of reasoning among the *Men* draws them insensibly into. Why is *learning* useless to us? because we have no share in public offices. And why have we no share in public offices? because we have no *learning*. They are sensible of the injustice they do us, and are reduced to the mean shift of cloaking it at the expence of their own reason. But let truth speak for once: Why are they so industrious to debar us that learning, we have an equal right to with themselves, but for fear of our sharing with, and outshining them in, those public offices they fill so miserably? The same fordid selfishness which urges them to engross all power and dignity to themselves, prompts them to shut up from us that knowledge which wou'd have made us their competitors.

As nature seems to have design'd the *Men* for our drudges, I cou'd easily forgive them the usurpation by which they first took the trouble of public employments off our hands, if their injustice were content with stopping there. But as one abyss calls on another, and vices seldom go single, they are not satisfied with engrossing all authority into their own hands, but are confident enough to assert that they possess it by right. Their reason for this assertion is what I have already hinted, *viz.* because we  
were



were form'd by nature to be under perpetual subjection to them, for want of abilities to share with them in *government* and *public offices*.

*Like mean attendants on Life's stage we're seen,  
Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct, the scene.*

To confute this *mannish* extravagance, it will be necessary to sap it from the foundation on which it is built.





## S E C T. IV.

*Whether the Men are better qualified to govern than Women, or not.*

**I**F you are doting enough to hold upon trust what the *Men* themselves say, you are to take it for granted, that *Women* are such senseless mortals by nature, as to be absolutely incapable of taking the least care of themselves. “ It is therefore, say they, a cruel tenderness, a false complaisance, to abandon the fair-sex to their own conduct. The more they are made to please and charm, the more it imports them to fly from those dangers, to which they are exposed by being so.” A plain proof of their speaking from their hearts is, their imagining us weak enough to be wheedled out of our liberty and property, by such jingling empty stuff. But where have they proved that we are not as capable of guarding ourselves from dangers, as they are of guarding us; had we the same power and advantages allow’d us, which they have? Again, are we safer under their conduct than our own? Is it not manifestly launching from *Scylla* to *Charybdis*, to fly to their protection from danger? There is scarce an instance in a thousand among *Women*, of *one Woman* of a middling capacity, who does not, or would not, govern herself better than most *Men* in



in parallel circumstances, if the circumvention, treachery, and baseness of that sex did not interfere. Whereas for *one Woman* who is better'd in understanding or morality under their tuition, many hundreds are betray'd into inevitable ruin. As this is undeniable matter of fact, it needs no proof to support it. Neither will it bear retorting upon us. For granting some few *Men* to have suffer'd by petticoat-government, the number is extremely small in proportion. And, were it equal, the *Women's* conduct in this case is to be charged wholly to the *Men's* account, who robb'd them of those advantages of education, which wou'd have enabled them to act better; which they were susceptible of; and which they had a natural right to. The same apology cannot be made for the *Men's* misconduct in governing us. They have all the advantages requisite to qualify them; and if, spite of all, we are worse under their government than under our own, the consequence speaks itself, that either they have a natural want of capacity, or want of honesty. They are at liberty to chuse which imputation pleases them best: Tho' without judging rashly, I might venture to say, they have a right to both. If they imagine they can elude the force of this truth, by saying that the *Men*, whom this accusation regards, have not made use of the advantages which their sex in general has, and therefore might as well have been without them; that no ways lessens the truth of what I have advanced; that most *Women* are ruin'd, instead of being improved

proved in heart or mind under the conduct of the *Men*. And therefore, since we are at most in no greater safety under their government than our own, there can be no solid reason assign'd why we shou'd be subject to it.

But it seems we are already condemn'd to it by a judge of their own erecting, a blubbering dotard, too conceited of his own sense, to be improved by that of his wife ; *Cato*, the *wise Cato*, who grown obstinate in wrong by age and humour'd prejudice, chose rather to die a fool of his own making, than live a man of sense by a wife's advice. This *Cato* has pronounced sentence against us. And so disinterested a judge, we cannot surely except against. Let us hear then what this oracle says,

“ Let us treat *Women* as our equals, (*says he*)  
 “ and they will immediately want to become our  
 “ mistresses.” ’Tis *Cato* says it ; and therefore, it seems, there needs no proof. Besides, to oblige men to prove all they advance by reason, wou'd be imposing silence upon them ; a grievance to which they are perhaps full as unequal as they pretend we are. But granting *Cato* to be infallible in his assertions, what then ? Have not *Women* as much right to be mistresses, as the *Men* have to be masters ? No, says *Cato*. But why ? *Because they have not*. Such convincing arguments must make us fond of hearing him further. “ If we make the *Women* our equals, (*adds he*) they will demand that to-morrow as a tribute, “ which they receive to-day as a grace.” But where is the grace in granting us a share in what we



we have an equal right to? Have not the *Women* an equal claim to power and dignity with the *Men*? If we have; the wise *Cato* nods: if we have not; *Cato* wou'd have been wise indeed, to convince us of it. But supposing it to be a favour, a grace, what he pleases to call it, wou'd not the *Men* reap the chief benefit of it? The *reserve* peculiar to our sex proves, that knowing how to curb ourselves, we are qualified to govern them; and the meekness and tenderness, which make part of our character, are sufficient to persuade them that our yoke wou'd not be heavy. But no, *says Cato*, “ we may thank  
 “ ourselves for that sweetness and reserve which  
 “ they shew in our presence. — This shadow of  
 “ virtue is owing to the necessity we impose upon  
 “ them of dissembling.” Then *Cato* is forced at last to own, that the subjection we are kept under, by that arrogant sex, is the effect of violence and imposition? This he does to compliment his own sex with attributing all our merit to them. A sorry compliment, considering the ungrateful truth it extorts from him. And yet how against the grain does he own any merit in us! No, we have but the shadow of virtue, and all their impositions and violence can only induce us to dissemble. Is not this calling all his own sex fools? For surely nothing can be a greater proof of folly in the *Men* than to use violence and imposition, and to take perpetual pains to support both, only to make us act with affectation; when much less labour wou'd make us shew ourselves in a more natural light:

Especially since it is impossible ever to govern subjects rightly, without knowing as well what they really are as what they only seem; which the *Men* can never be supposed to do, while they labour to force *Women* to live in constant masquerade. So that either all the *Men* are downright changelings, by *Cato's* own confession, or this mighty oracle himself is a driveler, and to be heeded by none but such as resemble him.

I shou'd not have thought him worth so much notice, but that the *Men* are weak enough, in general, to suffer their judgment to be captivated by such half-thinking pedants. Among whom, This in particular, was he worth the pains, might be easily proved to have been often grossly in the wrong in other matters as well as in the present case; and therefore, when he happens to be in the right, the merit of it is more to be imputed to chance than to his wisdom: Since the greatest fools, when active, may blunder into the right sometimes: And great talkers, among many absurdities, must here and there drop a good saying, when they least design it. Of this stamp, are the generality of evidence brought against us. Men averse to the labour of thinking; who have gain'd all their reputation by a pretty gimnicks of expression, which wou'd no more bear examination than their heads, their hearts, or their faces; and who (to mimic this sage) wou'd rather see *common-sense* in confusion, than *a word* misplaced in one of their *sentences*. Yet these are sages among the *Men*, and their apothegms are so many divine oracles; whereas,



whereas, perhaps, had we lived in their times, to have heard the many more foolish things they said than sensible ones, we shou'd have found them as trifling as the dupes who revere them. And tho', perhaps, we might have been more surprized to hear such dotards talk sometimes rationally, than we now are, to read their sayings; we shou'd have had reason still to think them more fit to extort our admiration than to deserve it. Care has been taken to hand down to us the best of their sentences, many of which are still weak enough: But had the same care been taken to register all their absurdities, how great a share of their present applause would they have lost! As the infidel observed to the priest of *Neptune*, when proving the god's divinity from the trophies in his temple,

*'Tis true, their pictures who escap'd you keep,  
But where are they who perish'd in the deep?*

GARTH.

But we have a more formidable set of enemies than these laconic gentlemen; *Men* who pretend to build their assertions upon very good grounds, and who wou'd scorn, *say they*, to exclude us from power, dignity, and public offices, if they cou'd not shew us the best of reasons. It will be proper therefore to hear their arguments, before we undertake to say they are in the wrong.



## S E C T. V.

*Whether the Women are fit for public offices,  
or not.*

**I**T is enough for the *Men* to find a thing establish'd to make them believe it well grounded. In all countries we are seen in subjection and absolute dependence on them, without being admitted to the advantage of science, or the opportunities of exerting our capacity in public stations. Hence the *Men*, according to their usual paralogism, conclude that we ought to be so. But supposing it to be true, that *Women* had ever been excluded from *public offices*, is it therefore necessarily true that they ought to be so? God has always been more or less resisted by ungrateful man; a fine conclusion it wou'd be then to infer, that therefore he ought to be so.

But why do the *Men* persuade themselves that we are less fit for public employments than they are? Can they give any better reason than custom, and prejudice, form'd in them by external appearances, for want of a closer examination? If they did but give themselves the leisure to trace things back to their fountain-head, and judge of the sentiments and practices of *Men* in former ages from what they discover in their own times, they would not be so  
open



open as they are to errors and absurdities in all their opinions. And particularly with regard to *Women*, they wou'd be able to see, that if we have been subjected to their authority, it has been by no other law than that of the stronger: And that we have not been excluded from a share in the power and privileges which lift their sex above ours, for want of natural capacity, or merit, but for want of an equal spirit of violence, shameless injustice, and lawless oppression, with theirs.

Nevertheless, so weak are their intellectuals, and so untuned are their organs to the voice of reason, that custom makes more absolute slaves of their senses than they can make of us. They are so inur'd to see things as they now are, that they cannot represent to themselves how they can be otherwise. It wou'd be extremely odd, they think, to see a *Woman* at the head of an army giving battle; or at the helm of a nation giving laws; pleading causes in quality of counsel; administering justice in a court of judicature; preceded in the street with sword, mace, and other ensigns of authority, as magistrates; or teaching rhetoric, medicine, philosophy, and divinity, in quality of university professors.

If by oddity they understand something in its nature opposite to the genuine unbiass'd rules of good-sense, I believe the *Men* will find it a difficult task, to prove any oddity in such a sight, or any real inconsistency in it with *rectified reason*. For if *Women* are but considered as rational creatures, abstracted

tracted from the disadvantages imposed upon them by the unjust usurpation and tyranny of the *Men*, they will be found, to the full, as capable as the *Men*, of filling these offices.

This has been verified by the most illustrious facts in several ages. For instance, Who had a greater genius for empire than *Simiramis*? Her husband, the mighty *Ninus*, who had raised the *Assyrian* empire, was so persuaded of this, that, at his death, he appointed her regent of his vast dominions during his son's minority. She distinguished her government by the most renown'd exploits in war, by the wisdom of her administration, and by the most glorious works of peace. She built the matchless *Babylon*, famed through all the world, beside other great emporiums on the banks of the *Tygris* and *Euphrates*. The splendor and magnificence of the structures whereby she adorned her capital, surpass almost all belief.

With *Simiramis* let me mention *Zenobia*, in whom the regal virtues shone no less conspicuously than in the former. She managed the wide empire of the east, after the murder of her husband *Odenathus*, with a bravery and conduct truly heroic, and with a spirit superior even to her deceased consort's; tho' he could hardly be excell'd in courage, magnanimity, and every generous quality: But she had all those transcendent accomplishments, in the highest degree, that were proper to create her an universal esteem, and render her worthy of the noblest throne upon earth.



In company with these we may very justly rank two ladies of our own island, *Boadicea* and *Elizabeth*. The first was wife of *Prasutagus*, king of the *Icenians*. After the death of this prince, she had been ignominiously treated by some of *Nero's* officers. The magnanimity of her soul could not brook these indignities. She meditated a revenge adequate to her resentment; no less than the entire destruction of the *Roman* power in this country. She found the whole nation irritated with a sense of her wrongs, as well as of the bondage all groaned under, thro' the insolence of their *Italian* masters. She cultivated this disposition, and engaged the *British* chiefs in a grand alliance, for expelling the tyranny. She headed the confederate army, and had certainly defeated the *Roman* legions, if the valour of her troops had been equal to their female leader's. That she was vanquished, notwithstanding the most consummate prudence and intrepidity, was owing to the cowardice and folly of those male poltroons she commanded.

What *English* monarch ever excelled our incomparable *Elizabeth* in the arts of ruling. Her glorious administration was one continued exercise of the most refined politicks. She fill'd the whole world with admiration of her royal qualities. She succeeded to a throne surrounded with circumstances that had a lowering aspect, but she soon dissipated the gloomy clouds which obscur'd her rising, and shone with uninterrupted lustre to the end of her course. When she received the crown she found

found her kingdoms in a weak and disturbed condition; the people divided in religion, and rent into political factions; the national honour impair'd by the loss of *Calais*, at the close of her sister's reign; the exchequer almost emptied by an unprosperous war; the *Irish* ripe for rebellion; and the *Scots* a dangerous neighbour, in alliance with *France*, and ready to forward their designs. These were some of the difficulties she had to encounter, too great, as most men would have imagin'd, for a female government to have overcome; yet, by the force of her superior sagacity, fortitude, resolution, and address, she so divided and weaken'd her enemies, as to render all their schemes abortive. She defended and succoured her allies, retrieved the declining glory of her country, established the reformation, extended the *English* commerce, sent her fleets round the globe, and imported the treasures of both the *Indies*. Wealth and felicity flow'd into these realms under her auspices; nor was the reign of any of our kings distinguished by such a series of martial triumphs, attended with so much domestic prosperity.

Splendid examples might also be produc'd, of women shining in the sphere of learning, and signalizing themselves in all the other noble stations and scenes of life. But I am not writing a history of female glory, only dropping some hints, which at once are conspicuous evidences of the truth I advance, and afford the creatures I am dealing with some consolation, under the mortifying proof of our  
equalling



equalling 'em, at least, in all the talents they can boast of, in all the most honourable characters they are able to sustain.

I must own, indeed, in this age, to see a *Woman*, however well qualified, exert herself in any of these employments, cou'd not but as greatly surprize us, as to see a man or woman drest in the garb worn in the days of *W. RUFUS*. And yet our wonder in either case wou'd be the sole effect of novelty, or of the revival of an obsolete custom, new to us. If from time immemorial the *Men* had been so little envious, and so very impartial, as to do justice to our abilities, by admitting us to our right of sharing with them in public action, they wou'd have been as accusom'd to see us filling public offices, as we are to see them disgrace them; and to see a lady at a bar, or on a bench, wou'd have been no more strange, than it is now, to see a grave judge whimpering at his maid's knees, or, a lord embroidering his wife's petticoat: A *Schurman*, with a thesis in her hand, displaying nature in it's most innocent useful lights, wou'd have been as familiar a sight, as a physician in his chariot conning *Ovid's Art of Love*: And an *Amazon*, with an helmet on her head, animating her embattled troops, wou'd have been no more a matter of surprize, than a milliner behind a counter with a thimble on her finger, or than a peer of *Great Britain* playing with his *garter*.

So widely have insolence and folly spread their influence, that few nations, beside our own, think

*Women* capable of holding the scepter ; but *England* has learn'd by that famous instance I have been producing, of *Elizabeth*, as well as by later ones, of *Q. Mary* and her sister *Anne*, that a kingdom may arrive at the sublimest pitch of military glory under the rule and direction of a female.

And as the case now stands, and ever has stood, thus, in respect of arms and empire, so has it been, and now is, similar with regard to literature. How many ladies have there been, and still are, who deserve place among the learned ; and who are more capable of *teaching* the *sciences* than those who now fill most of the *university chairs*? The age we live in has produced as many, as any one heretofore ; tho' their modesty may prevent their making any public shew of it. Such however has been the force of genius in some, as to break through this obstruction ; such the prevalence of their merit, as to extort applause from the most envious of the other sex. I will not here speak of any whose names are not generally known, and of three or four of those only.

Who considers, without admiration, the erudition of Madam DACIER. She was a daughter worthy of the great *Tanaquil Faber*, one of the most eminent philologists of the last age. He communicated to her his vast stores of knowledge, and she had a mind capacious enough to retain 'em. She became the wife of M. *Dacier*, a critic of the first rate in *France*, and was not inferior to her husband in any  
of



of the studies of humanity. She assisted him in his translations of the ancients, which she enrich'd with many excellent notes. She was a most passionate admirer of the *Greek* and *Roman* authors, whom she perfectly understood, being a compleat mistress of both their languages. She was highly esteem'd by all the Literati of *Europe*.

As Madam *Dacier* was one of the brightest ornaments of *France*, so may the *British* islands glory in a list of females, whose erudition would have appear'd with dignity in our universities. Among these we will name, of high quality, only *Q. Elizabeth*, *Mary of Scotland*, and the beauteous unfortunate *Jane Gray*, who were able to converse with *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Isocrates*, *Demosthenes*, *Thucydides*, *Cicero*, the philosophers and orators of old, in their own dialects. Of later time I will take notice but of two, whose accomplishments this way are deserving of admiration, *Elizabeth Rowe* and *Constantia Grierison*. The former of these ladies comprehended in her character all the graces of human nature. She had a fine poetical genius, and in her prose there is a sublimity of sentiment and diction that are really charming.

Mrs. *Grierison* was a native of the county of *Kilkenny* in *Ireland*, and was one of the most extraordinary *Women* that this age, or perhaps any other, has produced. She lived but twenty-seven years, and was allowed, long before her death, to be an excellent scholar, not only in *Greek* and *Roman*

literature, but in history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematicks. She revised and corrected a curious edition of some of the classicks, printed by her husband at *Dublin*. To *Tacitus* she prefixed an elegant dedication in the *Latin* tongue to Lord *Carteret*, and prefac'd in *Terence* by another to his son. She wrote several excellent poems in *English*. She rose to this eminence in learning merely by the force of her own genius, and continual application. She was not only happy in a fine imagination, a vast memory, a solid understanding, and an exact judgment, but had all these crown'd by virtue and piety. I must add, that as these estimable endearing qualities rais'd her above most, they left her no room for envying any : On the contrary, her delight was to see others excell. She was always ready to advise and direct those who apply'd to her, and as willing to be advised.

And as our sex, when it applies to learning, may be said at least to keep pace with the *Men*, so are they more to be esteem'd for their learning than the latter : Since they are under a necessity of surmounting the softness they were educated in ; of renouncing the pleasure and indolence to which cruel custom seem'd to condemn them ; to overcome the external impediments in their way to study ; and to conquer the disadvantageous notions, which the the vulgar of both sexes entertain of learning in *Women*. And whether it be that these difficulties add a keenness to a female under-



understanding, or that nature has given to *Wo-*  
*man* a quicker and more penetrating genius than  
to *Man*, it is evident that many of our sex  
have far outstript the other. Why then are we  
not as fit to learn and teach the sciences, at  
least to our own sex, as they fancy themselves  
to be?





## S E C T. VI.

*Whether the Women are naturally capable of teaching the Sciences, or not.*

**O**F *Rhetoric* we must be allow'd to be by nature design'd mistresses and models. *Eloquence* is a talent so natural and peculiar to *Woman*, that no one can dispute it with her. *Women* can persuade what they please; can dictate, defend, or distinguish between right and wrong, without the help of laws. There are few judges, who have not proved them the most prevalent counsel; and few pleaders, who have not experienced them to be the most clear-headed equitable judges. When *Women* speak on a subject, they handle it with so delicate a touch, that the *Men* are forced to own they feel what the former say. All the oratory of the schools is not able to give the *Men* that eloquence and ease of speech which costs us nothing. And that, which their mean envy calls loquacity in us, is only a readiness of ideas, and an ease of delivery, which they in vain labour, for years, to attain.

With what hesitation and drudgery do *Men* strive to bring forth their thoughts? And when something tolerable drops from their lips, with what insipid gestures,



gestures, distortion, and grimace, do they disgrace what they utter? Whereas, when a *Woman* speaks, her air is generally noble and engaging; her gesture free and full of dignity, her action decent, her words easy and insinuating, her stile pathetic and winning, and her voice melodious and tun'd to her subject. She can soar to a level with the highest intellect without bombast, and, with a complacency natural to the delicacy of her frame, descend to the lowest capacity without meanness. Sure then, if we are endow'd with a more persuasive eloquence than they are, we must be at least as well qualified to *teach* the *sciences*; and if we are not seen in *university chairs*, it cannot be attributed to our want of capacity, but to that violence with which the *Men* support their unjust intrusion into our places; or to our greater modesty and lesser degree of ambition.

If we were to apply to the *law*, we shou'd succeed in it at least as well as the *Men*. The natural talent we undisputedly have, of explaining and unraveling the most knotty intricacies, of stating our own and other people's pretensions, of discovering the grounds of a dispute, with the means to set it right, and of setting engines to work for doing ourselves justice, is sufficient to prove, that, were we to fill the offices of *counsel*, *judge*, and *magistrate*, we should shew an ability in business which very few *Men* can boast of. But peace and justice are our study, and our pride is to compose those breaches  
which

which the corruption of that sex renders them as industrious to make.

Our sex seems born to teach and practise physic, to restore health to the diseased, and to preserve it to those that are well. Neatness, handyness, and compliance are one half of a patient's cure, in which useful qualities the *Men* must yield us the prize. Indeed, for inventing hard names, for puzzling a cure, or vexing patients with costly and nauseous remedies, they have far better abilities ; but we can invent, and have invented, without the help of *Galen*, or *Hippocrates*, an infinity of reliefs for the sick, which they and their blind adherents cou'd neither improve nor disapprove ; and an *old woman's receipt*, as it is term'd, has often been known to remove an inveterate distemper which has baffled the researches of a college of graduates.

I hardly believe our sex wou'd spend so many years to so little purpose as those *Men* do, who call themselves *philosophers*, were we to apply to the study of nature. We cou'd point out a much shorter road to the desired end. Some *Men* waste years, nay perhaps their whole lives, on mere *Entia Rationis*, fictitious trifles, to be found only in their own noddles. We shou'd find more useful employments for our inquiries, than plodding to determine the nature of space ; or debating whether matter is or is not infinitely divisible ? whether it has any existence but in the mind ? whether there be any mechanical cause of gravitation ? whether spirits are extended ? whether eternal duration necessarily im-

plies



plies a substance of which it is a property : with an hundred other questions, of a yet more trifling nature, that have been eagerly canvassed in the schools.

As we are sensible that next to the knowledge of God, that of ourselves, and the objects about us, is of most importance, these should be the subjects of our observation, and research, instead of mispending time on such insignificant points as engross the studies of *male philosophers*. Our endeavour should be to investigate the true nature of things, to understand wherein they related to or differed from us, and by what applications they may become beneficial or noxious ; that so we may avoid evils, and obtain all the felicity providence designs us. Might we not by this means be both as learned *philosophers* and as able *divines* as the *Men* ; as capable of being taught, and as successful in *teaching*, at least, as they are ?

Practice sufficiently speaks us no less *christian* than the other sex : We receive the gospel with reverence and humility, and submit to it's doctrines and precepts in a more exemplary manner than the generality of them. I own some of our sort have carried their *worship* to *superstitious* lengths ; but have not many of the *Men* done so too ? And surely the *latter* are the most culpable : Since the ignorance in which the *former* have been bred reflects all the reproach on the *Men* themselves, for not affording 'em the means to avoid that evil.

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What shou'd hinder us from regulating our minds by the faith and discipline of Christ and his church? If we lay'd the foundation of *philosophy* and *scholastic divinity*; shou'd we not be as able as the *Men*, in the progress of our studies, to understand, compare, and interpret, the holy scriptures, the writings of the fathers, and the sacred canons? Might we not qualify our heads and hearts to compose religious works, to preach, to confute novelties, to regulate ourselves and others, to remove their scruples, and to resolve cases of conscience, as well as the most learned casuists living?

Thus far, I insist, there is no *science* or *public office* in a state, which *Women* are not as much qualified for by nature as the ablest of *Men*. With regard however to divinity, our natural capacity has been restrain'd by a positive law of God; and therefore we know better than to claim what we could not practise without sacrilegious intrusion. Though, by the bye, let it be observed, that the bar which our *Saviour* has put to our exercising any sacred functions, such as administering the ordinances, or preaching the doctrines of the gospel, neither inhibits us from any other public office, nor proves us unworthy or naturally incapable of exercising even these. That he forbid us 'em proves us naturally apt to perform them. But why he forbid us to do so, would be presumptuous to enquire. However, if it is lawful to reason at all  
upon



upon the divine precepts, we may assign a cause, which carries it's own probability with it, and rather redounds to the honour than disrepute of our sex : God undoubtedly knew the general tendency of the *Men* to *impiety* and *irreligion* ; and therefore, might he not confine the functions of *religion* to that sex, to attract some of them at least to those duties which they are so prone to dislike ? Especially, since the natural propensity of our sex to *virtue* and *religion* made it unnecessary to add those external helps to his divine grace.

If then we set custom and prejudice aside, where wou'd the impropriety be, to see us diffusing *science* from a *professor's chair* : since, to name but one of a thousand, that foreign young lady, whose extraordinary merit and capacity, but a few years ago, induc'd an *university* in *Italy* to break through the rules of *partiality* and *custom*, to confer on her a DOCTOR'S DEGREE, is a living proof that we are as capable, as any of the *Men*, of the highest eminence in the sphere of learning, if we had fair treatment.

It is not so much in justice to my own sex, that I quote this instance, as in favour of the *Men*, by shewing that it is not impossible for them to be sometimes just, without a miracle. Indeed it might require the labours of a wandering Jew, to produce a few more instances of the like equity towards us in that jealous ungenerous sex. But to find many ladies nothing inferior in merit to the above mention'd,

we need neither the pains of running back to antiquity, nor the expence of a voyage to foreign climes. Our own age and country may boast of more than one *Sappho*, numbers of *Cornelias*, and no scarcity of *Schurmans* and *Daciers*. If I chose to unite the several excellences of all these illustrious names in one, I might quote an *Eliza*,\* not more to be envied for the towering superiority of her genius and judgment, than honour'd for the use she makes of them. Her early advances in ancient and modern learning having rais'd her above the imitation of the *Men*, as her many excellent virtues have secured her the esteem of the *Women*; it is no wonder, that, while the former are forced to admire her in spite of prejudice, we are at liberty to do justice to her merit without fearing the imputation of partiality. However, as her excellence has extorted a just praise from the mouth of prejudice itself, I shall forbear to characterise her; content to see the work already done by that sex itself; and therefore shall only transcribe an account of this true *Woman* from what the *Reverend* Mr. *Birch* says of her in the *History of the Works of the Learned* † : Which is so much the more to be relied on, as it comes from a *Man*;

\* Miss CARTER, daughter of Dr. NICHOLAS CARTER, of Deal in Kent, who translated, into *English*, ALGAROTTI'S *Le Newtonianism pour les dames*, &c.

† For June, 1739.



one of that sex which can't be suspected of praising any of ours beyond their desert. " This lady, " *says he*, is a very extraordinary phænomenon in " the republick of letters, and justly to be rank'd " with the *Cornelias's*, *Sulpicia's*, and *Hypatia's* " of the Ancients, the *Schurmans* and *Daciers* of " the Moderns. For to an uncommon vivacity " and delicacy of genius, and an accuracy of " judgment worthy the maturest years, she has " added the knowledge of the ancient and modern " languages, at an age when an equal skill in " any one of them would be a considerable distinction in a person of the other sex."

If the comparison this candid gentleman here makes between the talents of our sex and his own, shou'd prove too galling for their innate jealousy ; let the men excuse him at least, and pacify themselves with reflecting on the thanks they all owe him, for giving us this instance, in his own person, of the possibility of finding a *Man*, who can throw off passion and prejudice for the sake of truth and honesty.

We may easily conclude then, that, if our sex, as it hitherto appears, have all the talents requisite to *learn* and *teach* those *sciences*, which qualify *Men* for *power* and *dignity*, they are equally capable of applying their knowledge to practice, in both ways. And since this nation has seen many glorious instances of *Women* qualified to have all sovereign authority center'd in them :  
why

why may they not be as qualified at least for the subordinate offices of ministers of state, vice-queens, governesses, secretaries, privy-counsellors, and treasurers? Or why may they not, without oddity, be even generals of armies, and admirals of fleets? But this will be distinctly considered in the following section.







## S E C T. VII.

*Whether Women are naturally qualified for military offices, or not.*

I Must confess, I cannot find how the impropriety wou'd be greater, to see a lady with a truncheon in her hand, than with a crown on her head ; or why it shou'd create more surprize, to see her preside in a council of war, than in a council of state. Why may she not be as capable of heading an army as a parliament ; or of commanding at sea as of reigning at land ? What shou'd hinder her from holding the helm of a fleet with the same safety and steadiness as that of a nation ? And why may she not exercise her soldiers, draw up her troops in battle-array, and divide her forces into battalions at land, squadrons at sea, &c. with the same pleasure she wou'd have in seeing or ordering it to be done ? The military art has no mystery in it beyond others, which *Women* cannot attain to. A *Woman* is as capable as a *Man* of making herself, by means of a map, acquainted with the good and bad ways, the dangerous and safe passes, or the proper situations for encampment. And what shou'd hinder her from making herself mistress of all  
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the stratagems of war, of charging, retreating, surprizing, laying ambushes, counterfeiting marches, feigning flights, giving false attacks, supporting real ones, animating the soldiery, and adding example to eloquence by being the first to mount a breach. Persuasion, heat, and example are the soul of victory: And *Women* can shew as much eloquence, warmth, and intrepidity, where their honour is at stake, as is requisite to attack or defend a town.

There can be no real difference pointed out between the inward or outward constitution of *Men* and *Women*, excepting what merely tends to giving birth to posterity. And the differences thence arising are no ways sufficient to argue more natural strength in the one than in the other, to qualify them more for military labours. Are not the *Women* of different degrees of strength, like the *Men*? Are there not strong and weak of both sexes? *Men* educated in sloth and softness are weaker than *Women*; and *Women*, become harden'd by necessity, are often more robust than *Men*. We need go no farther than *Chelsea*, for proof that a *Woman* may be enured to all the hardships of a campaign, and to meet all the terrors of it, as well as the bravest of the opposite sex.

What has greatly help'd to confirm the *Men* in the prejudiced notion of *Women*'s natural weakness, is the common manner of expression which this very vulgar error gave birth to. When they mean to stigmatise a *Man* with want of courage they



they call him *effeminate*, and when they would praise a *Woman* for her courage they call her *manly*. But as these, and such like expressions, are merely arbitrary, and but a fulsome compliment which the *Men* pass on themselves, they establish nothing. The real truth is, That humanity and integrity, the characteristics of our sex, make us abhor unjust slaughter, and prefer honourable peace to unjust war. And therefore, to use these expressions with propriety, when a *Man* is possessed of our virtues he should be call'd effeminate by way of the highest praise of his good-nature and justice; and a *Woman* who departs from our sex by espousing the injustice and cruelty of the *Men's* nature should be call'd a *Man*: that is, one whom no sacred ties can bind to the observation of just treaties, and whom no blood-shed can deter from the most cruential violence and rapine.

But however this be, it is certain, that bare strength intitles the *Men* to no superiority above us, as I have already remark'd. Otherwise brutes wou'd deserve the pre-eminence of them. And among themselves, the strongest man ought to be the chief in power. Whereas we plainly see that, generally speaking, the strongest are only fit to make drudges for the rest; and particularly in armies, they who have most of brutal vigour are often useful only as fascines for men much weaker than themselves to mount a breach on. On the other hand, men who have less strength have very often the most brains. The wisest *philosophers*, the

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ablest *poets*, and the greatest *princes*, have not always had the best constitutions. *Henry* was no match in strength with *Sir John Falstaff*. And a *Marlborough* perhaps might have routed an army with more ease than he cou'd have wrestled with the meanest of his soldiers.

It is quite idle then to insist so much on bodily strength, as a necessary qualification for military employments. And it is full as idle to imagine that *Women* are not naturally as capable of *courage* and *resolution* as the *Men*. We are indeed charged, without any exception, with being timorous, and incapable of defence ; frightened at our own shadows ; alarm'd at the cry of an infant, the bark of a dog, the whistling of the wind, or a tale of hob-goblins. But is this universally true ? Are there not *Men* as void of courage as the most heartless of our sex ? And yet it is known that the most timorous *Women* often make a virtue of necessity, and sacrifice their own fears for the safety of a husband, a son, or a brother. Fearful and weak as they are, they often behave more courageously than the *Men* under pains, sickness, want, and the terrors of death itself.

Need I bring *Amazons* from *Scythia* to prove the fortitude of *Women* ? Need I run to *Italy* for a *Camilia* to shew an instance of warlike courage ? Wou'd the wife of *Petus*, who stabb'd herself first to encourage her desponding husband to do the like, have been afraid to mount a breach ? Wou'd not she, who cou'd snatch the knife from her bleed-

ing



ing breast, and serenely give it to *Thraseas*, with a—  
*strike, PETUS! it don't smart:* Wou'd not she,  
 I say, have been equally capable of animating with  
 persuasion and example an army in the defence of  
 her country? Let *France* boast it's *maid of Orleans* ;  
 and other nations glory in their numberless store of  
 warlike *Women*. We need not go out of *England*  
 to seek heroines, while we have annals to preserve  
 their illustrious names. To whom did *England*  
 owe it's deliverance from the tyrannic yoke of the  
*Danes*? But to pass over the many instances of  
 warlike bravery in our sex, let it suffice once more  
 to name a *Boadicea*, who made the most glorious  
 stand against the *Romans*, in the defence of her  
 country, which that great empire was ever a witness  
 to. And if her endeavours did not meet with the  
 success of an *Alexander*, a *Cæsar*, or a *Charles* of  
*Sweden* in his fortunate days, her courage and con-  
 duct were such, as render'd her worthy to be confi-  
 der'd as equal, if not superior to them all, in bravery  
 and wisdom ; not to mention the nobler motive of  
 her actions.

Thus far I think it evidently appears, that there  
 is no *science*, *office*, or *dignity*, which *Women* have  
 not an equal right to share in with the *Men*: Since  
 there can be no superiority but that of brutal  
 strength shewn in the *latter*, to entitle them to en-  
 gross all *power* and *prerogative* to themselves ; nor  
 any incapacity proved in the *former* to disqualify  
 them of their right, but what is owing to the un-  
 just oppression of the *Men*, and might be easily

removed. With regard however to warlike employments, it seems to be a disposition of *Providence* that custom has exempted us from them. As sailors in a storm throw overboard their more useless lumber, so it is but fit that the *Men* alone shou'd be expos'd to the dangers and hardships of war, while we remain in safety at home. They are, generally speaking, good for little else but to be our bulwarks : And our smiles are the most noble rewards which the bravest of them all ought to desire, or can deserve, for all the hazards they encounter, and for all the labours they go thro' in our defence during the most tedious campaigns.







## S E C T. VIII.

## C O N C L U S I O N.

W H A T I have hitherto said has not been with an intention to stir up any of my own sex to revolt against the *Men*, or to invert the present order of things with regard to *government* and *authority*. No, let them stand as they are. I only mean to shew my sex that they are not so despicable as the *Men* wou'd have them believe themselves, and that we are capable of as much greatness of soul as the best of that haughty species. And I am fully convinc'd it wou'd be the joint interest of both to think so.

This is plain from the ill consequences attending the opposite error. The *Men*, by thinking us incapable of improving our intellects, have entirely thrown us out of all the advantages of education; and thereby contributed as much as possible to make us the senseless creatures they represent us. So that, for want of *education*, we are render'd subject to all the follies they dislike in us, and are loaded with their ill treatment for faults of their own creating. And what is the consequence of this tyrannic treatment? Why, it finally reverts on themselves: The  
same

same want of *learning* and *education* which hurries *Women* into what displeases the *Men*, debars them of the virtues requisite to support them under the ill treatment they are loaded with by the *Men*, on that account ; and for want of those virtues they often run very unjustifiable lengths to be revenged on their tyrants. Thus does it arrive, generally speaking, that both *Men* and *Women* hold one-another in sovereign contempt, and therefore vie with each-other which shall treat the other worst. Whereas, how happy might they be, wou'd both sexes but resolve to give one another that just esteem which is their due.

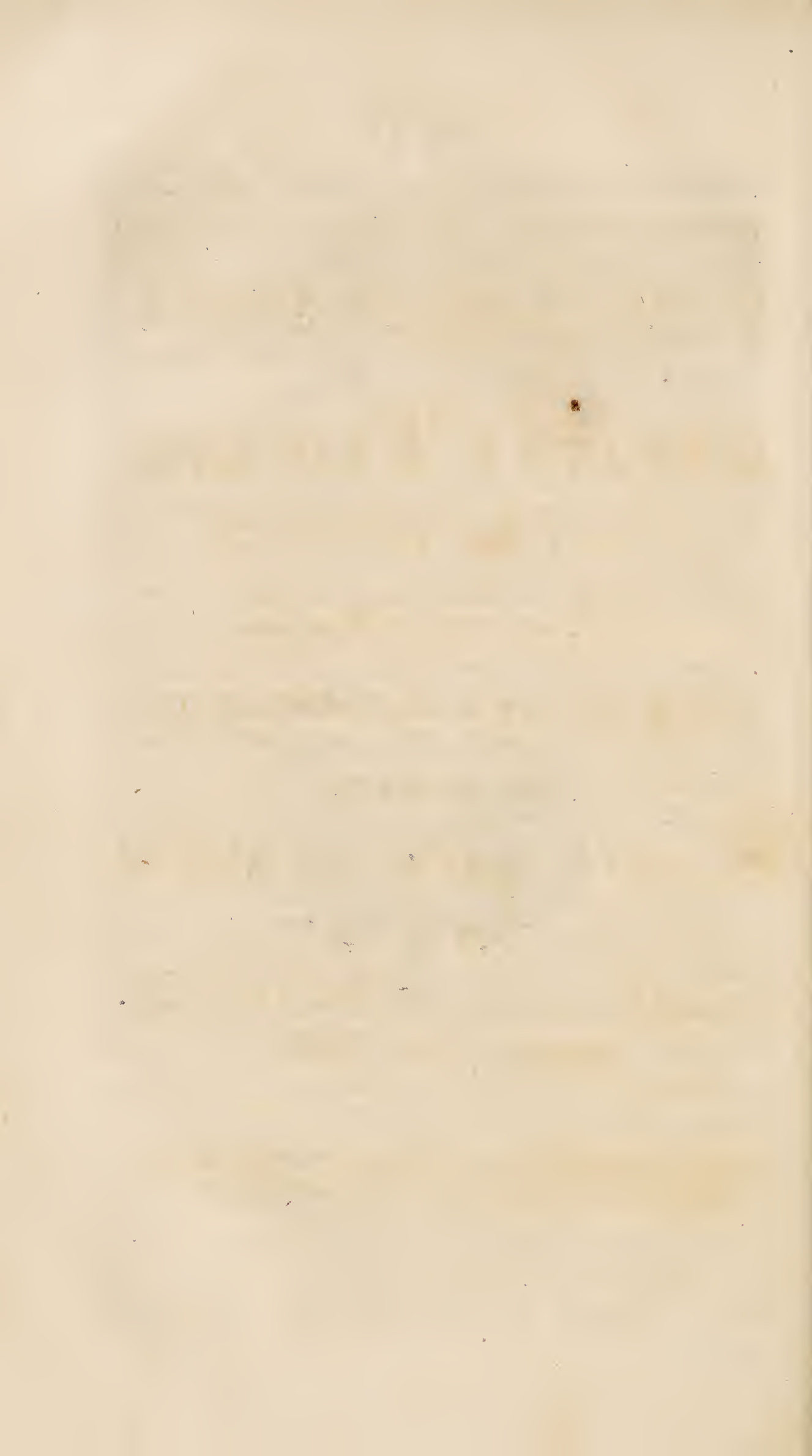
However, if truth may be spoken, it is undeniable that the blame lies chiefly and originally in the *Men*. Since if they wou'd but allow *Women* the advantages of education and literature, the latter wou'd learn to despise those follies and trifles for which they are at present unjustly despised. Our sex wou'd be enabled to give the *Men* a better opinion of our capacity of head and disposition of heart : And the *Men*, in proportion to the encrease of their esteem for us, wou'd lessen, and by degrees reform, their ill-treatment of us. *Women* wou'd make it their study to improve their parts, and with encrease of knowledge would grow in every useful accomplishment. Their pleasure and study would be to entertain the *Men* with sense, and to add solidity to their charms. By which means *both sexes* wou'd be happy, and *neither* have cause to blame the *other*. But while they lock up from us all the  
avenues



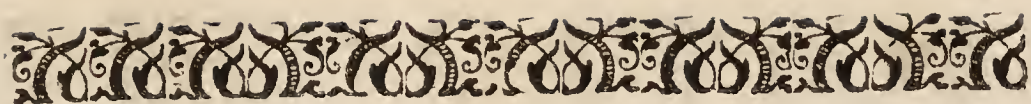
avenues to knowledge, they cannot, without reproach to themselves, blame us for any misconduct which ignorance may be the occasion of. and we cannot but accuse them of the most cruel injustice in disesteeming and misusing us for faults they deprive us of the power of correcting.



BEAUTY'S







# BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH.

(PART the SECOND.)

Being an ATTEMPT to refute

*SOPHIA'S* ARGUMENTS ;

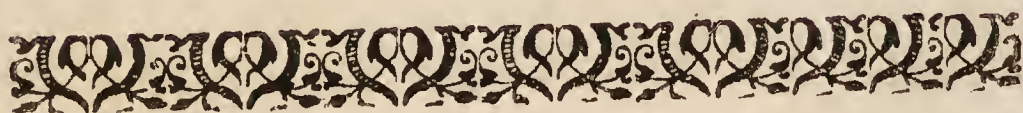
And to prove the

Natural RIGHT of the MEN

TO

SOVEREIGN AUTHORITY

over the Other SEX.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH

(PART the SECOND)

Being an attempt to show

SOPHIA'S ARGUMENTS;

And to prove the

Natural Right of the MEN

TO

GOVERNMENT AUTHORITY

Over the Other SEX.

NEW YORK: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. 1853.



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# DEDICATION.

To the LADIES,

**I**F openly to attack so fair and favourite a part of human society as you are, should seem a confident attempt; it will appear a much bolder one, to lay at your feet, for approbation, the very instrument of your pain, still warm and reeking from the wound it has given you. Methinks I see some pretty Lady pouting with an indignation so amiable, that a man would almost, for the sake of beholding, purposely study to pique her. What! says the charming, peevish thing, is not striking at our honour in every tender part, an injury great enough, unless the aggressor insult us with the very weapon which has just executed his cruel purpose. Must we not only feel the barbarous Edge of his ungenerous satire, but be taunted with a dedication of it?

And truly, I must own, if we are to judge of things by their first appearances, the angry Fair-one's transport is not quite unreasonable. But still, Ladies, if you allow yourselves leisure to reflect, you will not only be far from considering me as an insolent enemy, but will look upon it as your common interest to acknowledge.

ledge me a generous friend. Examine but the nature of the operation I have performed, and the disease which made it necessary, and you will consider me in the true character I act in; which is not that of a merciless assassin, whose end is destruction, but that of an honourable surgeon, who makes no incision but to let in a cure where it is wanting.

As I have employ'd a good deal of time in the study of your fair beings, I could not help discovering, in several of you, many visible tumors, in mind and heart, which, like pimples on your faces, were injurious to your real charms, and obstructive of the rational delight you were born to receive and bestow. Nevertheless, the same tender respect, which made me anxious in wishing you an effectual riddance of them, restrained me from attempting to remove them myself; I saw no probable means of succeeding to my wish, but by such an operation as must give exquisite smart to some, however beneficial it was likely to prove to all. But when I saw a rash\* hand from among your fair selves indiscreetly busied in clogging your evils, already too dangerous, with the more dangerous poultice of pride and ambition, I thought it high time to spare you the threatening gangrene, at the expence of some anguish, by applying, where necessary, the lancet of satire, to let out those imposthumes, which the pretty undesigning traitress was labouring to render incurable.

I would

\* Sophia's Treatise, entitled, *Woman not inferior to Man.*



I would beg fair Sophia's pardon for giving her the title of *Traitress*, if I did not think the epithet undesigning sufficient to compensate for apologies. I am far from imagining she had the least sinister view in the work she has published: on the contrary, I am inwardly convinced, her intentions were excellent. For though I have not the honour or happiness to know the charming creature, however I wish for both, the noble sentiments and virtuous dispositions she discovers in that ingenious Essay, oblige me to consider her as another *Angelica*, at once her sex's noblest ornament, and liveliest reproach, as well as the most illustrious example their virtuous ambition can aspire to copy after. If all Women were like her, we should have little danger to apprehend from coming into her *Ladyship's* notions; and I might have spared the pains of a desperate remedy to try to make them such. But as the case is quite otherwise, and their dangerous evils call for a dangerous cure, I flatter myself, lovely creatures, that she, and all such of you as are like her, will approve me for attempting one. How much more concerned I am for your happiness than my own safety, must appear from my entering the lists against a Lady so formidable as Sophia must be, if the charms of her person are equal to those of her soul.

If my zeal for your felicity and safety has rendered me eager to rescue you from imminent misery, it has equally tempered that eagerness with a regard  
for

for your natural delicacy in the manner of doing it : so that wherever I found amputation necessary, without sparing proud flesh, I have been sparing of the quick. But if, nevertheless, I have not been able to pursue the honest end of my wishes without giving pain to some of you, let your resentment be levelled, not at the instrument of your cure, but at the evils which called for it ; not at the hand which directed it, but at that which provoked it. Instead then of frowning on me as an enemy, who has a design on your honour and happiness, if you have either at heart, you will exert all your industry to shew how far you are from being incurable in your evils, by reaping the benefit of a cure offered you, and how little you are averse to that cure, by receiving into your graces the person who has generously endeavoured to perform it at the risk of displeasing you.

Or otherwise, lovely creatures, if you are insensible of being, or unwilling to own yourselves in need of a cure, let that natural love of change which is so bewitching in you, justify my presenting to you this little love-gift in a different shape, by changing the allegory. The transition, however unconnected, is no impropriety in an address to such pretty variable things as you. Fancy then that it is a useful pocket-mirror I present you with : it is at least capable of answering the best ends of one, if consulted with the same attention as the glasses on your toilets. Indeed you will find it less flattering than most of those are ; but perhaps it may  
prove



prove the more useful for being so; and therefore ought to be, at least, equally agreeable to you. By shewing you to yourselves in a true light, it will, I hope, enable you to improve the real excellencies, and to remove out of sight all the blemishes you may discover in yourselves. And as patches and paint will be useless to hide the defects which this will point you out, it may possibly set you on finding out better expedients to prevent the ill effects of them, than the daubing disguise of affectation.

Accept then this little token of my regard to you in the light I propose it in, and I am confident you cannot be out of temper with the donor. For, should any of you chance to see yourselves in a Salacia, an Uberia, a Pavonia, or some other as little pleasing figure, it is not the truth of the representation, but yourselves, you must fall out with, for being so like what you are so unwilling to be thought like. And such of you as may applaud yourselves in the merit of an Angelica, can have no reason to be angry with me, for placing you in company which can only serve to set your charms in a more conspicuous light.

If I have not represented all Women in that amiable character, it is not my fault, but theirs, who refuse or neglect to assume it: for, if you are not all Angelica's, yet many of you have the power to be such: and therefore, if, notwithstanding all I have said, you are still resolved to consider me as an enemy, for  
expo-

*exposing the deformity of some of you, you have a fair opportunity of taking an honourable revenge, by immediately assuming Angelica's character.*

*By this means you will condemn me to the infamy of a scandalous libeller, and make all I have advanced to the disgrace of your sex in general, be branded by future ages with the ignominious title of impudent falsehood. And should this undertaking be happy enough to provoke you to such a noble resentment, I shall think my labour amply rewarded by the fruit it produces: for such is the ardent zeal I have for your real felicity, that I would gladly fall a sacrifice to the worst effects of your indignation, to have the merit of contributing towards making you the most perfect, as you are the most lovely beings in the Universe.*

I am,

L A D I E S,

Your most humble Servant,

\* \* \* \*

INTRO-





# INTRODUCTION.



THE very great tenderness I have always expressed and really felt for the Fair Sex, would by no means suffer me now to exert my pen against that delicate part of the creation which has hitherto engrossed my best wishes, if justice to my own sex, a disinterested zeal for the prosperity of the other, and an invincible love of truth, did not oblige me to render them a service by opposing them. Nature, ever reminding me that I was born of a *Woman*, bids me respect that endearing name; yet honour, not allowing me to forget by whom I was begotten, forbids me to derogate from the dignity of *Man*. However generosity then may incline me to favour the *Women*, by overlooking their real imperfections, and putting an advantageous gloss on their little merits, yet it is an act of justice I owe to my own sex, to defend its prerogatives, when openly attacked by the too daring ambition of the other.

From the beginning of the world till now, *our Sex* has enjoy'd an undisputed sovereignty over the

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*other*

*other*, and their joint consent in all ages sufficiently proves our possession not usurped. Hitherto the *Women*, conscious of their inabilities, have cheerfully acknowledged the authority which wisdom gives the *Men* over them; content with the soft dominion which Love secures to them over our sex. In a word, the little glimmering of reason, which heaven bestowed on them out of compassion to us, that they might be in some degree a sort of rational amusement to us, was sufficient to convince them of the justness of their subjection. And so far from accusing nature of partiality in making them vassals to us, they were sensible that she had been but too bountiful in bestowing on them the privilege of reigning in the hearts of their lords: a privilege which we have hitherto been too generous to grudge them; having no danger to apprehend from leaving our hearts in the keeping of *Women*, while the heads of the fair keepers themselves were in due subjection to our own.

But the case must necessarily alter from the minute that sex forgets its allegiance to us. If once the *Women* presume to call in question the great duty of vassalage to us, it must be time to withdraw our hearts from their power. They can no longer be safe in the custody of such *Women* as refuse to submit themselves to our authority.

The joint industry of the *Fair* at all times, in labouring to make themselves agreeable to us, is  
a stand-



a standing proof, that that is the great business they were created for, and that the acquiring our *Love* and *Esteem* is the highest end their ambition ought to soar to; as the possession of *both* is the great and sole happiness they are capable of enjoying in this life. But how can they hope ever to reach *either*, without persevering in the use of those methods which alone can render them worthy to obtain what they aim at? How shall they appear any longer agreeable in our eyes, if once they throw off that modesty and subjection which alone can give even their native charms the force to please us? What title will they have left to our favour and indulgence, from the moment they begin to dispute our power and prerogative over them? In a word, if, instead of making use of the little complaisances we have for their weakness, to redouble their obedience and fidelity to us, they aspire to become our equals; ought we not, in justice to ourselves, and for instruction to them, to shew them, that it has been owing to our own generosity, more than to any right they can claim, that we have not hitherto treated them only as our less useful slaves.

However, one should be apt to imagine, that *Women* had their own interest more at heart than to reduce us to this extremity. Who could conceive that any one of that sex would be so much an enemy to herself and the rest, as to risk the

forfeiture of that liberty which the *Men* have so graciously raised them to, merely for the sake of grasping at a power which they are sure of never attaining? And yet, inconceivable as it is, our own times can shew a very recent instance of it in a lady, who, perhaps for the sake of becoming an author, has taken abundance of pains to convince us, that there is no excess of extravagance which that sex cannot attempt, and no presumption in them which merits our surprize.

Every one will be able to guess that I am speaking of SOPHIA, that enlightened *Lady*, who has surprisngly found out, that *Man* is not superior to *Woman* in any thing but what she pleases to call *brutal strength*! So extravagant an assertion cannot but be attended with very fatal consequences to both sexes, if listened to by the *Women*: and what will not *Woman* listen to, which flatters her vanity, ambition, curiosity, or love of change?

*For, Women have fantastic constitutions,  
Inconstant as their wishes, ever wav'ring,  
And never fix'd.* Ven. Pres.

Safe in the paradise of our protecting love, they are sure of happiness, while, conscious of the blessing, they persist in deserving it, by their fidelity and obedience! But if once they give ear to this fair fallen angel, like true daughters of their first fickle parent *Eve*, the flattering bait of power, dignity,



dignity, and knowledge, will cheat them of that happiness ; and, by exciting them to disobedience, will banish them the sanctuary of our hearts, their only asylum from scorn and wretchedness. So (if we may compare great things with little, the sacred with the vain) the darkest angels once were happy ; till *Lucifer*, the noblest, brightest of them all, not content to be the Almighty's favourite creature, and next in glory to the Deity, vainly aspired to be the eternal sovereign's *equal*, rebelled against his *Lord*, and drew whole legions into the revolt. But what was the consequence of their presumption ? they justly incurred their maker's indignation, were banished heaven, and fell the unpitied victims of their rash ambition. Infinite as the distance is between God and Man, it is easy to see the analogy between the revolt of these ambitious spirits against their heavenly sovereign, and the rebellion to which *Sophia's* doctrine may excite the rest of her sex against the natural *Lords*, to whom God made them subject here on earth. But let the fair copies of those fickle beings, cautioned by their fall, avoid the least appearance of their fault ; lest, aspiring to be our *equals*, they should lose our affection, which alone entitles them to the little condescendences we have for them, and fall irrevocably to the low condition into which our disregard is capable of sinking them.

To

To shew them how much I am their friend, and how sincerely I wish to preserve them in that degree which the generosity of the *Men* have lifted them to, I shall here render them all the service their tender capacities will permit me to do, by endeavouring to open their eyes to the discovery of the gay illusions of this aspiring lady; that they may not become the dupes of her friendly but mistaken zeal for them, which might otherwise do them more mischief than their greatest enemies could wish done, or than their native charms could possibly repair.

This dextrous female, to give us a sample of the expertness of her sex at invention, has artfully enough thrown in a *caveat* against any *Man's* being judge of the *equality* or *inferiority* of merit in *Women*, as compared with *Men*; because truly the *Men* are to be considered as parties concerned, and therefore must all be partial in their judgment. However, I must beg leave to observe, that though it is true, that the generality of both sexes are weak enough to give prejudice and interest the preference to truth and justice; yet even *Sophia* herself cannot be so rashly censorious as to imagine that all are unjust alike. And therefore she must own that some few *Men* may be found among us, who, supposing their interest to be ever so nearly concerned, would nevertheless be honest enough to acknowledge the *Women* for their equals, if there

was



was the least appearance of reason in their favour ; and to make them every concession they had a right to demand.

For my own part, at least, I have so indefeasible a right to be rank'd in the number of those few, that the most jealous of their sex cannot dispute my title. For, on one side, I can have no interest to bias me; having nothing to hope or fear from my own sex, and expecting as little from the opposite: and, on the other, if I have received any partiality from inclination, it is all for the *Women*. I do not say this out of any ambition of being judge in so unthankful an affair, in which it will be impossible to do justice to one party without giving the other offence. And I, of all *Men*, have the least reason to court the occasion of displeasing those amiable creatures, who cannot myself give them the slightest pain without sharing with them in it.

Instead, therefore, of taking upon me the office of deciding on the merit of the Fair Sex, and the degree they ought to stand in comparatively with the *Men*; I shall leave it to themselves to be judges in their own cause, after I have fairly stated what is worthy observation on both sides of the debate. For I can by no means apprehend any thing from their partiality, or prejudice, when I consider how much it is to their own advantage to be just to the  
*Men,*

*Men*, and how seldom they are guilty of disregarding their own private interests.

The more judicious part of our sex may perhaps think it dangerous to trust the *Women* as judges of any thing where reason is concerned, on account of the weakness of their intellects, which seldom can reach higher than a head-dress. But to remove all objections of this kind, I shall endeavour to make the matter plain to them, by treating it in the most familiar manner; not only to prevent their weakening the little understanding they have, by keeping it too much upon the stretch, but to save them from exposing their light-pinion'd fancy to the resistless beams of scrutiny, by soaring above their capacity: I shall do my utmost to make *Reason* stoop to their comprehension, by confining myself entirely to their sphere. In doing this, I know it will be expected that I should take notice of whatever may seem worthy of *any* in the pretty whimsical Treatise with which *Sophia* has thought fit to divert the public: and therefore I shall follow the method she has pointed out to me. However, I must beg to be excused from being accessory to her losing herself and her partisans in the maze of *Theory*; a ground too holy for Female feet to tread with impunity. No; practice is the boundary of their province; and therefore I shall wholly confine myself, in this little Treatise, to practical reasoning; except where I am  
obliged



obliged to step aside to recover my bewilder'd fair antagonist from the danger of straying out of her latitude.

It will be a needless repetition to say, that my only motive in opposing this Lady is, the desire of seconding her good intention, by doing effectual service to her sex; as my only view in laying open their foibles is, the hope I conceive of rendering them less pernicious to themselves. However, tender as I design to be in handling the faults of these delicate creatures, I am sensible that an operation of this kind cannot but give them some smart. Nevertheless, resolved, like an honest surgeon, to conquer the little reluctances of a heart disposed to compassion, I shall rather choose to give them a little momentary pain, than suffer them, out of false tenderness, to risk a more fatal mortification. The little uneasiness, which the probing of their blemishes may occasion, will be amply attoned for by the gangrene it will prevent; especially since natural propensity towards them will incline me to use them as gently as possible. Not that I expect my fair patients to be reconciled to the cure, while they are under the operation, any more than I can think of seeing a delirious man fond of the hand which trepans him. I only flatter myself, that when once they have received benefit enough to be sensible of the necessity of it, they will thank me for my labour: a labour, in which neither passion nor prejudice, and much less

## 82 INTRODUCTION.

interest, could have any share, with one whose age and state of life raise him from being biaſſed by the ſmiles of their ſex, or the frowns of his own. So that even thoſe pretty incurables, whom nothing will be ſufficient to prevail with to conſider me in any other light than that of an enemy, cannot, without injuſtice, deny me to be a generous one: though how far I am from being one at all, will beſt appear in the concluſion of this little piece. And, therefore, relying on the uprightness of my own intentions, and the manner of executing them, I ſhall confidently proceed to the ſubject in queſtion. But, before we deſcend to particulars, it will not be improper to make the following general examination.





# BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH.

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## PART II.

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### SECTION I.

*Whether the Superiority of the Men over the Women is not founded on something more solid than Custom and Prejudice.*



It cannot be denied that the ingenious Lady whom I have to contend with, is, for a Woman, no despicable adversary. The cause, indeed, she has undertaken to defend is none of the best. But, bad as it is, she has been cautious enough to make use of all the means practicable to render her arguments, in the support of it, unanswerable. She could not, without a degree of blindness, possibly overlook the irrefragable authority of a practice founded upon a prescription as ancient as human nature. She knew that the su-

periority of *Man* over *Woman* was no novelty to either sex ever since *Adam's* time ; and therefore imagined, as well she might, that it could be no easy matter to invert this disposition of things, so venerable from the single consideration of its antiquity, without removing the obstacle which custom put in her way, by lessening the regard which the most considerate are inclined to pay to it. This she has endeavoured to do : but how ? why, truly, by enumerating some few instances, in which mankind of both sexes have been led into error by a blind prejudice in favour of habitual ignorance, and not of practical positive custom ; and those too instances of a particular nature, and in which all *Men* were not concerned, as the disbelief of the *Antipodes*, the supposed *spirits* of *machinery*, and the fancied *machinery* of *Cartesian animals*. Whereas, to convince us that *custom* is never to be regarded, she should have instanced some one custom as universal with relation to place and time, as that of *Woman's* subjection to *Man*, in which mankind had confessedly found themselves in error.

As this is past her skill to do, it is plain she has run beyond her mark, and contrary to her design established an argument in favour of *Man's* authority over *Woman*, on the very principle of *custom*, which she, with so much industry and artifice, laboured to undermine. For it cannot without rashness be doubted, but that mankind being rational creatures, and therefore not only directed, but even  
of



of themselves inclined, to do nothing without reason, they must have consulted reason for the introduction of such practices as have been universally received by both sexes, in all places, and at all times. Infomuch that it is impossible for any in their senses to conceive that right reason and prudence had no hand in establishing the customs, which both oblige us to conform to, and which we cannot deviate from, without breaking in upon order and decency.

Of this nature is the custom, if *Sophia* chooses to call it so, which directs the *Woman* to be subject and submissive to the heaven-derived authority of their natural sovereign *Man* : a custom, which, whether right or wrong, must so nearly concern every individual of human nature, that neither sex could be supposed so indifferent to their happiness, as not to consult reason before they established or rejected it. And therefore, since both sexes from the creation unanimously established this practice, and handed it down thro' all ages to our own, it is the height of temerity to impute the power of the *Men* over the *Women* to inconsiderate custom, or to any cause inferior to *reason* and *prudence*.

Have not the *Women* ever been, and are they not at this present time, in every country, in absolute subjection to the *Men*, and wholly dependent on them in all things ? Where was, or is, the nation in which the former were consider'd, even by themselves, as *equal* with the latter ? It will not do, to

quote

quote upon me the virago tribe of *Scythia* : for let it be consider'd, that it can be no wonder that the *Women* should not be subject to *Men* in a nation wholly made up of such *Women* as the most ignoble of our sex at that time scorned to rule over. No, let any one affirm, if truth will permit, that the *Women* were ever treated in any one nation made up of both sexes, upon a better footing than inferior subjects ; fit at best only to be the upper servants in their families.

This is the light in which they have always been viewed here in *England* ; the place in the world where the Fair-sex is the most regarded, and perhaps deserves most to be so. And every one knows how much worse they are looked upon in some countries, where they are esteemed absolute slaves. In *China* they are confined to see no one but their husbands and children ; and have their feet kept small on purpose to prevent their gadding. In *Turkey* they are pamper'd prisoners at best : almost throughout *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America* wives are but house-maids for life : in most parts of *Europe*, indeed, they are treated a little more gently ; tho' the difference is but little in *Italy*, and scarce discernable in *Spain*. In a word, they are every where employed in nothing but what is low and servile. Their highest dignities are limited to house-wifery, and their common use is to be kept for breeders. In *England* alone it is, that they are raised to the office of dissipators of our more intense thoughts,



thoughts, amusing lullers of our care and application, and a kind of under-companions to us, when reason is disposed to relax. Nor is it easy to comprehend how it is possible to raise them higher, with any shew of reason, considering their natural incapacity for every thing above the sphere they actually move in. So that, however the men might be disposed, and whatever endeavour they might make use of, to alter the present disposition of matters with regard to the Fair-sex, it is absolutely impossible to succeed in it.

It is doubtless for this reason, that the wisest of law-givers, in founding their common-wealths, have never once established any thing in favour of an equality between both sexes. Their laws, on the contrary, have tended only to confirm the *Women* in an entire subjection to the *Men*. The generality of the learned of all ages have advanced many things to the disadvantage of the *Woman*: but not one has ever thought of adding the least privilege to those we have in general agreed to allow them. Nay, the wise of all times and places, are so unanimous in the establishment of the *Men's* sovereignty over *Women*, that one should be apt to imagine they had conspired together, but for the evident impossibility, that so many persons of different ages, distant climes, and opposite interests, unknown to each other, should be able to combine with one another. Whence it is plain to a demonstration, that the state of subordination, which

*Woman*

*Woman* is in to *Man*, must have been dictated to both sexes, by nature, and established by *reason* and *prudence*.

This alone might suffice to shew how greatly the Lady, my antagonist, is overseen, in imputing the power of our sex over her own, to blind custom and inconsiderate prejudice. But what will confirm it still more, is the universal ease with which the *Women* of all ages have supported this their condition. The general content with which they submit, is a plain proof, that they look upon submission as a natural duty they owe to us; and that, conscious of the legalness of our authority, they pass the same judgment on their dependency as every Man does: insomuch that both sexes appear convinced that their souls are as different as their bodies, and that there ought to be as great distinction between the two sexes in all the functions of life, as there is in that of instrumentally producing it. All which consider'd, no *Woman* in her senses can doubt of the subjection of that sex to ours, being founded on the laws of nature and reason.

But as *Sophia* seems not to have any disregard for religion, it will not be a difficult matter, I presume, to convince her, that the divine providence had a special positive hand in fixing *Women* in their present state of subjection. Let her but look into the third chapter of *Genesis*, and she will there find that *Man* has his charter of superiority from  
God's



God's own mouth. For, speaking to *Eve*, he tells her, *Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.* St. Paul, in many places, confirms this charter to *Men* in the repeated precepts he gives to *Women* to be subject to *them*; but particularly in the *fifth* chapter to the *Ephesians*, he says, *WIVES submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife.* --- And to shew the justice of this law, in another place he gives a substantial reason for it, *to wit,* that *the MAN is not of the WOMAN, but the WOMAN of the MAN.* In which last words he plainly alludes to the manner and occasion of their creation; which, if rightly consider'd, will indisputably prove how much the *Woman* is inferior to the *Man*, from the very source of their being. Almighty God, we are told, created *Man*, a good, noble, and intelligent creature, to lord it over this vast universe; and therefore created him last, that nothing might be wanting to his wishes from the minute of his production. But having form'd him of the dust of the earth, that he might have something in common with the creatures he was made to command, the Lord found that alloy too strong for the perfection he designed to give him: and therefore extracted from the rest of his body whatever he found of mean, imperfect, and favouring too much of the animal, and confined it to a single rib; which had undoubtedly been annihilated but for the wisdom of this all-powerful

contriver, which is capable of assigning a use to the most useless things in themselves. The creator, then, loth to destroy any thing, however despicable in itself, which had any relation to this his favourite creature, and knowing that *Man* was as yet unprovided of a proper vehicle to convey his being to posterity, took from him his rib, this sink of his defects, and shaped it into *Woman*, little concerned about any perfections in the soil, but such as immediately tend to the production of that noble fruit, for which it was saved from reprobation. It is true, indeed, to invite mankind to make the use of this pretty expletive of nature, for which it was design'd, he made it *fair* ; but then, like all other beautiful vessels, he left it *frail*, and full of foibles, as he first found it when he ridded *Adam's* noble composition of it. Such then is *Woman* traced up to her origin :

——— *Her all is but a show,  
Rather than solid virtue ; all but a rib,  
Crooked by nature. Oh ! why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth ! this fair defect  
Of nature ! and not fill the world at once  
With men, as angels, without feminine,  
Or find some other way to generate mankind.*

MILTON.

But



But here we are lost, and have no other refuge from the doubts of human imbecillity than the unsearchable wisdom of him who had it in his power *of the same lump to make one vessel to honour, and the other unto dishonour.* God had his reasons, tho' to us incomprehensible: his wisdom knew it right to do the thing he did, and therefore not to tempt man to withstand his will, he consulted him not: no,

*Heav'n took him sleeping when he Woman made,  
Had Man been waking, he had ne'er consented.*

DRYDEN.

But I'll dwell no longer on an argument which has too much truth in it, not to give some pain to the most insensible among those fair mischiefs, which furnish the matter of it. Let it suffice that I have shewn how much inferior to us they are, from their creation, if considered in themselves. And now I shall proceed to discuss the matter a little farther with *Sophia*.



## SECTION II.

*In what Esteem the Women are held by the  
Men, and how justly.*

**M**Y fair adversary is undoubtedly right in saying, that, “the *Men* are unanimous “ in thinking *her Sex* made only for their use, fit “ only to breed, and nurse children in their tender years, to mind household affairs, and to obey, serve, and please the masters appointed “ them by heaven.” And would not all *Women* be as right in thinking the same with *Men*? Can it be doubted by the christian *Sophia*, that her sex was made for our use, after *St. Paul* has told her in his *Epistle* to the *Corinthians*, that the *MAN* was not made for the *WOMAN*, but the *WOMAN* for the *MAN*? A text sufficient of itself to prove that all other creatures were made for him, if *Woman* may be allowed to be superior to all but him. To which, if we add the circumstances of God’s bringing *Woman*, with the rest of the animals and inanimate creatures, to him to receive a name, and afterwards subjecting them to his authority; it is impossible to doubt of their being created purposefully for him.

So



So that tho' the confideration of *Man's* not being created till all creatures were in readinefs for him, be no contemptible argument of their being created for his ufe, yet it is far from being the only one on which he builds his authority. It is the only one, indeed, which *Sophia* thought to her purpofe to alledge; tho' had ſhe allowed herſelf time to reflect, *Woman* as ſhe is, ſhe might have been able to ſee how little it ſuits the purpoſe ſhe has applied it to. For ſhe is certainly miſtaken in ſaying, that, “ if this argument has any weight at all, it muſt “ equally prove that the *Men* were made for the “ *Woman's* uſe rather than ſhe for theirs.” And her miſtake, it is plain, ariſes from the vulgar error of imagining that *Woman* was created at all: whereas, any underſtanding, even inferior to that of *Woman*, if ſuch a being could exiſt, would be capable of diſcerning, that the production of that weak ſex was no diſtinct creation from that of *Man*; but only a mere refinement of his noble compoſition, by purifying and ſeparating it from its dross. So that tho' *Woman* be, with regard to *Man*, a ſort of after-produced being, *Man* is ſtill the laſt compleat creature which iſſued from the hands of God. And, therefore, tho' the authority of *Man* over the reſt of creatures may be deduced from the circumſtance of his being created laſt, this circumſtance can by no means be wire-drawn to countenance any ſuperiority over, or even equality

equality to us, in the *Women*, who can be at best but mere half-creatures. Let not *Sophia* then, nor any of her sex, glory any more in their disgrace: Let them not be vain of the title of Creatures, with which our sex is so generous as to compliment them; rather ought they to reject it as flattery, since they cannot themselves but be convinced, that we can look upon the most perfect of their sex in no better a light, than as a kind of amphibious thing, between a creature and no creature at all.

After what I have just now said, good-breeding obliges me to add, that whenever I let the word Creature drop in the course of this little Treatise, it neither is nor will be my meaning to offend, or call them names; but a desire of complying with *Fashion*; a Goddesses ever sacred in their tender eyes. However, to shew more fully my aversion to abusing them, whenever I may chance to give them the title of Creatures, I shall take the precaution of adding the softening epithets, *pretty, charming, beautiful*, &c. which, unless I am more unfortunate than others before me, would, I know, be looked upon by the generality of them as a sufficient atonement for the grossest invectives.

Tho' I must allow the *Women* to deserve that some care should be taken of them, in consideration of the part they have in the propagation of human nature, as a field does on account of the vegeta-



vegetables it produces ; yet I cannot see the reason why they are to be consider'd on a level with the *Men* they bring forth, any more than that the mould in a garden is to be equally valued with the fruits it produces ; unless the Ladies place a merit in the superior propensity they have above *Men* to this office of life. But however they may value themselves upon this score, I am apt to believe that they, who have the most of this sort of merit, are so unfortunate as to attract the least of our esteem.

To name but one instance of the many which this one town affords, *Salacia* is undeniably rich in this kind of worth, and too much so to obtain the esteem of the more moderate even of her own sex. It is true, she is fair, most exquisitely fair ; but not more fair than wanton. The charms of her person can be excelled by nothing but the brightness of her wit ; which bears so near a resemblance to sense, that any man would be liable to mistake it for such, who should forbear reflection but for a minute. Her good-nature is boundless, and her evenness of temper not to be ruffled. In short, she possesses all the blemishes which compose the perfections of her sex, in so high a degree, that we could not but acknowledge her worthy of something very like our esteem, if all these feminine accomplishments were not eclipsed by one more, which absorbs all the rest : she is sensible  
that

that the chief end she was made for is to breed ; and therefore is unweariedly sollicitous to answer that end. The good man she pitched on for a husband, as the most likely to second her procreative zeal, is indeed every way qualified to answer the expectations of any woman less public-spirited than herself ; and is rather industrious than indolent in the duty she requires. But the misfortune is, that his industry to forward the Lady's good intentions serves only to point out his inability, and to convince her, that all *Mankind* are scarce a sufficient match for one *Woman*, whose zeal nothing less could gratify than being the immediate mother of all men. If she herself is not so, it is more to be ascribed to the obstinacy of fate, than any slackness in her capacious disposition, which takes in the whole creation of the species. And if she is not incessantly employ'd in this important office, it is for want of a perpetual succession of help-mates : tho' to give her her due, nature itself is not more active in multiplying, than she in procuring them. As she is never tired with labouring towards the preservation of the kind, no assistant comes amiss to her : her taste is as little nice as her appetite is far from being sated or fatiable. In the act of gratifying it, like a true woman,

*No hungry churl feeds coarser at a feast ;*

*Every rank fool goes down.*

OTWAY.

And



And in the few short intervals of bodily inactivity, her mind is ever busied in preparing for action. Awake she is ever conceiving in body or soul; and her very slumbers are so many rough draughts of future embryos. If nevertheless none of them are brought to maturity, it is not for want of manuring the soil which should produce them: in this, so far from being sparing, she is profuse; for, as the polite Lord *Lansdown* says of another heroine of the same class, I may say,

*She's mine, or thine, and, strolling up and down,  
Sucks in more filth than any sink in town.*

It is true, indeed, that all this extravagant merit in *Salacia*, intitles her to no degree of esteem from our sex or her own. Her too eager desire of being serviceable to human species renders her useless, nay destructive to it. What colonies might not the motley nation of foetusses within her have peopled, if properly dispersed! which are now too busy, in struggling for room, to aim at maturity; and too much taken up in their intestine war, with destroying each other, to add one perfect individual to the decaying numbers of mankind. In a word, what esteem can we have for a *Woman* made barren by excess of fertility, and lavish of the choicest fruits of the creation by an insatiable lust of monopolizing them.

*Clavia*, it must be own'd, has been more cautious. tho' not less criminal. Disposed from her cradle to become a common *reservoir* of human nature, she took care not to launch out into wholesale lechery, till she furnished the world with a breeder in her stead. Indeed, she makes ample amends in her old age for the little time she lost in her prime, by converting her house into a public stew, and making herself the sewer of it. All *Men* are welcome there, from the tall apothecary to the lusty-limb'd porter. Tho' neither the purchased roses on her cheeks, nor the borrow'd ivory in her gums, would have any power over the most rampant, even of her powder'd, pamper'd, parti-colour'd stallions in keeping, if the yellow charms of all-enchanting gold, which the god of waste has lavished upon her, did not fill the deep-indented furrows of seventy. 'Tis by this she is impowered, in the last stage of life, to vie with her sex in the favourite commerce of their youth, and to convince the world, that tho' there are some *Women*, whom the whole collection of Mankind would be an equal match for, there are others again of more extensive inclinations, who, but for the short date of their existence, could indefatigably weary a new creation of *Men* in the business of enjoyment. Not that she herself is capable of reaping any thing from fruition but the guilt of it: too old and batter'd to produce even a monster, and too inanimate for any sensation: she has  
nothing



nothing to enjoy but sin : and this her eager soul has such a talent for, that, like the dæmon who inspires her, she can take in an eternity of lust into one single minute : and multiply one libidinous act into an infinity. Such are the pretty creatures we are to esteem for the talent of breeding.

This general character, however, will admit of some exceptions : and *Sprucilla* in one. Form'd by heaven a perfect vehicle of human nature, she has every qualification requisite to reap the fruits of fruition, and no dislike to the pleasure of it. The Graces have combined to enrich her with every endearment capable of charming the Man she is married to, and making him to forget himself, to stoop to the low but necessary office of rendering her really useful. But pride, predominant pride, is so prevalent in her, as to make her prefer the empty praise of a fine shape to that of being a mother of children. And if, in complying with her husband's wantonness to gratify her own, she is at any time made a mother before she is aware, so careless is she of the only good she is fit for, as rather to risk the loss of an heir to his estate, than to miss an opportunity of gaining new admirers at a ball or a play.

Among the unmarried *Women*, what numberless tribes of useless things are there not, whose pride, avarice, fickleness, or icy constitutions, rob human nature of the individuals they were intended to bear ;

bear; and by not answering the use they were given to him for, become a dead weight upon *Man*? Indeed, if there are some among them less squeamish than the rest, who atone out of wedlock for their slowness to engage in it, how few of them is human nature yet the better for? How many of them stifle the fruit of their pleasure before it is ripe! not to speak of those disgraces to the soft shape they wear, who only delay destruction to make it more cruel.

Nor can it be deem'd a sufficient amends to the creation, for the many particles of human nature wasted and destroy'd in their passages through these quick-sanded baneful channels, that there are a few married *Women*, fertile enough to forward the propagation of *Man*, and modest enough to forward their pregnant zeal. Especially, if we consider how dearly their whims, their vanity, their extravagance, and fantastical humours, make us purchase the service they do us. *Uberia* has blest her husband with a numerous offspring, all his own. But she would scarce be a *Woman*, if she did not take pains to make him sensible how expensive and troublesome a thing is a fruitful, faithful wife. Every lying-in costs him more than would make a handsome provision for the infant; besides an estate spent in the time of her breeding. Indeed, she has œconomy enough to lose him no time between her bringing forth one child and preparing him another. The reason is, that there are

two



two conditions in which her ladyship can bear no contradiction, that is, before delivery and after : and, therefore, she is in the perpetual possession of her own will, because ever *with child* or *in the straw*. However, the happy father might be very well content to sell her a wood for every longing, to mortgage a manor for every lying-in, and to sell another for every christening ; nay, to make her over, by deed of gift, the everlasting property of her own will, upon the bare condition of her leaving him the undisturb'd possession of his. But nothing less can reward the prolific merit of this lady than her husband's peace. He must not so much as look civilly [on any other Female : and such a miser is she of his manhood, that while she takes care to hoard up the principal to herself, she is as sollicitous to secure even the interest. He must not have even the use of a single smile at his own disposal. His company must be such only as her Ladyship approves of ; and then he must converse with no longer than his pretty fond thing of a wife can spare him from her embraces. At home, it is true, he never wants amusement : sure in the day-time to be entertain'd with seeing his children either humour'd into impertinencies, or chastised into faults, and render'd incorrigible by the folly, passion, and caprice of their fond, fickle, foolish mother ; to contradict whom, would cost nothing less than the price of another child. Then that he may not grow tired with such entertain-

ments

ments by daily repetition, they are ever succeeded by an evening interlude of vapours, ratafee, and tears, till bed invites him to repose; where, after he has glutted the kind creature's fonder fits, he is generally lull'd to sleep, and awaken'd from it, by the melody of a curtain-ferenade. Now, can it be denied, after all, that *Uberia's* husband is a happy *Man*; and that all *Men* have reason to esteem the *Women* for their prolific merit?

But that they should be entitled to any part of our esteem, by nursing the children they bring forth for their pleasure, I see nothing in it. What is it they do for infants, which would not be much better done by the *Men*, if they were not call'd away from that meaner task, to provide for the safety and sustenance of them and their mothers? Indeed, they may save the expence of milk, which we cannot: but how much more cheaply might this defect be supplied from a cow, a goat, or an ass, than from them? And how few *Women* of any condition of life have œconomy enough to save us this superfluous expence! Too delicate themselves to bestow on the fruits of their own bowels the nutriment which heaven and nature design them, don't they force us to hire a mercenary wretch to starve her own babe that she may give suck to ours? Pretty nurses indeed! Happy for *Man* that the life of an infant does not entirely depend on the liberality of *Woman* in this particular! And how much happier would it not be for all infants,  
were



were they snatch'd from the arms of the *Women*, in the instant they are born ! How much more healthy, wise, and comely would they grow ! For 'tis notorious, that the longer a child sucks, the more weakly and stupid it turns out ; and that those which suck at all are never so wise, so strong, or well form'd, as those which are brought up by hand. The reason is plain : with the milk they suck in, they generally imbibe a tincture of the follies, passions, and imbecillities of that sex, besides having their various distempers entail'd upon them.

However, as this is a means of humiliation pointed out to us by nature, we are not to condemn it, but to apply to it, when not to be avoided without danger to the infant. The greater mischief is that which comes from the weakness of *Women* in their manner of educating us. With what innumerable follies, vices, and impertinencies do they not fill childrens heads, by their example and precepts, during the time of their nursing them ! To what secret crimes do they often make them privy ; and to what shameful inconsistencies do they not publickly expose and encourage them !

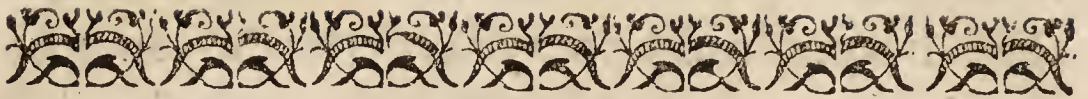
I can forgive a mother for putting a doll into the hands of her daughters as soon as they are able to hold it. As the great end of their semi-creation is the getting children, it may not be absolutely improper to follow their natural propensity to that duty, while they are but children themselves. But  
for

for this diligence in an industrious parent, here and there one of them might be so awkwardly innocent as not to know the essential difference of her own sex from the opposite, till the period of her passing from a maid to a mother. Whereas, by this and other helps they are generally supplied with, they often are as well versed as the most skilful matron, in the theory, if not in the practical knowledge of propagation, long before they are ripe for the fruits of it. A very useful science to some young ladies who have been able to instruct an ignorant booby of a husband in the sacred and secret rites of wedlock, in a much more familiar manner than the modest *Albertus* could pretend to.

But I can by no means be reconciled to their training up our boys, as they do, from their earliest infancy, to folly, foppery, effeminacy, and vice. If little master must be humour'd into pride, idleness, or mischief, why should he be taught to lye, cajole, dissemble to all above him, and domineer over all beneath him? If it is thought so necessary to acquaint him with the greatness of his birth and fortune, with the handsomeness of his person, or the acuteness of his understanding, or any advantages he possesses above others, design'd by nature for his equals, why must he be taught to make no better use of them, than to disregard the authority of those above him, to envy his equals, to despise his inferiors, and render himself the contempt of all who know him, by an unlimited gratification  
of



of his lawless passions ? Let his fond foolish mother think it wonderfully pretty to initiate the young urchin in the mystery of intriguing with the little misses his companions : but let her not expose him to the danger of practising those intrigues in her absence, by abandoning him to the corrupt company of the wanton wenches her servants. And yet how many of our youth, by such shocking education, have been utterly debauch'd, at an age when we should scarce think it possible for them to have parted with innocence ! Have we not then the greatest reason to esteem and revere that sex on account of the obligations we have to them for our early advances in the knowledge of good and evil ? Must not we be lost to all reason, if we are not pleased with these eminent services which the pretty creatures are so industrious to do us ? Or if not, must not *Sophia* be lost to all shame, should she again repeat, without a blush, what she has so inconsiderately advanced, “ that their office of nursing our children, “ intitles them to the *first places in civil society* ? ” If I had a mind to be severe, I could tell them, that it is owing to our own generosity that we give them any place at all ; and that nothing but the want of power to annihilate them, or to create a lower degree for them, can excuse our leaving them in possession even of the lowest place in society. But I choose to drop a subject so much the more disagreeable as we are daily made sensible of the truth of it. I shall therefore immediately pass to another consideration.



### S E C T I O N III.

*Whether Women are equal to Men in their Intellectual Capacity, or not.*

**I**F the business of the mind were nothing more than to contrive a dress; to invent a new fashion; to set off a bad face; to heighten the charms of a good one; to understand the œconomy of a tea-table; to manage an intrigue; to conduct a game at *Quadrille*; and to lay out new plans of pleasure, pride, and luxury: the *Women* must be owned to have a capacity not only *equal*, but even superior to us. But, as the understanding of *Man* has infinitely higher objects to employ its speculations on, objects beyond the very aim of the ablest of *Women*; their intellectual faculties are so evidently inferior to his, that I should think it an impertinence in me to take up any time to prove it, if my fair Adversary was not *Woman* enough to call so palpable a truth in question.

Need we look any farther than their soft, simpering, silly faces, to fathom the perceptible depth of their understandings? view the whole sex round:

*Eternal smiles their Emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.* Pope.



A thoughtless stare, a wild vivacity, a sleepy pertness, giddy gravity, or some such other sense-defying look, betray, in *all*, the narrow space between the surface and the centre of their mimic wit. How well the masterly limner knew them, who snatch'd from them the graces he so skilfully bestowed on *Sporus*, that copy of themselves, inspired too by them, as they by *Satan*! As nothing can shew the finished mastery of that excellent piece in a fairer light than giving back to its pretty originals whatever is borrowed from them, it cannot be amiss to do it, considering it requires but little alteration: a presumption, I dare say, that ingenious author will excuse.

*Whether in florid impotence they speak,  
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppets squeak;  
Or, Eve's true spawn, and tools of th' ancient  
toad,*

*Half froth, half venom, spit themselves abroad;  
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lyes,  
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies:  
Their wit all see-saw, between that and this;  
Now high, now low, now forward, now remiss;  
And each herself one dull antithesis.* }

*Amphibious things! that, acting either part,  
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,  
Bullies at cards, and flirts when at the \* board,  
Now jilt like dames, now swear like any lord.*

Their

\* The *Tea-board*, not the *Council-board*, which *Sophia* contends for.

*Their tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest ;  
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest :  
 Beauty that shocks you ; parts that none will trust ;  
 Wit that must creep, and pride that licks the dust.*

In fact, what is all their discourse but *froth* ? What inspires it but venom ? In what does their sprightliness appear, but in empty puns, conundrums, rebuses, trifling politics, or mischievous lyes ? They, who shine most amongst them, are such as have nothing to entertain you with but scandal, indecency, hypocrisy, or impiety. What is their wit, but a mere see-saw from one inconsistency to another ? Their conversation is ever skrew'd up to bombast, when it should be familiar ; or sunk into meanness, when the subject they presume to meddle with is sublime. Where they should be silent, they are as forward to prate, as they are remiss in speaking on proper occasions. In short, their talk, like their persons, is one continued insipid antithesis. Amphibious things indeed ! whose impotent eagerness to be like *Man* serves only to shew, that they are but mere mechanic rote-repeaters of *his* words, and unsuccessful mimics of *his* sense. How unlike are they at their tea-tables to the sensible things they would be thought ; and, at the card-table, how short of the spirit of the noble creatures they would be ! There is nothing of a piece in them, but the corruption of their hearts, and the low cunning of their heads.

If



If ever they succeed in aping us, it is in what is a disgrace to understanding. Whenever they attempt it, they can swear as well as the greatest libertine among us ; tho' still without excelling the parrot in any thing but the guilt. Thus, ever actuated by perversity, they are never truly like *us* ; and are never *themselves*, but when they jilt us : though in that, thanks to their native talents, they seldom fail to be *true Women*. How ill-bestowed then on these fantastic things is the beauty we admire in them ! and if it was bestowed on them by nature, to decoy us into a commerce with them, for the benefit of Propagation ; must it not still shock our Reason, when we consider it accompanied only with parts which we can reap no benefit from, nor place any Confidence in ? and what assistance can we hope from their false wit, as groveling as the Pride it inspires them with ?

But *Sophia*, it seems, would fain make a handle of the beauty of her sex to impose upon us an opinion of their sense ; and because “ the organs of the  
 “ body are more delicate in them, therefore they  
 “ must be fitter to answer the ends they were  
 “ made for.” True, in one sense, the organs of *Women* were designed for finical amusements ; and therefore were made more delicate than *ours*, in that sense of the word. But if by *delicate* she means more perfectly or exactly formed ; I must insist, that experience in the use proves *ours* to be more solidly

lidy and exactly formed than those of the *Women*: and it is fit they should be so, considering the more noble uses they were designed for, and are employed in. But, granting for a minute, that the organs of sense are as perfect in *Women* as in *Men*, and yet more delicate; what can *Sophia* infer, but that they are more liable to be thrown into disorder; and therefore the less to be depended upon? as the mechanism of a watch, the more minute, gim, and delicate it is, the more is it subject to inconstancy. A consideration which I willingly mention, to apologize, as much as the nature of the thing will bear, for that otherwise unaccountable inconstancy in which alone the fair sex are ever constant.

Not that I intirely come into my soft antagonist's opinion, that the organs in *Women* are any more adapted to the natural functions of the mind than in *Men*; perhaps they are less so: for the external sleekness of their pretty forms is no proof of the internal perfection of their organization. And to imagine a *Woman* must have sense because she is handsome, would be as absurd as to think, that a house must needs be finely furnished within, because the outside is beautiful: an error to be excused in none but a *Woman*.

What angel can imagination paint more beautiful than *Pavonia*! what reptile more insensate! to reason by *Sophia*'s rule, our eyes would cheat us  
into



into a belief, that she surpasses all the fages time has yet produced. And yet hear her but speak, you will almost doubt if heaven had any hand in making a thing at once so fair and foolish, though so like a *Man*. Never guilty of design, she never looks like it. Her smiles and frowns, alike effects of accident, want power to please or displease. Her words, mere liquid sounds of half-articulated nonsense, gush from her pretty coral-spouted mouth with such unmeaning energy, or drip with such deliberate drawl, that even ridicule is robbed of all its zest. Frequent in blunders, she excites no laugh in others; but often laughs herself, when she should be most serious. Her misbehaviour moves no anger; and her favours lay no obligations but upon such as are little wiser than herself. Every motion, every air, betrays the fool; whom they who have sense can scarce stoop to pity, and they who have none scarce condescend to envy. In a word, gazed at by all, she is admired and conversed with by none but ideots and *Women*; amidst whom, while she alternately reigns the idol of flattery, and slavishly sinks the dupe of deceit, she is still looked down upon, by all *Men* of sense, with the same contempt as the comely peacock: though worthy greater scorn in this; that the more beautiful bird bears all his blemish in his feet, while her disgrace is seated in her head: his deformity abates his pride, while hers but serves to make her  
more

more incorrigibly vain. Must it not be owned then, that beauty is a convincing proof of sense in its fair possessors ! But *Sophia* perhaps will answer, that one black feather makes no crow. Let us then see how much wiser the rest of her sex are than pretty simple *Pavonia*.

It is a common rule, and liable to very few mistakes, to guess at people's genius by their company. To know then the capacity of the fair sex, let us but survey their favourite companions : eye them, and you will find them the very dregs of our sex ; fops, whose whole merit is made up of dress and drivel, shew and emptiness ; mere jack-daws and parrots ; nay, rather, gawdy screech-owls made fine with plundered plumes ; laced waistcoats, smart toupees, light heels and lighter heads, are all they have to recommend them to the ladies ; yet they are sure to please, because eminently qualified to discuss the weightiest argument on country-dances, to decide the fate of fashions, square the round of a *Woman's Petticoat*, and take the latitude of a nightcap from the equinox of her noddle, or the longitude of two lappets by the meridian of her whims. Not that I the least blame the lovely female triflers who are pleased with them : it is but natural for birds of a feather to associate ; and since likeness ever begets liking, why should they not be fondest of those *Men* whose follies are nearest to their own ? But then I would not have them boast of an *equality* of sense with  
follies



those *Men*, whose superior understanding is all they have to find fault with.

It will be to little purpose for *Sophia*, to quote me the illustrious names of many of the greatest wits of all ages who have admired, and been admired by, the *Women*. Has not the success they have met with been more owing to their being *Men*, than to their having sense? *Anacreon*, the polite the witty *Anacreon*, with all his fine parts, reaped nothing from his pursuit of those unsettled things, but the contempt of his agedness: and *Theocritus* himself makes no secret of the little encouragement he met with. The lesser poets, indeed, as well as *Ovid* and *Horace*, received some marks of their favour; but what were these mighty favours, if you will believe their own boasts, but the sharing the lewdness of their mistresses with half the town? If I leave the classics, it will be an endless toil to enumerate the many instances that thought-abhorring sex have, at all times, and on all occasions, furnished, of the preference they give to fools before *Men* of parts. But where is the necessity of recurring to other times and countries for what our own can produce? Of all our fine Ladies, industrious in adorning the brows of their husbands, where is there one who does it with a man of true wit? Of all our pretty widows, ruin'd by second adventures, where is there one who does it with a *Man* of any merit? Search but the registers of the Fleet, and you shall find numbers of our fairest, brightest

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heiresses,

heireffes, charm'd away from their guardians by lacqueys, valet-de-chambres, and powder'd empty coxcombs ; but scarce one stolen match with a really rational creature. In short, who are the persons that can boast of the favours of all our finest *Women*, but wretches too low for the jest of our sex, and too much like theirs to differ from them in any thing but one single circumstance. Let the amorous billets they scribble be produced ; and for every one that is directed to a man of sense, I will allow them a grain of understanding more than they are entitled to.

But surely they are not void of all understanding. No ; but to fathom the depth of their understandings, remark only the objects which employ them. Frequent their drawing-rooms, and listen to their conversation : what is that filled up with but cloying repetitions of stale impertinencies to every new visiter ? One part of the week, the day is wasted in visiting and contriving visits to persons they hope not to find at home, and the night in receiving visits from persons they would rather be almost blind than have the sight of : the other part, their mornings, are laid out in interrupting some tradesman whom they know to be busy, and lulling their own time as well as murdering his, in rummaging his shop for goods they neither want nor purpose to buy ; and their evenings are eked out with tea, slander, operas, and quadrille, when the intrigues on their hands are not interfered with.

In



In a word, upon examining them thoroughly, it must be owned, that not all the bloom on their cheeks, nor the washes they owe it to, can make any tolerable amends, in the esteem of a wise *Man*, for the folly, vanity, affectation, malice, deceit, and impertinence, which appear in all they say, and inspire all they do.

And yet it must be granted, there are *Women*, who employ their understandings on higher objects ; who can try to reason ; and almost succeed in it. Nay, there are some can write, can even spell ; and, what is more, can turn a sophistry to look not altogether unlike an argument. And therefore it would be quite ungenerous not to allow a brilliancy of wit (however false) in some of them. Especially since my pretty smooth antagonist has given so late a proof of it in herself. And yet even she,

*Had she been blest with only half her sense,  
None could admire too much her excellence.  
But since she can make error shine so bright,  
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.  
With understanding she is quite o'er-run ;  
And, by too great accomplishments, undone.  
With skill she vibrates her unwearied tongue,  
For ever most divinely in the wrong.*      Young.

So dangerous is a little understanding to that tender sex ! How happy is it, then, that learning  
but

but seldom molests them ! What strange distraction would it not create in their poor tender heads ! Is not *Sophia's* self a living demonstration, that to them,

*A little learning is a dang'rous thing ?*

And they, alas ! poor pretty creatures, have neither breath nor brains to *drink* of knowledge *deeply*. Good sense and tea they are forced to sip alike : Their heads and stomachs, of equal delicacy, can best digest the shallowest draughts of all but mum and mischief. Let thus much then suffice to shew *Sophia* how little room she has to complain of want of learning in her sex ; and how much less, for any parallel between her sex and ours in point of understanding ; when her own Essay plainly proves, how short the brightest of them fall of *Man's* superior wisdom. Is there nothing less will serve the *Women's* turn than having an equal share with us in government and public offices ? Let us then weigh their best pretensions to so extraordinary a privilege.





## SECTION IV.

*Whether the Women are equally qualified with Men, for Government, and publick Offices.*

O U R female champion is in a very great passion with *Cato*, for excluding her sex from all government ; and, I must own, not without some appearance of reason. For it is certainly true, that *Cato* was not the most well-bred man who ever spoke of them. He had too little of the courtier in him to flatter ; and spoke too plain truth not to set a pretty lady, who wants to wear the breeches, on pouting. But *Sophia* would have much more reason to be angry with him, if he had been the only one of opinion that *Women* are to be ever kept in subjection. Whereas, unluckily for them, all the greatest sages of antiquity, as well as the wisest legislators of all ages, have been of the same mind. The greatest *poets*, the most eminent *divines*, the brightest *orators*, the ablest *historians*, the most skilful *physicians*, and the profoundest *philosophers*, in a word, all who have been famous for excelling in learning, wisdom, and parts, have condemn'd the *Women* to perpetual subjection, as less noble, less perfect, and consequently inferior to *Men*. The laws of all commonwealths are so many confirmations

firmations of the subjection they have ever been in. Neither can the *Men* free them from this subjection, without revolting against the decree of heaven, which appointed them masters, as I have already shewn, and therefore need not repeat. There are not wanting other texts of scripture to confirm this matter : *Ecclesiasticus*, Ch. vii. absolutely forbids the *Men* to give *Woman* any power over their minds ; and the prophet *Micah* positively says to them, *Keep the doors of thy mouth from her who lieth in thy bosom.*

Agreeable to this are the sentiments of the most eminent *divines* and *fathers* of the *church*, “ *Wo-*  
 “ *man*, says St. *Augustin*, can neither teach nor  
 “ testify, and is alike unqualified to give evidence  
 “ or judgment, how much less then is she fit to  
 “ govern ? ” And elsewhere he assigns the plain  
 reason why they ought to be subject to the authority of the *Men* : “ Natural order, says he, a-  
 “ mong mankind requires, that the *Women* should  
 “ serve the *Men*, and children their parents ;  
 “ justice demanding, that the *lesser* should serve the  
 “ *greater.* ” St. *Ambrose* carries reason yet farther,  
 to prove the justice of the authority which *Men* exert over them : “ *Adam* was deceived by *Eve*,  
 “ not *Eve* by *Adam* ; the *Woman* inticed him to  
 “ sin, therefore is it but just that she receive him  
 “ for her master whom she made to be her accom-  
 “ plice, that she may no more be liable to fall  
 “ through feminine frailty.” Among the primi-  
 tive



tive Christians it was customary for the Women to be married in veils ; and St. *Isidore* gives us the reason for it, “ that they might remember always “ to be *submissive* and *humble* to their husbands.”

How exactly of a mind are the *divines* and the *poets* ! *Euripides* tells us, that of all animals, especially intellectual ones, *Woman* is the poorest thing. Therefore, says *Pittacus*, “ keep *Womankind* subject.” *Tibillus* says, “ they are a cruel generation, void of all faith.” *Menander* says almost the same ; and adds, that “ when a *Woman* speaks “ with most affability, it is then she is most to be “ dreaded.” And, if we believe *Plautus*, “ When “ once a *Woman* has any mischief in her head, “ sickness, nay, what is worse, old age, is less “ insupportable to her, than being thwarted in the “ pursuit of it : either let her complete it, or you “ make her completely miserable. But if, by “ chance or whim, she attempts any thing that is “ good, how soon is she tired and sick of it ! What- “ ever you do, if she begins any thing tolerable, “ never be afraid of her hurting herself ; she will “ be sure to do little enough : for *Women* have a “ natural genius for exceeding in mischief, but are “ never guilty of excess in what is right.

The greatest *orators* are not the most favourable to them ; and the best character *Cicero*, one of the ablest, had to give them, was, that they are a covetous race, sovereignly ruled by the inordinate love of lucre. Nor are the *physicians* a jot more  
in

in their interest; we are assured by *Philo*, that the *Women*, according to the common received opinion of the faculty, “ are but a kind of imperfect  
 “ *Men*; that their understandings are naturally  
 “ weaker than ours; and that they are incapable  
 “ of comprehending any thing but what immedi-  
 “ ately falls under the jurisdiction of their sensa-  
 “ tion. ”

If we credit *historians*, whose opinions are the less to be suspected, as being founded on the irrefragable evidence of experience, we shall find them every where a weak and inconsistent generation, ever irresistably led away by some predominant passion, which enslaves and exgrosses them. “ The  
 “ Fair Sex (says *Tacitus*) is not only weak and unequal to toil, but, if truth may be spoken, cruel,  
 “ ambitious, and greedy after power.” *Valerius Maximus* goes yet farther, and assures us, that the practice of poison had still been unknown, if the cruel artifice of that sex had not made it necessary to enact laws against it.

*Cato* then was not the only wise *Man* who thought the *Women* unfit to govern. The *sacred writers* tell us, they are not to be trusted. *Divines*, *poets*, *orators*, *physicians*, and *historians* agree, that they are weak, silly, poor, fickle, cruel, ambitious things, ever forward in mischief, ever sluggards in good. Pretty qualifications truly to intitle them to government and public offices !

But



But let us suspend our judgment till we hear what the *philosophers* think. *Aristotle* tells us, that “ a city must needs be wretchedly governed which “ is governed by *Women*.” And well may he think so, who tells us, that “ the judgment of “ boys is only imperfect, but that of *Women* is “ absolutely impotent.”

To which if we add their natural itch of tattling, their invincible curiosity, and their innate aversion to secrecy, it can no longer be doubted that they are absolutely unfit for public government, and every office connected with it. Nothing is more requisite in one who is intrusted with government, than a steadiness which no curiosity can make giddy; and nothing is more powerful, to make a *Woman* give up the most important interests of her own or others, than curiosity. Secrecy is the very soul of public administration: which to require from that tongue-punished race, would be downright barbarity. The wise *Romans* were thoroughly convinced of the natural incapacity of *Women* for keeping a secret; and therefore were kind enough to them, never to intrust any of them with one. Every one knows the stratagem young *Papirius* was forced to make use of to satisfy his mother's curiosity, without betraying the secrets of the senate. Being one day extremely solicited by her to reveal the subject of that morning's debate, to rid himself of her importunities, he was reduced to the necessity of feigning, that a law was propo-

fed to allow the *Men* a plurality of wives. There needed no more to alarm the whole sex. *Papirius's* mother, spite of her solemn engagements, divulges it to all the *Women* she knew, and they to as many more; till the whole tribe of wives, acquainted with it, formed themselves into a league, and began to make open opposition to a law so odious to them. How safe would the young *senator* have been, had he been indiscreet enough to trust his tattling mother with a real secret as he did with a fiction?

*Plutarch* tells us of another *senator*, who, teased by his wife, on the like score, beyond all power of toleration, and unwilling to mortify her, told her, that a lark being seen to fly over the senate-house with a golden helmet on his head, and a spear in his claws, the *Augurs* had been consulted to know what it could portend. To make it appear the more like a real secret, he had had the precaution to exact from her the most solemn vows of privacy; assuring her, that nothing less than his life could atone for his divulging it to her, should it be known he had done so. But what force could the fear of a husband's death have to make a *Woman* keep a secret, who must herself burst, or vent it? No sooner had her husband taken leave of her, to return again to the senate, than she eased herself of the intolerable burthen; and the tale flew so swiftly about the city, that, before he got to his journey's end, he had it whisper'd in his ear, as a  
pro-



profound secret, by one who supposed him to have been absent from the senate. At his return home, he charges his wife with having undone him : but she, with a confidence peculiar to that sex, flatly denies her having divulged what he intrusted her with ; and, to silence him at once, Of three hundred senators in the house, why should the secret be supposed to come from you alone ? says she. She had carried her boldness yet farther, but for his stopping her mouth, by telling her, that it was a fiction of his own making.

*Fulvius* was far from coming off so well ; but he must blame himself for knowing *Womankind* no better. We are obliged to *Plutarch* for the account. *Augustus* displeased with *Fulvius*, for disinheriting his own nephews in favour of *Livia's* children, blamed him for it ; and he, like a silly dotard, was weak enough to tell his wife : she immediately tells the empress of it ; and the empress upbraided the emperor with it ; so that the next time *Fulvius* went to court, he received a severe reprimand from *Augustus*, and had the pleasure to find himself ruin'd. And what did he get by returning home to tell his wife what she had done, and that he was resolved to stab himself ? Why, no other satisfaction than to be answered, that he was a fool, and deserved no better fate, for living with her so long without finding out that she was a true *Woman*, and could not keep a secret.

What shall we say after this? Shall we agree with *Sophia*, that the *Women* are fit for government and public offices? or, shall we not rather conclude them absolutely unqualified for them; and that the antients were undoubtedly right in saying, that *WOMEN are no more to be trusted than their wombs*: these being not more liable to miscarry of their fruits, than they of the trusts we deposit in them?

If *England* has been so wise as to admit these evils to reign over us, when necessary to avoid greater evils, is that any proof that they are qualified for it? No, 'twas not their capacity, but our prudence placed them on the throne, to remove occasions of blood-shed, and other ill effects of civil dissention. And tho' it must be confessed that during the reign of some of our *Women*, this nation has been in its most flourishing condition, yet to which should we attribute it, the capacity of the soft cyphers placed over us, or the wisdom of the ministry which made them of some account? Mere adjectives of nature; what use could they have been of but for the substantial support of their council and parliament? Into which none, even of themselves, ever thought it worth while to introduce a *Woman*.

However, I am apt to think, that the pretty fawning faces of these fair creatures would go a great way towards wheedling us into the folly of admitting them to a share in public offices, if we could



could but discern in them the least talent for governing their own families. Whereas, without much study, we need but step into the next house we can think of, where the *gray mare is the better horse*, to find a *Babylon* of anarchy and confusion.

*Belluina's* is the first in my mind ; let us then pay her a visit. To do her justice, nothing can be more decent than her apartments ; her whole house, from the cellars to the stairs, from the kitchen to the closet, are so many varied scenes of finished neatness ; not the meanest piece of furniture owes its situation to the hand of chance ; every table has its proper post ; every picture its fellow ; there's not a chair a hair's breadth from its place ; not a carpet but what is mathematically spread ; nay, woe to Mrs. *Betty*, if the very china is not as regularly disposed as the features in her ladyship's face. From such an orderly œconomy in trifles, who wou'd not expect to find a little commonwealth, where peace and decorum have taken up their residence ? But a moment's patience, and the all-divulging tea-table will set you right. An insufferable troop of ill-train'd brats are called in to expose their want of manners, and put yours to the trial. Pretty Miss must throw your hat about, Master *Jacky* must put his fingers in your eyes, *Charly* in your dish, and if *Tommy*, her favourite, for never doing what his father bids him, should offer to wipe his greasy fingers on your coat, you must suffer him to do so, or be as much in her disgrace

grace as *John*, who had his head broke but an hour ago, for hastily setting *Veny* upon the bare ground, to save my Lord from falling down stairs. Happily for *John* he is in her ladyship's good graces, or he had fared no better than *Fanny* the house-maid, who had warning given her, for letting a tea-cup fall to hinder the house from taking fire. But this lucky fellow, who is too much used to his Lady to be often guilty of such mistakes, has absolutely rooted himself into his post, by once leaving a butt of wine to run about the cellar, rather than let the parrot call him twice. So despotic is *Belluina* in her family ! Her children, sure never to be corrected but when they behave well, are incessantly rude and unruly ; and her servants, never sure that her ladyship will think what they do right, are always doing wrong, with as sedate a confusion as the workmen of *Babel*. If you call for a tea-spoon, a saucer is brought you ; and if you have a mind for sugar, you must call for the milk-pot. But it's time to leave this orderly Lady ; Miss's cap, you see, is the tenth part of an inch awry ; the lightning in her mother's looks are portentous of a storm, and once it breaks out, the house will be too hot for every one in it. Her Ladyship can bear any thing but disorder in trifles ; but that, like a true Woman, she is so averse to, that she'll rather throw herself, her family, and even her country into confusion, than suffer the symmetry of a curl or a cap to be broken with impunity.



ty. Whence it appears, that all this excellent Lady's qualifications for government, are owing to her happy want of sense to set others right, and of temper to curb herself when wrong.

*Litterinda* has a great deal more temper, but much less sense than *Belluina*. She can with incredible calmness see her house a perpetual dunghill, for want of brains to reflect how ill it becomes the fortune she has, and the figure she affects. She has a number of servants, every one of which is too busy in helping their mistress to litter the rooms, ever to be clean themselves : neither is it fit they should disgrace their superiors by being less dirty than they are. About seven months ago, before she was a widow, I went, for the first and last time, to breakfast with her and her gouty husband and family. The dirty disorder of the room I was introduced to, offended me less than the rankness of my company poison'd me. It is true, I was forced to stand for some time, every chair in the place being taken up with some greasy heap, one with foul plates, another with the lady's stays, and the rest with miscellaneous dirt. At length however I was help'd to a chair, and a dish of excellent coffee from a silver tea-board, placed on a large table near my old gouty friend, and jumbled together with a mangled piece of beef, a woman's dirty night-cap, a comb-brush, an old stocking, and a urinal. The conversation I was entertain'd with, was of a piece with the persons who held it.

'Twas

'Twas an argument between the lady and her husband, who wou'd fain have persuaded her that one clean shift a week could not prejudice her health. But with all her meekness she had been put out of temper, if mamma's own daughter had not taken up the argument, and insisted that the trouble was needless, when a pair of sleeves would do as well. It must be thought I could not be fond of staying in such a disorderly jakes: accordingly I took leave, never to return thither again. My old friend follow'd my example not long after: he died in about two months, and was sent to rot in a decent tomb, after having lived many years buried in a disorderly sink of sluttishness. However, I have been lately inform'd, that this lady has put her children in a terrible fright, by turning cleanly at last. They are under dreadful apprehensions of her marrying again; and not without some reason: for she has washed her hands and face twice since my friend's death, has the dining-room swept once a week, and has shifted her no less than three times in one fortnight. Whatever might be said of *Litterinda* the wife, it cannot be disown'd that the widow discovers a tolerable disposition for government, and publick offices. For if outward cleanliness is any proof of inward neatness, and if an ordinary outside is an indication of no confusion within, why may not she be at least advanced to



to the dignity of mistress of the ceremonies to the court ?

*Priscilla* is akin to neither of the former : not finically nice, nor carelessly fluttish. She loves neatness, and knows when she sees it, but has been too genteelly bred to be able to give any directions towards it. For the very œconomy of her table, she is forced to depend upon the discretion of her servants : and if her housekeeper should desert her, she would be as much puzzled to order a dinner, as a blind man could be to find his way without a guide. This was a secret to her husband, 'till an unlucky accident brought him acquainted with it. One day, when he was without a housekeeper, he came home, and desired his wife to add another dish to the table, because he should have an acquaintance or two at dinner with him. She did as he order'd her, and the gentlemen, when they sat down, had the solid satisfaction of two legs of mutton and turnips to feed on at the first course.

In justice to that sex, I must not put an end to this subject, without taking notice of *Prudentia*. She is one of your notable *Women*, a tip-top housewife I assure you. There's not a secret in domestic management unknown to her. She can metamorphose a leg of mutton to a haunch of venison, make the *lark* transmigrate to an *ortolan*, and transform *English* hog's flesh into as good *Westphalia* ham as ever was imported into *Great Britain*. She is perfectly acquainted with the mystery of

making butter and cheefe, jellies, conserves, sweet-meats, cordials, and what not. Gardening she is quite learned in, and at the needle she is perfect mistress. Nay, she is a good accomptant too. In short, nothing which relates to œconomy comes amiss to her. And yet she is not vain of all these accomplishments; for tho' she often plagues us with her dissertations upon these subjects, 'tis ever with the commendable view of learning what she knows not, or shewing us how much she does know. So far is she from being proud, that she has stoop'd to the humble office of boiling an egg; and, to shew how fit she was to govern, she submitted once, in her husband's life-time, to boil him a pig, pursuant to his own request. But, such is the fatality of that poor sex, she has forfeited, since a widow, all her reputation of wisdom, in the management of her children; tho' she has but two to manage. Possess'd of a thousand pounds a year, at her own disposal, she has withstood the temptation of a second match, to lay up all for them; and has made no better use of it than to ruin one by excess of extravagance, and the other by extreme niggardliness. By giving her daughter a profusion of money and liberty, she has afforded her the means to gain the title of mother, independent of wedlock; and to make amends for that error, in the care of her son, has kept him so short of money, that, to get rid of a twelve-penny dun, he has married a fritter-woman. Strange as this

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circumstance is, 'tis not more strange than true. Nevertheless, *Prudentia* cannot be charged with want of love. All the defect lies in that want of talent for government, which is so evident in that tender sex. It can no longer then be doubted that those poor pretty creatures must make a very sorry figure in government and publick offices, who appear so universally unqualified for the administration of private œconomy. But I fear I have proved this matter too plainly to them ; and therefore, not to give them the pain of more ungrateful truths on this head, I shall follow whither *Sophia* leads me, that is to consider,



## S E C T I O N V.

*What Capacity the Women have for Sciences.*

I Cannot help being of the same mind with the Duke of *Britany*, quoted by *Montagne* in his *Essays* ; and every one in their right senses must think with us, that a *Woman* is learned enough in conscience, if she can distinguish between her husband's shirt and his breeches. A severer imprecation could scarce be utter'd against the lovely sex, than to wish them science-mad. 'Tis their pretty fluency in nonsense, and their bewitching confidence in ignorance, which give their charms the

power of pleasing us in the soft moments, when, unbending the mind from study, we seek in their native folly a respite from sense and speculation. But why should we put them to the pains of learning, to entertain us with that nonsense and ignorance in several languages? Why should they be suffer'd to distract their poor tender brains with hard words and technical terms: is it not enough that they can clip and carve their own mother-tongue into a variety of dialects, without obliging them to confound others into a kind of mix'd jargon, as unintelligible as the conversation of *Negroes*?

I don't, however, pretend to dispute their natural genius for words. It is undoubtedly to them we owe the preservation of that antient and venerable language call'd *Gibberish*, which had long since been utterly lost, but for their care and assiduity in cultivating it. It would therefore be highly ungrateful, not to give them the praise due to their excellent talents in this branch of learning, especially since we reap such important advantages from their excellence in it. Without the instructions of those pretty jabbering creatures, we should be at a loss to converse with our own infants. Our ignorance would run us into the dilemma of either frightening them with plain *English*, or reducing them to the necessity of learning it much sooner than the usual time, and even before they had gone through the politer language of the nursery. How  
vulgar



vulgar would it be to hear an infant say, *Pray, mother give your little boy a plumb!* Is it not infinitely more elegant to say, *Pay mamma div eeky boy a pum.* And how should a child ever be able to learn the latter preferably to the former, if the *Women* were not more industrious in teaching them than we are? Besides, we are such natural dunces when put out of the road of sense, that we should never succeed in making children reach the eloquent unintelligible, so soon as they do under their present teachers. For my own part, I have been often in a nursery of young children, and, tho' ever so attentive to their conversation with one another, could understand no more of their meaning, than if they had been so many *Hottentots*; tho' every *Woman* who came in, I found, was perfectly versed in their language. Well for me and them that they were so, or I am afraid I should often have done mischief, but particularly once: Being where two or three children were at play, on a sudden I heard one of them cry, and, more good-natured than wife, was offering to pacify it with these barbarous words, *pretty thing, what do you cry for?* But the children were terribly frighten'd, and for ought I know had all fallen into fits at the cannibal sound, if a learned woman in the room had not interpreted my meaning in familiar *Gibberish*, which it seems runs thus: *Peety sing! did um ky, did um vets it, fall um beat paw paw man, div me a bow den, dare, doe paw man doe.* These mellifluous sounds

sounds quite tranquillized the little peevish gentry, and quite convinced me of how great importance it is to mankind, that this feminine science should be kept up.

So far then from thinking the ladies incapable of teaching, at least this branch of knowledge, I am for moving the legislature for the establishment of a female university for that purpose: and if I were not afraid of offending my fair antagonist's great modesty, I would, with all due submission to higher powers, propose her for chancellor. One of the professors I have already in my eye; 'tis a lady who keeps a female academy in *Black-fryars*. I was agreeably surprized, some time ago, to find her excellent talents, for such a purpose, display'd on the very board over her door; where was written in golden capitals these elegant words, *Yong ladis taut to spill and imbrawther*. Which by the nicest critics is translated thus, *Young ladies taught to spell and embroider*. But I have since had the satisfaction to hear, that this piece of antique learning has brought her such a number of scholars, that she thinks it now beneath her to keep out a board, convinced of the old proverb, that *good wine needs no bush*.

Nevertheless, I would not have *gibberish* the sole affair of this university. No, I would have some taught to lisp a little *English*, and write it, however askew and unintelligibly. If I am not misinform'd, there is a lady now at work upon a new  
*English*



*Engliſh* grammar, for the uſe of the fair-ſex ; which in all probability will take very much, as her chief view has been to ſave unneceſſary trouble, by reducing the work to a very concise compaſs. Still ſhe has ſpared no pains to make it of univerſal uſe to the *Women*, and by the ſtrength of her genius, and continued application, ſhe has abridg'd the whole art of grammar to four parts of ſpeech, *liſping, miſpelling, noiſe, and nonſenſe*. If my ſcheme ſhould take effect, what a conſiderable figure would this lady make in an univerſity-chair !

I can by no means however conſent to the *Women*'s loſing any time in the ſtudy of the law. To complete a *Man* a knave, it is abſolutely neceſſary to make a lawyer of him. But every *Woman* from her cradle is by nature a lawyer in this ſenſe. They have all ſuch finiſhed talents for lying, diſſembling, cajoling, undermining, equivocating, and barefacedly cheating, that there is no law, profane or ſacred, which they cannot argue away or brazen out. 'Tis rather then a woful ſhame, their knowledge of this kind has no bridle put to it, than any ways likely they ſhould improve us or themſelves by further advances.

What a diſgrace to her ſex, and what a bane to ours, is *Lolia*, with all her jurisprudence. There is no tricking attorney ſhe has not out-trick'd, no ſharping counſellor ſhe has not bit, and no both-ſided ſerjeant ſhe has not outwitted. There's not  
a court

a court in *England* but she is versed in the practice of it, and not a quirk in it but she has made use of. She has cozen'd a J----e into open perversion of the law, and bilk'd him after all of the premium of his iniquity. She has forged away an eminent knave's ears without risking her own, and married away the estate of an honest dupe of rank from his lawful issue, to squander it away upon her own lawless mongrel offspring. Her greatest praise is the having utterly ruined many, and greatly injured all she ever had to do with ; the never having built upon one honest plea the numberless suits she has had upon her hands ; and the having gain'd many causes without using any honest means ; tho' she never lost a single one for want of any knavish artifice in her power. To sum up the litigious Merit of this machiavelian lady in few words ; without ever poring over *Littleton* or *Coke*, there is no law so plain which could any ways concern her, but what she has baffled by the sanction of the laws themselves. So idle and needless is it for that sex to study the chicaneries of the law, so easy is it for them without study to be perfect in the practice, and so pernicious is this perfection in them to all who have any concerns with them ! I would therefore, for *Lolia's* sake, have all matters of law banished the female province under pain of death.

Indeed they may, if they think proper, erect a *faculty* of their own, to give a grace to the mischief

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chief they do with their *nostrums*. To qualify them for *physicians*, there is nothing wanting but a solemnity of phiz, the use of spectacles, and a profuseness of unintelligible jargon; tho' for the latter, thanks to their propitious stars, their natural glibness of tongue, and fondness for hard words, give them an admirable disposition.

For *history* I think they have an uncommon capacity: at least one of the most noted productions in that kind, is thought to be the work of a female genius. For though a reverend bishop, in compliance with the modesty of its real author, was so kind to lend his name to the celebrated history of his own times, it is believed by many that his chaplain's old grandmother had the chief hand in it. In politics and novels too they are remarkable for excelling: their propensity to intriguing qualifies them for the latter, and the former they are assisted in, by curiosity and the gift of tattle.

*Novilia* is an excellent news-paper, which neither tires your eyes, nor sounds your purse: your ears are at all the expence of your information. There is not a thing happens, or can happen, but she knows or invents, unless there be too much probability in it. She can settle the affairs of all *Europe* with as great facility as the grounds in her coffee-pot; can carry on war with equal resolution; and has actually taken more ships from *France* and *Spain* since the rupture, than our ad-

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mirals

mirals and privateers had time to take, nay than those nations had to lose. She has often communicated to me the important conferences a certain monarch had in bed with his wife. And if she is not always right in her accounts, it is owing to the impolitic proceedings of the ministers of state. For, to give her her due, in telling you what is done, she only means to acquaint you with what she thinks ought to be done. I would by all means therefore have a chair erected in the female university, for the instruction of such *Women* as discover a genius for politics: but that they may be of some use to the public, I would humbly propose to the government, to take off the duty from all other news-papers, and lay it upon these living *Gazettes*.

In the chair for the education of such as have a peculiar talent for *novels*, I would have the works of the learned authors Mrs *Behn* and Mrs *Manly* read, as the standard of that science; and as impiety and smut are considerable branches of it, I would have those passages, which are the most remarkable for either, particularly enforced to the fair students. I know no one happier for a communicative faculty, in that part of literature, and therefore none likely to make a more able professor of it, than the witty *Saphira*; that surprising genius, the first essay of whose incomparable pen was closed in the sprightly parentheses of bawdy and blasphemy. The Lady, you must know, is a  
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Freethinker by profession ; but most firmly believes there is a God, because folks will have it there is none : tho' she can with a becoming ease talk of him in as careless a manner as she does of the devil, whom she looks upon as a mere fiction, and wishes she had nothing to trouble her more than the fears of hell : for she is very sure God is too good to make such a troublesome being, or such a dismal place. As she has, besides these accomplishments, a tolerable taste for poetry, she may give her pretty scholars a little tincture of it, by reading to them *Mrs Barber's FAMILY POEMS*, unless she should think it more instructive to paraphrase *Mrs Behn's* piece upon *enjoyment*.

If I mistake not, *Sophia* disclaims, in the name of her whole sex, the privilege of interfering in matters of divinity : tho' she still contends hard for their natural aptness for it. What commission she may have from her pretty clients, to give up so considerable a claim I know not. However, I am absolutely of opinion, that it becomes them full as well to hold forth on the subject of religion in a church as in their drawing-rooms, in a pulpit as at a tea-board ; and both are as graceful in them as riding astride would be. What schism ever rended the church, which they have not had a principal hand in ? What error ever crept in among Christians which they have not been industrious to forward ? What point so abstruse in religion which they are not for deciding ? If they must be cham-

ber-divines, why do they not even go farther, and seize the church and pulpit too? Why do they not copy after that female pattern of consistency, *Dromonia*? This fleshy tabernacle of the spirit hath wisely thrown off all idle forms, to preach the outward man into the arms of the inward one. Convinced of the light within her, she hath not buried it under a bushel, at her levee, but hath placed it on a candlestick in the house of the Lord, that it may give light unto all that are in it. And the Lord in return hath so replenished her with the light of his knowledge, that she expoundeth the scriptures without ceasing, and bursteth not, albeit she knoweth not how to read them. He hath made her a picklock of wisdom, and given unto her a key to open the greatest mysteries of the Revelations, and shew that there is no mystery in them; to unfold the prophets as she unfoldeth her apron; and to expose the evangelists as she exposeth herself. Nay, he hath given her a two-edged tongue for a snare, two rolling eyes for a bait; he hath added claws unto her fingers, and behold she goeth forth like unto a fisher of *Men*, and spreads her snowy arms like unto a net. But the spirit bloweth where it listeth; and the sons of the flesh will not bite at the bait, nor be caught in the net.

However unsuccessful the industry of this female divine is, I think she is a living proof of the ability of that sex for the study of *theology*. And there-



therefore I am not against their erecting a chair to teach, and appointing her the professor.

But I can by no means give into their puzzling their little delicate heads with the more intricate study of *philosophy* of any sort. Every branch of that is built upon reason, and reason they have nothing to do with. However as they have some faint glimmerings of it, I don't pretend to say there will be any harm in their gaining a little superficial smatch of some trifles dependent on philosophy : such as a few mysterious terms, a small number of detach'd sentences, and here and there a trite experiment. These will suffice to make any *Woman* as learned as she need be, and these any *Woman* may pick up without much cost.

I was lately entertain'd by one of your very learned ladies in her study, where I had the opportunity, during a short space she left me alone there, to take a survey of her library, and the choice collection which had contributed to make her such a scholar. As I found it very curious, I was at the pains of writing a catalogue, which I shall here transcribe for the benefit of all the fair lovers of polite learning : so far am I from envying them any opportunity of improving their talents.

Her books then stood in the following order.

The *Atalantis* ; a *Common-prayer-book*-----*Rochester's Poems* ; *Preparation for Communion*----*Love's*  
last

*last Shift ; Meditations on Death-----A patch-box-----  
 Paradise lost ; the Art of being easy at all times-----  
 Behn's Novels ; Whitefield's Sermons-----Ovid's Art of  
 Love ; Advice of a Mother to her Son and Daughter---  
 Petronius in English ; a Bible-----A paper of pins-----  
 A Thee-and-thou Almanack ; the Moral Philosopher ;  
 the Pilgrim's Progress----Geography of Children ; the  
 Tatlers----A pocket looking-glass----Dacier's Homer,  
 English ; Persian Tales ; The Merry Jester ; Essay on  
 Midwifry----In a vacancy lay Swift's Dressing-room,  
 with a housewife upon it stuff'd with silks, and a  
 paper with Spanish wool----The Plain Dealer ;  
 Law's Serious Call to a devout Life----Tale of a  
 Tub ; Dyche's Spelling-book----The Whole Duty of  
 Man ; the Art of getting beautiful Children.*

After having given an account of her library, it is fit I should give some idea of its fair owner. She has read a great deal, and has a very good memory ; can talk incoherently in five several languages ; has translated and even composed ; is a critic in prose, and an author in verse. But with all this deal of learning and memory, she neither knows how to set her cap straight, nor can remember to buckle her shoes ; and is so blinded with poring over books, as not to be capable of discerning the difference of shades between a dirty smock-sleeve and a clean apron. In short, she is too much taken up with the dead, to mind any decorums to the living ; and, but for the sake of inform-



informing the latter, would scorn to converse with them. While I was with her, a sudden itching in her head put her in mind that her hair wanted combing. She submits to the greasy task : But no sooner had she drawn the comb half a dozen times through her hair, than a learned flight seized hold of her senses ; she tucks up her locks with irregular haste ; and, taking leave of me, hurries along the street, without so much as taking notice of the surprize and ridicule of the people she pass'd by, till she came to her bookseller's, who could not have seen she had been dressing her head, but for the night-trail she had still on her shoulders. It must be owned, that if this lady is a scholar she is a very fluttish one ; and the much she reads is to very little purpose, since it can make nothing better of her than a *bookish flattern*. It is happy for her, and much more for our sex, that she is unmarried. A man of sense must undoubtedly prefer to such a learned negligence, an ignorant wife who can condescend to be cleanly, and stoop to be a little well bred. For my part, after seeing such an instance of the ill consequence of literature in women, I cannot but be of *Juvenal's* mind, as *Mr. Dryden* translates him,

That of all plagues, the greatest is untold ;  
 The book-learn'd wife, in Greek and Latin bold.  
 The critic-dame, who at her table sits,  
 Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits ;  
 And pities Dido's agonizing fits.

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*She has so far th' ascendant of the board,  
 The prating pedant puts not in one word :  
 The man of law is nonplus'd in his suit ;  
 Nay, ev'ry other female tongue is mute.  
 Hammers and beating anvils, you would swear,  
 And Vulcan with his whole militia's there :  
 Tabors and trumpets cease ; for she alone  
 Is able to redeem the lab'ring moon.  
 Ev'n wit's a burden, where it talks too long ;  
 But she who has no continence of tongue,  
 Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard,  
 And mix among the philosophic herd.  
 O what a midnight curse has he, whose side  
 Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride !  
 Let mine, ye gods ! (if such must be my fate)  
 No logic learn, nor history translate ;  
 But rather be a quiet, humble fool :  
 I hate a wife to whom I go to school,  
 Who climbs the grammar tree, distinctly knows  
 Where noun, and verb, and participle grows ;  
 Corrects her country neighbour ; and abed  
 For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.*

Neither *Juvenal* nor I deny that *Women* may acquire some superficial learning : all we contend for is, that it is ever ill bestowed upon them, inasmuch as it renders them useless to their own sex, and a nuisance to ours ; of which the lady whose portraiture I have just given is a signal proof. If *Sophia* should bring me a few instances out of the  
com-



common rule, what will she get by it? I grant, that *Greece* has shewn its *Sappho*, *Rome* her *Corne-  
lia*, *France* has produced a *Dacier*, *Holland* has brought forth a *Schurman*, *Italy* a doctress; and, more blest than all, *England* now boasts an *Eliza* and a *Sophia*: What then? Are seventy instances, though seventy times seven times doubled, in upwards of five thousand and seven years, sufficient to prove a general capacity in *Women* for knowledge and learning? Would my fair antagonist think horses a fit party for her at *quadrille*, if I should instance some of that species which have been dabs at *Put*? Or, would she like to be confined to the conversation of parrots, because many of them can talk a great deal? No; neither can we deem the *Women* fit associates for us in the study of sciences, because a few have had a tolerable smattering of them. But let us proceed to view them in another light in the following question.



## S E C T I O N VI.

*Whether Women are naturally qualified for  
Military Offices, or not.*

**I**DLE as I think this question, it is necessary to take it into a minute's consideration, in compliance

U plaisance

plaisance to my fair adversary, who is disposed to think it of importance. Indeed, in one sense, I am of her mind : for I cannot help wishing, for the good of my own sex, that the *Women*, however unqualified for military exploits, were obliged to engage in all the wars, civil dissensions, family feuds, and bloody broils, they are the original authors of ; since, in all probability, their natural aversion to danger would have made them less forward to expose us to it. I would have every jilting coquet, who prides herself in measuring the love of her dupes by the length of their swords, be compelled to act the part of a *second* in the fray. And as for those ladies who have pride and prettiness enough to set their families on cutting one another's throats, to involve their country in civil discord, or to set nations at a bloody strife ; I would have them singled out, like so many *Curatiæ* and *Horatiæ*, to decide the dispute with their own blood, and spare unnecessary slaughter. Thus, knowing themselves doomed to heal at their own cost the mischiefs of their own making, they would be less fond of discord, or we should be less the victims of it. But to expect them to expose their pretty carcases to perils or hardships for the safety of their country, the good of the public, or the defence of virtue, would be requiring impossibilities from them. Magnanimity, as an illustrious author observes, was never expected from that pusillanimous sex.

Each



Each sex, indeed, has its perfections ; but greatness of soul was never numbered among feminine accomplishments. Nature from the beginning fixed an essential difference between *Man* and *Woman*, not more in strength of body than of mind ; and, though she gave them both some virtues not unlike in appearance, yet she distributed those virtues between them in very unequal shares. What is the utmost strength of *Woman*, but the struggle of imbecillity ? What her greatest bravery, but cowardice made desperate ?

And yet I will not pretend to say, that every *Woman* is a coward ; or that any of them are always such : No ; *Women* can be sometimes fearless ; but that is only when vice inspires their valour. And then what is it they cannot do or dare ? For, as Mr. *Dryden* says after *Juvenal*,

*Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold ;  
But Womankind in ills are ever bold.*

*Tremula* is as tender a lady, and as easily scared, as any I know of her whole sex : Too pretty to tread the ground in a vulgar manner, she cannot stand, though it should be to save her husband from ruin ; much less can she walk the enormous length of a room, unless she has a *Man* to lean upon, or the happiness to forget herself. Music, indeed, has a miraculous effect on the harmonious creature : it can solidate her too supple sinews, and

give her force to foot it, without fainting, for four and twenty hours together ; though her joints are naturally so very weak, that she can seldom succeed to take two steps and a half without tripping. I myself have known her laid up with a cold for the whole winter, by rashly venturing cross a boarded entry to her coach, before the maid could spread the carpet, for all her husband had warmed her clogs very carefully ; and at this very time is dangerously ill of a tooth-ach, which she got by inconsiderately going one night to the play without ear-rings. What makes the danger greater is, that she cannot be bled : The sight of a lancet would throw her into a swoon ; and her fits are frequent enough, without seeking occasions to make them more so. She is always in a panic at best : for, conscious to herself of being something very precious, she never thinks herself thoroughly safe. The buz of a gnat will awake her from the profoundest dream of tranquillity ; the rustling of her own silks has often set her on trembling ; and, in another person's house, she has fainted away at the sight of her own sweet self in a glass, before she had time to recollect the dear idol's features. All edge tools she has an utter dread of ; two cross knives are sufficient matter at any time to metamorphose the fearful thing into an aspin leaf : her husband's sword, though as harmless as *Harlequin's* sabre, she can tolerate no where but at his side ; and one day finding him,



as she came into his closet, with a razor in his hand, she fairly fell back into the arms of the footman ; and what would have been the consequence I cannot say, if *Richard* had not unlaced her, while his master went after the housekeeper for her lady's drops : so delicate and fearful is pretty *Tremula*. And yet, averse as I am to hazards, I would venture an even wager of a small matter, that if *Richard* had the sense to feel her pulse, and guess at her constitution, he might enable her to walk three or four miles to an assignation of mischief, in the darkest night, without fear of meeting in the way a bear, or a bug-aboe ; if I may be allowed this female elegance.

And why not ? *Viragina* is as slender and delicate to appearance as herself ; and yet she can do that and more. Strong and stout as the tallest officers in our standing army, horse or foot, she can leap a five-barr'd gate, keep at the heels of a fox, and set a buck at bay, with the best of them. She can turn her horse adrift, take her dog and her gun on a winter's day, and, without fear of colds or catarrhs, ramble miles in the dirt, to a solitary cop-pice, in pursuit of her game. No weather can keep her at home, and no dangers can fright her from venturing abroad. In the country she can strole a whole day, from cover to cover, after a brace of woodcocks ; and, moon or no moon, can trapes all night through thick and thin, from village to village, after a single fidler. In town she

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is as undaunted ; can swagger at a card-table, riot at a tavern, and ramble through the streets from bagnio to bagnio, with as much security in a hack as in her own coach ; and that at hours when the honefter part of watchmen are scarce safe. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that this lady is vigorous and undaunted alike in every thing : no ; in every thing that is good and commendable, she is all impotence and panic ; and would be full as feeble and fearful as *Tremula* herself, even in these her favourite amusements, if the toil and danger of them should once assume the face of virtue. It is mischief then, dear, dear mischief, which inspires *Viragina* to be so vigorous, and act so valiantly. Vice and mischief alone are capable of making that sex summon all its latent strength, and forget all its fears. Instigated by evil, what will they not hazard ? Vice shall make a *Thalestris* equal to the labour of rambling after an *Alexander* ; make *Sheba's* queen overlook the dangers of a long and unknown road ; and humble an empress, *Messalina*, a *Roman* empress, to walk the streets. Every *Woman* is a *Hippia*, press'd in the lists of virtue ; slow, impotent, and heartless, scared by an atom, fainting at a rose. But place the goal of vice, or standard of iniquity, within their reach, all volunteers of sin and lust, they will hurry to it with the utmost eagerness ; forsake their husbands, the tenderest of husbands, forget their children, parents, blood and friends ; dare foaming seas, snuff pitch and tar, feed

on



on carrion with a gust, lie hard, work harder, and go through all sufferable woes, to gain the point in view.

Can it then be denied, that some *Women* have strength and courage enough to qualify them for military offices? And yet what *Paschal* says, in his political maxims, is still true: “ Nothing is  
 “ more certain, than that the fair sex is not only  
 “ weak and unequal to toil, but even, if truth is  
 “ no treason, as impotent as they are cruel-mind-  
 “ ed, ambitious, and greedy of power; which they  
 “ are to such an excess, that they know no mode-  
 “ ration in their disorders, when, shameless enough  
 “ to herd with warriors, they expose themselves  
 “ to public view at the head of armies, range  
 “ troops, march with a regiment at their tail, and  
 “ value themselves upon their own dexterity in  
 “ all military exercises: though, when I see any  
 “ such forward *Woman*, I cannot help thinking I  
 “ see a monkey aping the actions of a Man.”

And, in reality, what can be more ridiculous or indecent? Is it not full as unseemly a sight, to behold a *Woman* giving the word of command to her troops, leading them up to combat in battle array, and giving them the signal of onset, as to see a *Man* knotting, knitting, handling a distaff, or embroidering his wife's petticoat? The reason is, that every thing unnatural and out of character is offensive, and therefore wrong. And what appears and is, in a valiant man, gallantry, bravery, and sturdiness,

dinefs, is, in a forward *Woman*, madnefs, arrogance, and cruelty ; as, on the contrary, what makes a *Woman* elegant, makes a *Man* deformed ; as the drefs and ornaments which add grace and dignity to her beauty, but ferve to make him a finical, pragmatic, enervate coxcomb. It is no praife then, but rather a difgrace, to any of that foft fex to be qualified for military offices. For, as the fame learned writer obferves, the more their natural weaknefs is a curb to their violent fallies of imagination and whim, fo, when they give a loofe to libertinifm, the greater lengths are they fure to run, and with the more difficulty are they brought back to their former modefty, if ever they are. And fuch of them as are fomething more robuft and dauntlefs than the generality, are but the more dangerous evils for being fo ; inafmuch as their impetuofity of temper is ever more furious. So that when once a *Woman*, impatient of her fex, throws off the foft character which is properly hers, ſhe will never fail to carry her infolence beyond the bounds which even *Men* of any fenfe fix to their Boldnefs.

And yet I do not believe it abſolutely impoſſible for a *Woman* to have a true courage, animated by real virtue ; but I look upon ſuch a *Woman* as a miracle, out of the common courſe of nature. As ſuch I conſider the immortal *Boadicea* ; and as ſuch I profoundly revere the more immortal *Sophia*, when ſhe tells us, that ſhe *could, with more eaſe, and leſs*  
*repug-*



repugnance, dare the frowns and fury of an already victorious army, which she had forces to resist, than she could stoop to court the smiles of a corrupt minister whom she had reason to despise. Sentiments so like my own compel me to believe her, though a Woman; and I admire (I had almost said adore) her for them. Words are but words at best, and hers are no more: but the spirit they are utter'd with is a proof to me of their being the overflowings of a heart capable of the execution. But will *Sophia* pretend to say, there are many *Women* like her in this particular; or that the bulk of *Womankind* are not pusillanimous things? If the sun halted once at the valiant *Joshua's* word of command, must its course be interrupted for every impertinent bully? And if virtuous courage has taken a seat in one *Woman's* breast, shall all the heartless generation lay a claim to the extra-privilege? No, miracles allowed for, timidity, like all other defects of *Men*, is an ornamental perfection in *Women*, and inseparable, in some degree or other, even from those *virago* dames who launch out of nature into affectation.

I will agree with my fair antagonist so far, that *the virtuous are always timid*; but can draw no conclusion thence in favour of her sex, till she makes it appear, that *the timid are always virtuous*. The contrary to which I have already so plainly instanced in those little heartless pretty mischiefs, that I need add nothing more to convince a rational

creature, that the *Women* are as little qualified for military employments of honour, trust, or importance, as they are for every other office in life, except that for which they were given us, that is, the propagation of human nature.



## C O N C L U S I O N .

**F**ROM what I have hitherto said it must appear to all who have the least degree of understanding, that if the merit of *Women* be weighed by the end of their production, and the circumstances attending it, by their natural capacity, and the practice they have applied it to in all ages, by the living variety of instances of their folly, inconsistency, impotence in good, and propensity to evil, they are not only wide of the perfection of *Man*, but even almost infinitely beneath him. So that far from having any just title, or even plausible pretence, to claim an equality of power, dignity, and esteem with him; the very privileges they enjoy, can only be looked upon as so many instances of his generosity to them.

If we trace their conduct through every age, and consider it in all lights, we shall find them every where, even in their seeming differences, the same; emptily vain, foolishly conceited, and ambitiously



bitiously groveling ; at once covetous and extravagant, to extremes ; restless even to indolence, and false in their very fits of fondness ; in their hatred cruel, in their love lascivious ; and then most treacherous, when most industrious to shew sincerity. What else do we find in *Women* but the bane of friendship, an inevitable pain, a native temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic snare, a flattering mischief, the very essence of evil, under the semblance of good ? If then there is a heinous crime in dismissing them when ours, it must surely be own'd as heavy a grievance to be forced to retain them, tho' uncertain of their being only ours. And yet such the hapless dilemma *Man* is reduced to, when tied to that frail toy a *Woman* : in danger of becoming an adulterer if he dismisses her, or of harbouring an adultress if he keeps her.

Nevertheless, it must be owned, that *Woman*, though essentially an evil, is a necessary one ; but then so much the more burthensome is she for being so ; since what is most endearing in her, makes our danger the more imminent, and our only security is in what must render her intolerable. The *Man* who weds a beautiful *Woman*, measures a mark for every *Libertine's* lechery ; but he who marries a plain one, marries lechery itself : the former will find it an arduous task to preserve inviolated his private property in the object of public lust ; and how wretched must be the fate of the latter, to be confined to the society of one, whom

none else would condescend to couple with : however, upon the whole, there may be, perhaps, much less misery annex'd to the possession of a homely wife, than to the difficulty of keeping a handsome one chaste ; but still it is plain there is a misery in both.

Well then might *Cato* say, that “ but for *Woman* “ the world would be without woe, and the celestial beings would delight to mingle their conversation with ours.” It is well remark'd by a learned author, that *Cato* spoke not by guess, but from his own fatal experience. And who better qualified to give a proper idea of the artifices of those common mischiefs, than one who was himself the dupe of them ? Their vices and follies alike are carried to such an excess, that nothing could make them credible but conviction ; and nothing but experience could justify the belief of it. But *Cato* had the trial ; and, to his sorrow, found the fair delusive flower of *Venus* like the soft, silky, touch-ensnaring rose, beneath whose beauteous baneful blossom lies many a pointed thorn.

But I forget, *Cato* is no oracle with *Sophia* : nor would he be such with me, was he particular in his opinion of the fair sex. But surely all can never be mistaken : and do not all, who bear the character of wife, agree, that *Women* are the shuttle-cocks of vice and folly, impotence and eagerness ; the dupes of others passions, and jilted by their own ? Do not all writers, sacred and profane, with-



without comparing notes, combine in painting them false as they are fair, and silly as they are sweet; artful in modest guise, and impudent when lewd; treacherous, ambitious, slaves to avarice, the foes of reason, and never friends to thought, but when they think on mischief. If *Seneca* may be believed, *a Woman never muses by herself, but she is musing on some wickedness.* And if we discredit him, we must discredit all who have ever stooped to write about them; for all are of his mind, and all consider them at best as flattering, pleasing, desirable evils. *Democritus* was so convinced of this, that, being questioned, *why he, who was himself so big, had married a wife so little;* he answered, *Metbinks,* says he, *as it is, I have chosen too big a one, when all I had to choose was evil.* But *Protagoras* went farther still; no evil, according to him, exceeds that evil, *Woman.* What made him give his daughter in marriage to his mortal enemy? ask him, and take his reason from himself; *I gave her to him,* says he, *because I could give him nothing worse.*

I should never have done, were I to give a list of all the sages in every age who have thought like them. But what occasion have we for the authority of others to confirm a truth our own eyes are daily witnesses to? Let us look round the female world; what shall we find but weakness of head, and corruption of heart, intolerable trifling, or destructive industry? A giddy tribe of  
useless

useless things, made up of noise and nonsense, envy, malice, impertinence, and shew; mere murderers of time, averse to all that is good, and prone to all that is naught; proud only of what serves to humble them, and never humble but when it is base to be so; and but a fairer kind of fiends disguised in angels dresses, whose actions are the best antidote to the poison of their charms? Here their insatiable incontinence renders their beauty shocking; there their modesty is meant a cover to their own lust, and an incentive to yours; in one house you see a pretty, foolish, lifeless, moving statue; in another, a homely, bookish, pert, prating doctress, a retailer of criss-cross sentences, whose brain is a mere lottery-wheel of sense and nonsense, drawn alike by chance, five hundred blanks to one prize, of no worth when examined; in a third, you meet with a housewifely shrew, a sober slut, an ignorant cypher, a gossiping politician, or a learned flattern; in a fourth, a litigious cheat, a virago, bully, or phantom frightened at the crow of a cock; and every where you are sure to find an inconsistent set of fickle creatures, never for a minute themselves, but when most unlike us, and nearest being unlike themselves, and never steady in any thing but folly, vice, and fickleness.

How unlike are these pretty little-more-than-nothings to that lordly creature, whose superiority of merit, as well as power and prerogative, their im-



impotent ambition to be like him might alone suffice to convince them of, had they but one degree of understanding more than they have ! *Man*, created by God to rule this vast universe, was by his maker endowed with a soul equal to the task. His body is strong, his mind vigorous, and his heart resolute ; his understanding is fitted for the most sublime speculations, and his person for the most hardy and important exercises. He can dive into the inmost secrets of nature without losing himself ; and has art enough to copy her noblest works, and to improve the great original. He wants neither fancy to invent, nor genius to contrive. With quickness to apprehend, and memory to retain, he has judgment to discern ; and can, by distinguishing and comparing different ideas, form the greatest designs. Happy in a genius for the most glorious enterprizes, he has both courage and conduct sufficient to execute them. For he is not only qualified by his intellectual capacity to be greatly wise, but naturally prompted to be truly good. In short, virtue and wisdom are the epitome of his character, where *Woman* interferes not to corrupt it. If there are a few degenerate creatures, who answer not this character, they are such only as by conversing with *Woman-kind*, putting on their foibles, and affecting to be like them, degrade themselves of manhood, commence intellectual eunuchs, and deserve no more to be reputed of the same sex with us. But still  
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the bulk of men were designed by nature to be both greatly wise and eminently good. And there are as many instances to prove these characteristics in the *Men*, as there are in *Women* to prove their want of them, and natural incapacity for them.

How many *Men* might we not point out, whom but to name would force that daring sex to own the little claim they have to equal merit with that noble creature, though all the female train should club their several worths to match it. To know what *Man* is capable of being, examine what he really is when perfect : and to gain a true idea of all *Mens* real merit, view any *Man* in whom all manly virtues are blended.

*Philanthropus* is such ; admired, esteemed, beloved by all who know him, and loving all mankind. Majestic in his person, of a lively understanding, and of manners gracious, affable, and sincere, he is ever cheerful, never light ; ever present to his company, never absent to himself ; his voice all harmony, his words all sense ; his actions answer to his mien, and what he looks he is ; discreetly daring, modest with becoming boldness, sprightlily sedate, easy without levity, solid without solemnity, good by approved principle, and wise by parts anticipating experience ; his virtue not stiffened by austerity, nor his wisdom foiled by any fondness of shewing it ; never elated by prosperity, adversity cannot depress him ; always serene in every vicissitude of life, not from insensibility,



sibility, but from thought, resolution, and consci-  
 ous worth ; grateful to his maker, he has nothing  
 so much at heart as the true interests of religion,  
 which he is incessantly studious to cultivate in him-  
 self, and frequently happy enough to promote in  
 others. His unblemished conduct proves him the  
 christian he professes to be : in him, faith free  
 from bigotry and superstition, zeal according to  
 knowledge, godliness without ostentation or seve-  
 rity, and devotion without enthusiasm, give piety  
 such an amiable aspect, as makes the practice of  
 it inviting. Thus blest, thus happy, thus wor-  
 thy to be so, so far is he from taking pride in any  
 advantages he possesses above others, that he looks  
 on them as the common property of all. Nor is  
 he more anxious to communicate those advanta-  
 ges to others, than sure to share in their miseries,  
 by a generous fellow-feeling of their misfortunes.  
 The widow has a protector in him, the orphan  
 a father ; the wretched find him their relief,  
 and all who are in distress, or under oppression,  
 their advocate, support, and defence. He never  
 thinks himself so rich, as when a poor man shares  
 with him his fortune. His endeavours to surpass  
 others in goodness, never hinder him from la-  
 bouring to make them even better than himself ;  
 and he never approves his own wisdom, but when  
 it helps him to make others wise, or to discover  
 some excellence in them. The good are ever sure  
 of his esteem, the sage of his admiration, and

both of his love and praise : for no merit escapes his acknowledgment which reaches his knowledge, as no demerit incurs his scorn or hatred, though it cannot elude his penetration. To the gift of knowing how to applaud the deserving, without putting them out of countenance, he joins the talent of reasoning or laughing others out of their follies and foibles, without exposing or offending them ; ever sure to gain a friend by the worth he rewards, never in danger of making an enemy by the vice he discountenances. The foolish he is industrious to direct, and is indefatigable, as well in informing the ignorant as in reforming the wicked. Those whom he can better, he always encourages ; and those whom he cannot, he pities, but never condemns ; not more liberal of just commendation, than sparing of deserved censure. He is just to the nicest point of honour, and sets no other bounds to benevolence than prudence prefixes. Glad of advice, he is not forward to give it, nor conceited enough to offer it unasked, but where it is a charity to do so : and when he does give it, his counsels are honest, open, and persuasive, the torch of reason, and the flame of friendship ; his encomiums are pathetic, emulative, and insinuating, the spur of virtue, though the curb of pride ; and his reproofs gentle, yet piercing ; calm, but resolute ; serious, though soothing ; candid, and yet so piquing, that every haughtiness must stoop, and obstinacy itself submit to rule.



rule. Skilled in every science, versed in many languages, and master of every elegance, his learning serves not to make him arrogant, nor his eloquence to make him talkative. In a word, such judgment, propriety, energy, dignity, and grace, combine to dictate all he says, and inspire all he does, that envy itself considers him as a finished pattern of manly perfection ; a good christian, a complete gentleman, a useful friend, a prudent parent, and indulgent husband ; good even where goodness seems fruitless, and wise even in a choice where wisdom has but the left hand of chance, the election of a wife.

*Angelica*, the fair, the charming, lovely *Angelica*, is the blessed object of this happy choice. In her person is all beauty, softness, ease, and delicacy. Nature, in a strife of grandeur, fashioned her to shew how far the charms of ocular perfection could be carried. And then, she is good beyond what fancy can conceit of *Woman*, and wise enough to copy from her husband such accomplishments as may be molded into female virtues : yet her virtue neither renders her formal nor censorious ; and her sense but serves to make her easily reserved, and modestly free. Her only pride is, to enrich her mind with such useful knowledge as may complete her a perfect mother, wife, and friend. Without the ambition to appear learned, she has gained a sufficient tincture of the sciences, to make herself an agreeable companion to her

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husband

husband and all who converse with her : though, whenever she treats of learning, it is in a manner which shews rather a desire of receiving information, than a consciousness of being able to afford it. The books she reads are such only as can assist her judgment, and refine her morals, the choice of which she ever depends upon her husband for : and them she never suffers to break in upon the essential duties of her station ; for study is only the occupation of her leisure hours, not the business of her life. Her chief care is, to please and be useful to her lord ; to nurse her children, to educate them in virtue, and to instill into them, by her precepts and example, an early aversion to vice, folly, idleness, and trifling. And the next to this is the œconomy and government of her family ; in which, with sensible subordination to her husband, she is absolute mistress without being imperious, frugal without meanness, hospitable without prodigality, and neat without affectation. She can manage her domestic affairs without neglecting the service of her friends. Ever assiduous to oblige, she has the art of doing it without making an obligation a burden. The poor, the sick, the imprisoned, and distressed, all look upon her as a common mother ; and that truly christian piety, which gives life to all she does or thinks, inspires her with means to assist them all, which she does without the least exterior ostentation or inward vanity. Thus free from  
every



every vice, she is deficient in no one commendable quality her sex can be capable of, but that of forgiving enemies ; which she cannot practise, for want of foes to forgive : for, respectful to those above her, courteous to her equals, affable to her dependents, and beneficent to all, she reigns the object of just admiration, respect, and esteem in every heart, and forces envy itself to wish for her friendship.

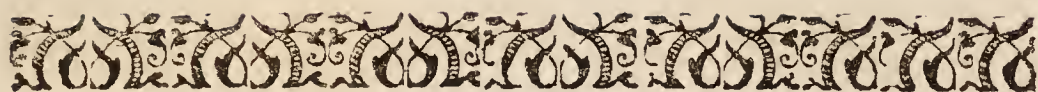
Such is *Angelica*, and such the height of *womanish* perfection, as near to that of *Man* as *Womens* lovely faces in a glass appear to *them*. All that is wanting is the life, the truth, the reality. Still lifeless and feeble as their merit is, compared with manly worth, how happy might not *Man* esteem himself, if each *Philanthropus* among *man-kind* had an *Angelica* to match with ! But such a one is too delicate a work for nature to produce in every century : it is like a phoenix, the prodigy of an age ; and such a miracle of completeness but serves to make the rest of the sex more contemptible by comparison ; as *Michael*, painted with the rebel angels, shews the fiends more frightful.

Let *Women* then give up their claim to an equality with the *Men*, and be content with the humble station which heaven has allotted them. If their souls are great enough to aspire to our esteem, let them learn from *Angelica* to be more deserving, and less assuming. And since neither their capacity  
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of head, nor their dispositions of heart, can lift them to emulate, let them apply their little talents at least to imitate us ; that, pleased with the pretty mimics of ourselves, we may venture to place them in our bosoms, without fear of cherishing a viper there. Let them remember, that *Man* holds his superiority over them by a charter from nature in his very production ; a charter confirmed by heaven ; to annul which a bare equality of perfection with him would not suffice, could they prove it. And nothing can justify their calling that charter in question, till they are able to prove even a superiority over him.







# BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH.

(PART the THIRD.)

Proving WOMAN superior in  
EXCELLENCE to MAN.

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By SOPHIA.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

# BEAUFY'S TEMPLE

(PART II. THE TEMPLE)

By W. O. M. A. M. O. W. and  
J. H. M. O. C. M. O. W.

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NEW YORK  
1874

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# BEAUTY'S TRIUMPH.

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## PART III.

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Proving W O M A N superior in  
EXCELLENCE to M A N.



H E N first I began to examine into the real talents of my sex in general, it was purely from a desire of improving them in myself, to the full extent of the capacity I might possibly find myself gifted with by heaven. And though the prejudice I had imbibed from vulgar error falsely persuaded me, that I should find the sphere which *Women* are capable of acting in extremely narrow ; I thought it, nevertheless, a duty in us all to make ourselves perfectly acquainted with all our obligations, by a full discovery of

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the province of our abilities. In reality I don't yet see how any *Woman* (or *Man* either) can answer the end of their creation in the faithful discharge of all they ought to do, without first being perfectly apprised of all they can do. Upon these principles I began my enquiry; and as I can with the utmost veracity aver, that I entered into it without the least pride, or partiality to my own sex, so I can with equal safety say, that all the prejudice I set out with was in favour of the *Men*, tho' the honesty of my intentions soon helped to undeceive me. I was not long in my pursuit before I discovered a much wider fairer field of female glory to expatiate in than I expected; and upon the nicest, most unpassionate comparison of my own sex with the opposite, to my great astonishment, I found *Woman* by nature formed no less capable of all that is good and great than *Man*.

Once I got the better of prepossession, I was thoroughly sensible of the prodigious advantage which education gives that arrogant sex over us, and could not help being provoked to scorn and indignation at the little mean artifices which most of them practise to deprive us of the same benefit: But what incensed me the most was, to consider the immense fund of knowledge, and useful discoveries, which their groveling jealousy has by such means robb'd the world of. If two heads are better than one, two thousand enquirers must in course  
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be better than one thousand, and in all probability make at least double the discoveries. So that, if it be but allowed that the *Women* are equal in number to the *Men*, we may very modestly conclude, that, at the lowest computation, one half the profitable knowledge which human species might by this time have been possessed of is irreparably lost, through the indolence of some *Women* in not exerting their talents, and the mean tyranny of most *Men*, in putting it out of their power to improve those talents.

The impossibility of concealing with any honour such reflections as these, which so nearly concern the whole human species, and more particularly my own injured sex, was the grand motive which set me on writing the little piece I lately communicated to the public, under the title of *WOMAN not inferior to MAN*. When I had finished, examined, and measured it by all the rules of unbiaſſed truth and rectified reason, I resolved to publish it; not from any ambition of commencing an author, as the writer of *MAN superior to WOMAN* would ungenerously insinuate; but from a disinterested desire of contributing to the benefit of others, at the same time that I was seeking information myself in an affair, in which I was not vain enough to think it impossible for me to be mistaken. I was not insensible that such an undertaking must meet with some opposition; this however I was fully persuaded of, that whether

what I advanced was right or wrong, I had but two sorts of adversaries to apprehend, *Wise Men* and *Fools* : The approbation of the *latter* would be an infamy to possess ; and the *former*, to act like such, must either at least tacitly give me their approbation, or confute me with such instructive arguments, as would largely over-balance to me the mortification of having exposed my own ignorance.

But it seems I have been grossly mistaken, and in consequence of my mistake find myself unawares attack'd from a quarter I the least expected opposition from : It is one of your amphibuous things between both the above characters, which I think they call a WIT. Every one will guess from these outlines, that I am speaking of the anonymous author of the above-mentioned treatise, entitled, *MAN superior to WOMAN*, who has taken abundance of pains to give us under his hand, that he is none of your rigid sticklers for truth and sense, called *Wisemen* ; and yet, to do him all the justice he deserves, sufficiently appears to be no fool.

It must be own'd, indeed, that this gentleman would have been a very formidable adversary, had his strength been equal to his courage. For my own part, I no sooner saw his first solemn strut towards the lists, than I dreaded all for myself and *Sex*, apprehended nothing less than destruction to all our pretensions, and was upon the point of surrendering



rendering at discretion, with a submissive address, *As you are big be merciful*. But how great was my surprize, when I beheld, at his approach, the giant dwindle to a dwarf! the *Achilles* to a *Heëtor*! nay, the *Heëtor* to a *Thersites*! He has omitted nothing to shew himself a zealous champion of his own sex, and as implacable an adversary to ours; but then his attacks are as void of generosity, as his *zeal* is without *knowledge*. What thanks his good-will to serve them may deserve from the *Men*, I shall leave to them to determine; but I am very sure they owe him none for the manner of expressing it: And for my own sex I dare answer, that, however incensed those few may be whom he has painted in so odious (and perhaps native) colours, much the major part of us must be indebted to him for the eminent service he has effectually, though undesignedly, done us in his impotent endeavours to wound us. Had he, like the rest of his sex, remained silent, all the harm he could have done them, and all the service he could have rendered us, would have been merely negative, and amounted to no more than a tacit confirmation of all I advanced, according to the common received notion that *silence is a plea of consent*; and the vainer part of the *Men* might have still triumphed in the trivial bravado, that their silence was the effect of their contempt for their adversary. Whereas by attempting to support their pretensions, without proper materials,

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he could not fail of corroborating ours, since a weak defence is ever the surest way to make a bad cause worse. How excessively weak is the answer he has endeavoured to make to my piece, I shall find no difficulty to make appear; and every one who but reads that answer will be able to see, that if he has not been able to make a better, it was not for want of inclination or genius; it must then be for want of materials. But where is the honesty, or generosity, in endeavouring to crush innocence and equity, to palliate palpable fraud and falshood? As where is the wit in labouring to stifle truth with fallacious witticism, merely to countenance bare-faced oppression and tyranny? Does he imagine all the *Men* to be so perverse as not to be reasoned into justice and generosity, while they may make use of the mean methods of fallacy and evasion? Or does he take all the *Women* for such easy ideots, that they are to be coax'd out of their natural right by every fawning sycophant, sneer'd out of it by every word-retailing witling, or braved out of it by every wife-beating bully? No, I hope, he is mistaken; at least I would believe there are some among that corrupted sex capable of soaring above prejudice or passion, to discern truth and honesty from fiction and fraud, and to give justice and reason the right hand of usurpation and fallacy. And for my own part, I am resolved to shew my adversary, and all his sex, that there is at least one *Woman* capable of



of preferring truth to flattery, sense to sound, and who dares to assert her right in the face of usurpation, though hardened by custom into tyranny : And if one is so, why may not all, or at least as many of them as of the *Men*, be so too ? They have understandings capable of proving that right which the generality of *Men* want the heart to acknowledge ; and they have hearts capable of resolution enough to assert that right against such of the opposite sex as want the sense to do them justice.

But these are truths I have already made sufficiently appear in my first essay upon this subject ; and experience has made them so trite, that I should blush to repeat them, was it not to answer the much triter reflections on our sex, which my adversary blushes not to make use of : Tho' frequent repetition has made those reflections so rank, and reason has rendered them so obsolete, that the little modesty which still subsists among the more sensible part of his sex has shamed them out of such stale meannesses.

However, the gentleman I have to oppose, is not so easily put out of countenance, I find ; resolved to omit nothing which could possibly answer his purpose of decrying the *Women*, he has ranack'd all the rubbish of antiquity, and plundered all the *Men* of note, who have in any ages distinguished themselves by their mannish spleen against us, of all the ribaldry they have so liberally

ly bestowed upon us. But of what use can all this be to raise the merit of his sex, or depress that of ours, unless he can produce better reasons to justify the repetition of their scurrilities than they could bring to vindicate their advancing them? To make them of any weight, he should have shewn the reasonableness of them; for, till he does, they can have no other weight than that of voluntary assertions. And with me, nay with every one who will be at the pains of thinking justly, every man, whether ancient or modern, is a *Cato*, and every *Cato* a fool, as often as he advances more than he can prove, or believes more than he has sufficient grounds for believing. And no assertions unback'd with reason can be sufficient motives of credibility to any one in possession of common sense. Now I would fain ask any one of my impartial readers, who has perused the answer of my antagonist, what one solid reason, which can justify belief, has he given throughout that piece, for all the voluntary assertions of his own, or any of the authors he has quoted? And lest I should seem upon the catch, I will even entreat them to peruse it a second time; and till they can satisfy me, all I desire is, that they suspend their belief of any thing they find there merely asserted.

However, the better to guard the candid part of my judges from every surprize of fallacy, let me beg leave to attend them in the perusal of that extravagant piece, a favour which no polite man  
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can with any decency refuse a young lady when ask'd.

The first method then which our author makes use of to prove the superiority of his sex over ours, is to overthrow what I have so fully proved in the introduction to my former treatise, *that all their pretended superiority is only the blind effect of prejudice built on inconsiderate custom.* And how does he go about this? Why truly, to prove that custom not to be groundless, he is reduced to the humble shift of pleading its antiquity; as if any thing was more antient than prejudice and error. But it seems that prejudice can have no share in this custom, according to my adversary, because, forsooth, it is universal, and I am challenged to name any one custom as universal, as to place and time, in which mankind have confessedly found themselves in an error: As if too, *Man* must needs be so besotted an animal, that he cannot be grossly mistaken in one considerable point without being so in all others. And yet, upon second thoughts, we shall find him but too much so; and, without attempting impossibilities, may oblige our adversary with many instances in which mankind have been universally in the wrong. If we except *Noah* and his family, not one of all mankind could be brought to believe the possibility, much less the future act of an universal deluge, till they felt the fatal effects of their universal error: which error, if it was not as universal in point of time as

that of *Man's* tyranny over *Woman*, it was owing to the early extirpation of the whole race of *Men* who were infected by it. For had the divine providence been pleased to suspend the threatened deluge till this age, or the next, it is more than probable, that mankind would have continued in their prejudices till this very time, and would now have been as little disposed to give into the belief of it, as the *Antediluvians* were, who were confessedly in the wrong. Tho' this mistake then happened to be removed by the destruction of all who gave into it, it was equally universal while it lasted with that by which the *Women* are robb'd of their natural right ; and would, in all probability, have been full as universal in point of time, had the deluge been placed as far forward as the general conflagration is.

With regard to this last event, the errors and prejudices of mankind are full as universal, as to place and time, as that of the deluge had been if put off to the like period ; or as the pretended superiority of the *Men* over us. From the beginning of the world mankind have placed the consummation of things at a prodigious distance, even at this time it is eyed from very far ; and the very day before it will happen, the surviving part of the human species will continue in the same error we are in. Indeed, if we consider only the real duration of things hitherto, we cannot say that, as matters have happened, the antients err'd in thinking the  
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end of the world to be far off. But if we reflect, that they had no more foundation in reason for their opinion than we have for ours, we shall be forced to own, that the principles they reasoned upon were as much the effects of vulgar error, and universal prejudice, as ours are, or as theirs will be who shall be living at the time when the conflagration shall take place. And if there have been a few inspired persons free from this universal error, it must be owned, that upon a fair average, the exceptions are not more numerous, proportionally, in this, than in the case of the *Antediluvians*, or of the tyrants who plead universal prescription to subject us. Nevertheless, it will be, I presume, but a very barren comfort for those unhappy mortals who shall live to see themselves as grossly in an error as we perhaps may be in the very same particular : It will be, I say, but a solitary consolation to think on the universal prevalence which this prejudice has had over the minds of almost all mankind, and in every age. When they see themselves confessedly in the wrong, and upon the point of being absorb'd in the destruction they were inconsiderately accustomed to consider as something at a great distance off ; the antiquity of their error will appear to them a very sorry excuse for not having lived in perpetual preparation for its approach, as they, as we, and as all mankind from the beginning of the creation ought to have done : Considering that none knew the

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*day or hour, much less the age, which the eternal father has kept in his own power. And is it not as sorry an excuse which my adversary brings for the injustice of his sex, in usurping an authority over Women, which they can assign no reason for, to say, that it is venerable from the single consideration of its antiquity?*

Indeed, for want of more substantial arguments to render the antiquity of this unjust practice venerable, we are told, that it has been follow'd by the wisest *Lawgivers*, and approved of by the *wise men* of all ages. But what is this to the purpose? Where is, or was the *Man*, or body of *Men* actuated by mere human wisdom, who could shew such a uniformity of conduct as not to have parted from it in many considerable matters? And to prove that all the pretended *wise men* and *lawgivers* whom this gentleman lays such a mighty stress upon, acted like *wise men* in their concurring to keep *womankind* subject, it will not suffice to say that they enter'd into no deliberate confederacy. For, in the first place, if they did not consult each other, then it is strongly to be presumed that all their steps to that end were taken without sufficiently debating upon or weighing the justice and prudence of such a procedure. And next, if they did not in person combine with one another, they may truly be said by their example and books to have combined with one another in that usurpation which their concurring passions agreed



agreed to promote at all times, and in all places. Besides let it be remember'd that their *lawgivers* and *wise men*, so unwisely introduced to support a bad cause, were themselves *Men*, and consequently interested in the usurpation they are quoted to ascertain. What weight then can their evidence have against the rights and liberties of *Women*, which they had a prior interest in violating? Should a receiver of stolen goods bring the evidence of the felons he had them from, to prove them his property; would we have reason to admit of his claim?

The case is clear, and therefore needs nothing more to illustrate it: however, for the sake of such as are apt to be prejudiced in favour of the antients, I shall hereafter more fully examine what weight their authority can have in the present subject, to counterpoise the reasons which justice, truth, and common-sense establish to the contrary, by considering in what light their writings against us ought to be taken. At present let us follow my adversary.

The pacific disposition of *Womankind*, and the universal ease with which they support their subject condition; he brings as a plea to authorize the *Men's* unjust usurpation of superiority over them, and to prove that superiority to be the dictate of nature and reason. So ungenerous is that assuming sex! And so dangerous is it for us to stoop to their weakness in any thing! Our complaisance

plaisance but serves to make them more arrogant; our tendernefs more savage; and every favour we bestow upon them adds fresh fuel to their ingratitude.

To vindicate their engrossing the advantages of education and learning to themselves, they must be able to prove that monopoly grounded on reason; and to warrant them to say it is so, they must be in a condition to prove that they have never communicated among themselves those advantages but to such as were susceptible of them; never admitted any to study but such as had talents for them; and never raised to a publick charge but such as had a capacity for it. In a word, they must never have set any one upon any thing to which his genius, as well as inclination, did not render him equal: whereas we see nothing more common than the contrary practice; chance, necessity, or avarice, engaging the major part of the *Men* in the different states of civil society. Children are put to the trades which please their friends the most, tho' they suit themselves least; one is hurried into the gown, and his merit strangled with a scarf, who would have made an incomparable beef-eater; another is dubb'd a physician, who might have excell'd in a *Clare-market* slaughter-house or *oratory*; a third is buried in contempt beneath the character of a statesman, whose native genius for making breeches for the public sufficiently appears from his unwearied assiduity



fiduity in pulling up his own; and had not a fourth been made a politician, what credit might he have acquired in making ragouts, who has but a sorry hand at cooking *Conventions*?

Wherefore do the *Men* fancy that we *Women* are less fit for such employs than they themselves are? Surely it is not nature, but *mannish* injustice, which debars us from playing our parts. I do not pretend to say that all *Women* are capable of all employments; neither can the *Men*, forward as they are, have the confidence to make any such pretension. No, all I intended in my first Essay was to shew, that, considering both sexes in a fair light, it must be own'd that we have an equal aptitude to sense and virtue with the *Men*, and consequently an equal right to dignity, power, and esteem with any of them. But since the *Men* are so ungenerous as to disallow us this modest pretension, and the gentleman, my antagonist, is so weak as to dispute our equality with the *Men*, till we can shew a superiority over them; I think it but a justice due to my injured sex to accept of his challenge, and to prove, what is matter of fact, that *Woman-kind* are not only by nature equal, but far superior to the *Men*; which I shall not only make appear from rational theory, but even, to stoop to my adversary's method of arguing, consider in a practical light.

Our adversary seems to triumph mightily in the scriptural texts he has produced to authorize his tyrannic

tyrannic usurpation of authority over us. But surely he did not sufficiently weigh them, or he would have found how little they are to his purpose. Unable to justify their subjecting us from any laws of nature, he has recourse to divine laws; but happily for us, these are as little favourable to his purpose as the others, which we shall see upon a fair examination. The first law he pretends to quote against us is from the words which *G O D* spoke to *Eve*, in *Gen. iii.* *Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee*, as our *English* translators have render'd this passage; tho' I think the *Latin* is, *Et ipse dominabitur tui*, which may be equally translated, *and he shall domineer over thee*. But, let the text be translated which way best pleases my antagonist. Who does not see plainly from the whole chapter, that these words were not utter'd by God in form of precept, any more than those to *Adam*, *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the ground*. And if this had been a precept, it must bind all *Men* to eat bread at the sweat of their brows, whether rich or poor, noble or ignoble. All then these passages can import is the curse which the *ALMIGHTY* declared our first parents to have entail'd on themselves and their posterity, in consequence of their joint disobedience: which curse to the *Men* was perpetual drudgery, and to us *Women* that we should stoop our easy tempers to the savages our husbands, till we taught those ungenerous crea-  
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tures to take advantage from our meekness to enslave, domineer, and play the hectors over us.

Our adversary seems conscious himself how little this text is likely to answer his purpose, and therefore endeavours to support it with another from *St Paul* to the *Ephesians*, chap. v. where he says, *Wives submit yourselves unto your husbands, as to our Lord: for the husband is the head of the wife.* But the gentleman took care not to quote the preceding verse, wherein the same *St Paul* directs both *Man* and *Woman* to submit to each other reciprocally, *submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.* Whence his meaning plainly appears to be nothing more than that the *Woman* is bound to obey the *Man*, whenever his requests are the dictates of *reason*, or the *fear of God*: which, who can be impious enough to question? As who can doubt but the *Man* is equally bound to comply with those of his wife, when flowing from the same sacred sources? But what superiority is given here to the *Men* over the *Women*, which the latter have not an equal right to over the *Men*? If *St Paul* tells us in this Epistle that the *MAN is the head of the wife*; he tells us in *1 Corinthians*, chap. xi. that she is his *glory*, and therefore ought the *WOMAN to have power upon her HEAD.* Neither can what this Apostle says, that *the MAN is not of the WOMAN, but the WOMAN of the MAN*, without wretched trifling, be wrested to prove any authority in the *Men* over us, more

than *we* have over *them*. For in the very same chapter whence these words are quoted he adds, *neither the MAN without the WOMAN, nor the WOMAN without the MAN, in our Lord, For as the WOMAN is of the MAN, so also the MAN by the WOMAN : but all things in GOD.* So that according to this divine writer, all the dependance which is in the one and the other sex is mutual on both sides, as both are equally subject to GOD. And yet what I have here said to overthrow the pretended superiority of *Man* and *Woman*, will by no means disprove the superiority which we have a right to claim over them. For though we neither have nor pretend to have any sanction from the laws of God, or nature, to found that superiority upon, yet as no laws of either can be produced which disqualify us for any superiority our personal merit can raise us to ; and as experience has demonstrated, that whenever we are possessed of the advantages we have an equal right to with them, we generally make a much better use of them than they do ; it cannot be denied that our personal dispositions to what is good and great are much superior to any they make appear, and consequently ought to entitle us to a much superior degree of dignity, power, and esteem, than they have any right to.

The pretty whimsical flight of imagination with which our adversary diverts himself, concerning the creation of both sexes, may for ought I know  
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supply the place of demonstration with the wittings of his own sex, who seldom think any thing so convincing an argument as prophanity. If I had less compassion than I have for the gentleman's weakness ; I cou'd laugh along with him : Or if I could think it lawful to be merry with scripture subjects ; I wou'd make bold to retort his joke upon himself. I cou'd easily shew him how very forced is the jest he labours to divert us with, and how much more natural it is to conjecture that *Man* being form'd a mere rough draught of that finish'd creature *Woman*, GOD snatch'd from the lumpish thing the few graces and perfections he found in it, to add them to the many he design'd to enrich her with. And if he did entail upon her a rib of that stupified mortal, it was out of pure pity to him, that *Woman* bias'd by the sympathetic tye might with less repugnance stoop her exalted Soul to some regard for him. I will not, however, carry the jest so far as my adversary thinks proper to do. I am not so weak to think the Creator, in order to make *Woman* the compleat being she is, had any need to prodnce that rude sketch of her, *Man*: Neither do I trouble my head whether the production of him can be justly deem'd a compleat creation in the strict sense of the word or not. This I know, there need but five senses to compare them together, to perceive that *Man* among the works of nature is as much beneath the perfection of *Woman* as those  
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rude half-shapen blocks, which the first *Egyptians* erected into deities, were short of the beauties of those master-pieces of art which the ablest statuary have since produced. And why heaven has been pleased to place so wide a difference between creatures of the same species, I can best answer by retorting the text quoted by this gentleman, and recurring to that unfearchable wisdom of him who had it in his power *of the same lump to make one vessel to honour, and the other to dishonour.*

It is a very poor shift then our adversary is reduced to, to overthrow the proof taken from her after-production, of MAN's *being rather created for WOMAN's use, than she for his.* What though *St Paul* seems to say the direct opposite; yet it is plain from his own words a very little lower, that he was too divinely inspired to think, *Man* as he was himself, that *Woman* was in any other sense made for *Man* than to be his glory, if he copied after her, as she is his shame while he does not. It is still true, then, that the only argument *Man* has for his being created superior to the rest of his brother brutes, and their being created for his use, is that of his not being created till they were all in readiness for him: and it is as true what I observed in my former Essay, that if this argument has any weight, it must equally prove that the *Man* was made for the *Woman's* use, and not *she* for *his.* This appears sufficiently from the miserable come-off which that gentleman is reduced to of denying the



the *Women* to be created ; tho' without being able to give any better proof than that of horse-jest : an argument which, did I not scorn to retort it, might sufficiently shew what wretched *poor creatures* they must be, who are glad to lay hold on any evasion capable of screening them from the truths their injustice dare not face.

Our adversary, however, is honest enough to own, “ that the *Women* deserve some regards from “ the public, in consideration of the part they “ have in the propagation of human nature.” But then, lest those very generous creatures the *Men* should exceed in their regards for us, he adds, “ that there is no reason why we should be con- “ sider'd on a level with those of his own sex, “ whom we bring forth.” Nay, we are all to be vilified, and ill-treated, because some few among us are so little like *Women* as to forfeit their native modesty and continence. But if I may ask a fair question ; upon a just and unbiaſſed computation, which of the two sexes is the most notorious for lewdness and libertinage ? If there are among our sex, as it cannot be denied but there are, some few wretches (tho' too many by all) who are as infamous as this gentleman paints them ; are they not more the abomination of the generality of us, than they are of the *Men* ? Are not we ourselves the first to condemn and give them up ? On the contrary, how few among the *Men* prescribe any bounds to their lust and brutality ? Do they not  
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openly glory in their iniquity ? Where is there one among them who, if he is not himself a profligate lecher, scruples to keep company with another *Man* who is so ? Nay, so little are they ashamed of the vice they so unjustly and basely ascribed to us, that the wretch who either wants spirit, money, or parts to gratify his libidinous appetites to their utmost extent, is forced to add to his real vicious practices the borrow'd guilt of feign'd adventures, merely to recommend himself to the rest of his sex as a *polite Man*. Whereas the most notorious rakes are so convinced of the natural love which our sex in general have to modesty and continence, that, spite of all the vehemence of their corrupt inclinations, they are forced to put on the reserve of decency, to recommend themselves to our esteem, and to save themselves from being shamefully banish'd from our presence. What horror, foulness, and confusion, must not the world be over-run with, were not *Women* in general infinitely more chaste than the *Men* are !

Observe but *Fiddius*, the noble, the exalted *Fiddius* ! What a rampant wretch he is ! What has his youth been wait'd in but an uninterrupted series of shame-daring pursuits ? As if born to people a new world with vice, and strip the old one of all the virtue remaining in it, he has let no modest *Woman* he could come at escape with her chastity untried ; and has suffered no prostitute to repent whom he could make an accomplice in lewdness.



lewdness. His own sex have no other way to be admitted into his graces, than that of becoming panders to him : and no one of ours can hope for justice or charity from him, without purchasing it at the enormous price of her honour. Above the fear of human laws, he has often trampled under foot the divine : and, spite of all the drubbings he has been forced to submit to, so little is he tamed, that his fascinating looks dart a rape on every innocent virgin he sees ; no young widow can pass him unviolated, by his wishes ; and no wife, who has a tooth in her head, can be secure from his adulterous attempts. In a word, all the merit of this pretty creature is summ'd up in the rapes, fornications, and adulteries he has committed, which if they are not in reality infinite, are as much so in his wishes as his puny soul can make them. And yet so little are the most prostitute of harlots obliged to his lustful inclinations, that it is neither their persons nor qualities, but their caps and their aprons, which provoke his brutal appetite ; and would have the same effect if tied upon a baboon or a monkey. Nor is his lust more universal than his industry in it. That he may lose no time or opportunity which can second his flagitious inclinations, like the unclean dæmon who actuates him, he has a band of underfiends ever out upon the scout, and prying about in search of innocent victims for him to devour.

Captain *Bluff* is at the head of this virtue-hunting tribe ; and none more fit for such an office than such a wretch, whose very features look the soul of sin ; whose pamper'd carcase, fatted with mangled innocence, riots in foul obscenity, and breathes destruction to the friends of modesty. Virgins in cradles shrink at his approach, the baleful sounds of his uncleanly tongue make infants tremble for their safety, and one lewd glance of his can stare the chastity of sucking babes into convulsions. No place so sacred but he dares profane with base attempts against unguarded purity ; no stew so common which he has not ransack'd to fate the lustful cormorant he serves ; and no vile method has he left unpractised to gratify his beastly passions, which villainy could dictate, or impudence succeed in. Such are the wretches *Fiddius* loads with favours, such the objects of his inglorious profuseness ; while those unhappy victims his lewdness has devoted to ruin, are left by him a prey to want and infamy : witness the hapless, still pitied *Gloriana*, who, too unpractised in the baseness of his sex, sacrificed her person, peace, and honour to his unwearied artifice. And what was her fate at last ? Why, if for a while he loaded her with all her vanity could wish, or his fantastic prodigality could purchase, how dearly did he make her pay for it in the end ! After her providing him with several lovely children, after her having fixed her affections and happiness wholly  
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in him, after her having given up the just pretensions of her high extraction for his sake, did he not, when fated with her, abandon her helpless and friendless to shame and penury ; and by a neglect, so much more keen as his extravagance of pretended passion had made her less expect it, hurry her despairing soul to seek by hasty steps, an azylum from present misery, in death ?

What horror then, I say, what foulness and confusion, must not the world be over-run with ; were there many *Women* vicious enough to match this illustrious lecher and his pander !

I do not pretend to palliate or protect the viciousness of those scandalous creatures who depart from that modesty and spotless virtue, which make an avowed part of the characteristic of our sex, and ought to be the ornament of both sexes. I only mean to insist, that it is as barbarous as unjust to charge the innocent part of us with their shame, especially since much the major part of our sex are averse to their guilt, and have them in detestation ; and much less ought their irregular conduct to rob the spotless majority of *Womankind* of the respect which is confessedly their due, on account of the virtuous and painful part they have in the continuing human posterity.

If among these there are some few odd tempers, are there not as many among the *Men* ? If there are jealous wives, are there not many more jealous husbands, with much less appearance of reason ?

Are there not more profuse *Men* than *Women*? And where there is one *Woman* makes her husband justly uneasy, or spoils her children by her management of them; are there not hundreds of husbands who are industrious in making the former wretched, and the latter useless to society? I myself know several instances of this kind.

*Heëtorinus* is one: The only wise action he ever was guilty of in his life was that of marrying an agreeable, virtuous, careful and sensible wife; which, however, he atones for every day of his life by a thousand means he has to make her wretched. For the first years of their wedlock he was as industrious to be troublesome to her, by an extravagance of ill-exprest fondness, as he has since taken pains to load her with every ill usage. The whole study of her life is to please him, and the whole pleasure of his to torment her. If he is in a good humour; his manner of expressing it is by calmly finding fault with every thing she does, or her servants have done, tho' by his orders: And if he is in an ill one; plates, cups, knives, or whatever things come first to hand, are the vehicles by which he conveys his ideas to her. It is true indeed he will allow her a belly-full if her back and her heart pay for it: For he forces her to keep a tolerable table, tho' he neither affords her money for the purpose, nor the liberty to go upon trust. It is not that *Heëtorinus* is really poor, but the tyrant's dear self is so exorbitantly expensive



to him, that he can illy spare his wife money to send to market, much less cloaths to appear in. And yet he can be generous at times : For notwithstanding the late expence which a new suit of black, a mourning sword, and other grief-trappings which the death of her father has put him to, to ornament his sweet person with, he gave his wife t'other night in a fit of fondness three whole shillings to buy her a pair of new shoes ; and has promised her that when the last gown of all she brought with her from home when she married him is worn off her back, he'll buy her a fresh one of some handsome stuff. For this transient sun-shine the lady may thank a lucky accident which just happen'd to humble him. For such is the dastardly spirit of this narrow soul'd wretch, that humiliation alone can render him as meanly tractable as he is haughty, insolent, and overbearing, wherever the least success lights a link before him. In short, generosity and affection have so little power over him, that nothing can make him act as becomes a Man of goodness or sense, but what will make him afraid : Thus he who makes such an insufferable tyrant to a kind wife, wou'd make an excellent slave to a merciless master.

*Umbrosus* is not of this sort of tyrants ; this gentleman loves his wife to excess, and I dare say is strictly faithful to her. But well he may be so : For her person is a master-piece of beauty,  
and

and her soul is made up of virtue, sense, and softness. And yet if we shou'd reason by *Aristotle's* rule, *Every one judges of others as he feels himself affected*; we must believe *Umbrosus* to be a very *Fiddius*. No man can approach this lovely creature, speak to her, or look at her, but he thinks her virtue tottering. A kind of perpetual itching in his forehead makes him ever fearful of horns when awake: And no *Turk* or *Spaniard* dreams more of antlers than he does. If his lady welcomes to the house a friend of his own bringing; she has an intrigue in her head: If she curt'sies to him at departing; 'tis an appointment. If she is silent in company, there is mystery in her silence; if she talks, every word is a *double-entendre*. When by themselves, if she smiles; he fancies she is contriving to make a fool of him: And if she looks grave, it is for want of love for him. Her very servants she scarce dares be commonly civil to: And such is the fantastic delicacy of this extravagant admirer of his wife, that he once fell sick of a fit of jealousy he conceived against a figure in his own tapestry; because forsooth his wife's admiring the beauty of the work, made him apprehend, *that if that figure had been a real Man, she would have liked it preferably to him.*

Now I would know, if one instance of like extravagance was ever seen among *Women*. That there are some *Women*, and valuable ones too, who are jealous of their husbands, cannot be denied:

But



But then that, generally speaking, their jealousies are too well grounded, is as much beyond dispute. I don't take upon me to say that there are no mothers who contribute to the spoiling their children, by false tenderness, and a foolish manner in bringing them up ; and, indeed, if we consider the industry which the *Men* in general take to confine all our sex to a narrow way of thinking, it must appear a kind of miracle that all *Women* are not guilty of the same fault. Yet if the *Men* dared be honest, they would find themselves under a necessity of confessing that, where there is one young person prejudiced in mind or heart by the tenderness of a mother, there are many hundreds absolutely devoted to ruin by the rashness, whims, brutality, and ill example of a hasty, fantastical, surly, vicious fool of a father.

*Molybditis* is one of your happy *Men*, whose fathers were born before them ; a kind of silver froth extracted from the quintessence of city-lead ; and of the number of those wise creatures who think education useless to *Women*. Wherefore, fortunately for his daughters, he has left them wholly to the care of his wife, and took upon himself the education of the boobies his sons. But what has been the issue ? why, the young ladies, without ever stirring from home, by the example as well as precepts of their mother, and other useful helps she has procured them of books and proper teachers, are become compleat ornaments of  
civil

civil society. Their minds are as enrich'd with useful knowledge as their persons are with charms. Their hearts are as fortified with virtue and noble sentiments, as their native beauty is heightened by modesty, ease, and every winning grace. As if the world had passed in review before them, they are perfect mistresses of whatever is worthy observation in other countries, and no strangers to any thing proper for ladies to know of their own. To a taste for the sciences they join such a happiness in the use of them, whether conversing or acting, as is sufficient to excite others to the study of them. All they do has in it a dignity which seems to speak a finish'd education ; tho' accompanied with such a facility as if it flow'd alone from unconstrain'd nature : And all they say is utter'd with such an easy eloquence as violating no rules seems above all. How unlike to these ladies are the coxcombs their brothers ! Their father has spared no expence in the bringing them up ; but has rather been profusely lavish of the money he has misapplied in their education, if it can be called such. Indeed he took care to send them betimes to the university, and kept them there even longer than was necessary for their improvement : but at the same time was more sollicitous about the figure they should make in their garb and equipage, than in their studies. And yet even in this his prodigality was without judgment. Extravagant to a height in every thing else, he was niggardly to an excess



excess in the choice of tutors for them : And while he grudged not to waste hundreds of pounds yearly, to promote in them the spirit of luxury, he had not the soul to part with one annual hundred to a gentleman capable of training them up in sentiments suited to the external grandeur they set out with. *Tinsel* the elder, without seeing any thing of his own country, was sent on his travels into foreign ones. A gentleman of undoubted probity and versed in the knowledge of men and books, might nevertheless, by attending him abroad, have greatly improved him ; might have made useful remarks to him ; and, laying hold of every incident, taught him to make such wise observations himself as would have served to bring him home a finish'd gentleman. But then such a tutor would have required, in gratuity for his labour, loss of time, and the great trust reposed in him, such a salary as should place him in a virtuous independence, above the necessity of acting meanly, and doing pitiful things unworthy the character he appear'd in, or capable of injuring the morals of his pupil. Wherefore our wiseacre every sagaciously pitch'd upon a mean-spirited hireling to attend on Master for forty pounds a year. This fellow, without genius or experience, accompanied him abroad : and as he had neither virtue nor sense to govern himself, it is not strange that he should want art to keep the awe over his pupil, which is necessary to guard young people from the vices and follies

follies juvenile warmth is apt to hurry them into. It was not to be expected that a young fellow should be under any restraint to a man whom he saw giving an unbounded loose to his own passions. In fact, he ran into every excess of debauchery and extravagance : and the mercenary wretch of a governor, whose salary was too narrow to answer the extent of his libertine appetites, had no other way to render himself useful to his pupil, than to become an accomplice with, and a pander to him ; that he might have a share at free-cost in his criminal pleasures. Balls, plays, drinking, gaming and debauchery were all their pursuits in every town they passed through : players, sots, sharpers and harlots were all their company ; and *Tinsel* is at length returned home, with a journal of most ignominious intrigues, to shew what successful apes our *English* fools can be, when they undertake to copy the fopperies and vices of foreign nations. Screw'd up in a pair of *Paris stays* and an *a-la-mode* coat, strangled in a *solitaire*, and daub'd over with *point* and *paint*, he struts the very monkey in *Gay's* fable. He can lisp a little lewd *French*, swear in bad *Italian*, knows by rote who are the best actors on the several stages, has a list of the most noted courtezans in *Europe*, and can give you one of all the inns where the best wine and eating is to be had between this and *Rome*. Such are the glorious fruits of this young fellow's travels ! Without this expensive progress, by the help and industry  
of



of such another tutor, his brothers are return'd home from the university as compleat debauchees as himself. The education their wise father has lavish'd so much money to give them has answer'd no one end, but to forward them in wickedness; they are as ignorant almost as when they first set out, in every thing commendable; and much greater fops than ever. If they had any breeding or sense; the former they have lost by what little studies they applied to, and the latter they have forfeited by the use they have put it to. In short all goes against them, and they against all things: so that one would be apt to imagine they had spent their whole youth, the one abroad, the rest in *England*, in a society of savages. All they have learn'd is the mere acquisition of smugglers, which they either cannot or dare not vend: and before they can venture into the world, with any honour or safety, they must be forced to go to school to their sisters for all the qualifications requisite to make them fine gentlemen.

If we consider this, where is the mighty wisdom these *Men* have to boast of in the education of their children? and what room have they to find fault with *Women* for their manner of bringing them up, when left to their care? Instead of undervaluing our sex for spoiling youth, they ought to esteem us for the many we save from ruin. Instead of contemning us for want of learning, they ought rather to admire such of our sex as are pos-

fest of it, or at least think those happy who are without it. Since, on one hand, if they are thence render'd destitute of means to set off their parts ; on the other hand, they are less in the occasions of depraving them ; and notwithstanding that defect, make quicker advances in virtue, wit, and graceful behaviour, than any of the opposite sex.

It is true indeed, that all our sex are not brought up with the same happy care : But why is it ? Because, generally speaking, few mothers are left at liberty to educate even their daughters as they please. I am as much against putting a doll into a girl's hands, as I am for substituting books in the place of it. And, I believe, were all *Women* mistresses of their own will in this particular, they wou'd be of my mind. But the malice of the *Men* who first invented this pitiful artifice to confine us to trifles, and now meanly turn it to the basest reflections on us, are too absolute in their usurp'd dominion to leave a wife so much as the choice of the toys to divert her daughters with, much less the means for their instruction. And for the boys, they are so much out of their mother's jurisdiction from their infancy, that it is much if they are not taught to shew her contempt instead of respect, as soon as they are capable of expressing either. Before little master is well breech'd, he is taught to lord it over his sisters ; before he can well know what an estate is, he is made sensible of being heir to one ; and all the relation



relation he is taught to consider his sisters in, is, that he is to have the payment of their fortunes at his own mercy, if his parents should die before they are of age. Nay, it is a hundred to one if he is not inform'd too, that when his father dies, his very mother will be in some measure dependent upon his honesty and good nature for the punctual payment of her jointure. What great power then can the example or precepts of a mother have over a son thus tutor'd ; even when she is allow'd the liberty of reproving ? Tho' how much oftner is she snub'd before his face for finding fault with his unluckiness ? Let the *Men* therefore blame themselves for all the extravagancies which the minds of their children are fill'd with from their earliest infancy : since the case wou'd be quite different was their education left to *Women*. For it cannot be doubted but that those mothers to whom it cost so much anguish to bring them into the world, and so much care and fatigue to preserve them in it, wou'd be in general as anxious for the good of their minds as they are tender of their persons, and as sollicitous to supply them with virtuous sentiments, as to nourish them with their milk.

But what honest concession have we reason to hope for from that ungenerous sex, when their barbarity can, contrary to all evidence, dispute our good-will even in this ? If there are some *Women* so extremely weaken'd by their child-bed pains

pains as to require a respite from suckling their infants ; is not the suffering they endure exquisite enough to deserve the pity rather than insults of our adversary, if he had a grain of humanity in him ? And even where this is the case, is it not with the utmost reluctance they submit to it, and often merely to comply with the resistless instances of a husband ? Where then is the crime for a healthy young creature, who has milk enough for two children, to take another to her breast, for the sake of gaining necessaries to support an innocent babe which the sottish brute of a father would suffer to go naked ? Nothing surely but an extremity of savage heartlessness could induce this gentleman to argue as he does. But it is no wonder he should rail so unmercifully at us, when he dares accuse nature itself of a crime. For surely nature must be to blame to furnish *Women* with milk merely to suckle their infants, if that milk served only to render them stupid and sickly. If those children who are brought up by hand are wiser, stronger, and better form'd than those who suck at all ; then nature has been bountiful in vain, nay mischievous in her bounty. And if all the *Men* who suck imbibed a tincture of the follies, passions, and imbecilities of the *Women* who suckle them, how must the *Men* come by the strength they make such a bustle with ? Have not the strongest of them all been suckled by their nurses, excepting here and there an accidental case ? Or will they



they rather chuse to pass for puny poor things and fools, than not have the pitiful satisfaction to lay their follies and imbecilities upon us ? Let our adversary then be as severe as he can ; till he and his sex are able to prove what they want not the courage to assert, nothing can reduce them lower than the place they at present deserve in our love and esteem but annihilation : which the scorn, they will, I hope, be henceforth treated with by all unmarried *Women*, may make them the more eagerly covet, the longer pursuing vengeance preserves them to be their own worst punishment.

“ But I chuse, *in the gentleman’s own terms*, to  
 “ drop a subject so much the more disagreeable,  
 “ as *we* are daily made sensible of the truth of it ;”  
 and proceed to examine how our antagonist disproves our *intellectual capacity* to be *equal* with that of the *Men*.

Our author, indeed, sets out with acknowledging, that “ we shew a superior genius to the *Men’s*,  
 “ in the business of dress ; in the œconomy of a  
 “ tea-table ; in the management of intrigues ; in  
 “ the conduct of a game at *Quadrille* ; and in  
 “ plans of pleasure, pride, and luxury.” Indeed, with regard to dress, the *Women* have sufficiently shewn their prudence and skill, in laying hold of this little advantage in their favour. For observing the fickleness of the male creatures they had to deal with, and finding that external ornaments, added to their native charms, had render’d their  
 condition

condition more supportable by making them appear more lovely and dear to the *Men*, they have neglected nothing which cou'd furnish them with new beauty and graces of body in the eyes of those headless heartless wretches, who want the sense to set a just value on their inward worth. But this, instead of being mention'd as a reproach to *Women*, ought to be consider'd as a matter of panegyric. And our adversary, instead of reviling and under-rating us for so doing, ought to acknowledge it as a proof of our superior sense. Since, if we are capable of improving to so surprising a degree every the least advantage they have the honesty to allow us, how infinitely shou'd we surpass them, had we the free access to all the advantages we have a right to in common with them ?

And surely, if the *Men* are so stupid as not to have genius enough to manage the trivial affair of a tea-board with a dexterity equal to *ours*, can their parts be equal to *ours* in any thing ? Nothing but a spirit of cruelty can make the *gentleman* give us any preference in the management of intrigues, if by *intrigues* he means the contrivance of lawless pursuits ; in this there are very few *Women* who take either pride or pleasure : and the few who do are no less our aversion in general, than they are made a reproach to us all. It is too glaringly known to need any proofs, which of the two sexes is the most faithful to the marriage-vow, and by shewing



shewing the most constancy in bearing with opposite treatment, make appear the greater share of wisdom and virtue. But perhaps this writer means by intrigues, the art and industry the *Women* often exert in extricating their witless dastardly husbands from many difficulties their folly and vice involve them in, and to free themselves from which they are forced to have recourse to that *womanly* capacity they so much affect to despise. And is he so blind as not to perceive that, by acknowledging the *Men* to be inferior in judgment to us, with regard to private life, he sufficiently shews how much superior our talents are to theirs for the management of public affairs? The superiority of genius he allows us at *Quadrille* is no less to the disadvantage of his sex. There are many sciences which require less time and pains to become perfectly acquainted with, than that and some other games at cards. How much more then may not the *Women* surpass the *Men* in those, when they avowedly transcend them in these? I will forbear, in pity to my adversary, ungenerous as he is, to make any observations on the ascendant he gives us over his own sex in the plans of pleasure, pride, and luxury. Since if the *Men* are such intolerable dunces in their favourite pursuits, as to allow themselves inferior to such of our sex as tread the same paths, in complaisance to them; how little right must they have even to an equal capacity with

us in all that is great and good ; which is as much against the grain to them as it is natural to us !

Our witty gentleman seems mightily pleased with the invectives he heaps upon the malkin of his own sex, he has so miserably metamorphosed into a *Woman*, by spoiling the excellent original-piece of one of the best authors his sex has to boast of. But let him reflect that his calling it a *Woman*, and covering it with a coif, will not hide the impudent empty phiz of its true owner. Indeed the great pains he has taken to ornament this picture, shew his genius for making fools-caps : wherefore I have too much kindness for the *Men* not to advise them to beware how they try any one of them on, for fear it should fit.

If my adversary has such a paper-skull that he cannot distinguish between thinness and subtlety, minuteness and delicacy, let me inform him that true delicacy consists in polish'd solidity join'd with accurate proportion ; in which, as the organs of *Women* have the undoubted advantage over those of *Men*, it cannot, without a mixture of weakness and obstinacy, be denied that our organs are more adapted to the functions of the mind, and our intellects consequently more elevated and lasting than theirs. My antagonist, indeed, doubts of their being *equally*, and says, “ perhaps they “ are less so.” But till he supports his *perhaps* by some appearance of reason, none but persons as weak and prejudiced as himself can be biassed by  
what



what he says. For to argue in his own way, let him answer me one civil question. What induces him to think the *Men* endow'd with more solid lasting sense than the *Women*? Because *their* bodies are more hardy, robust, and bulky than *ours* are? Idle reasoning! The clumsy strength of their awkward outsidess is rather an argument of inward grossierty, and a proof of no other perfection in their organization than that of weight, which we do not dispute with them. But to imagine that a *Man*'s skull must needs be fill'd with lasting sense, because it is strong, would be as absurd as to have thought, that the mountains of ice which were lately upon the *Thames* must needs be durable because they were thick: when, let but truth and sun-shine break forth, either error will appear too gross for any, but a *Man*, to give into.

What beast of burthen can vie with *Morio* for muscular strength? What insect has a more trifling head or puny heart? To reason by our adversary's rule, we must believe him possess'd of resolution enough to conquer a world, and wisdom enough to rule one, while at the same time every word he says betrays the sot, and every thing he does points out the coward. He has nothing in common with *Men* of any wit or sense but their misfortune, the defect of memory, which providence mark'd him with, to guard us from his lying tongue. His gravity and mirth are both in extremes, and never adapted to time or place. The

one renders him either silently sulky, or snarlingly waspish : and the other makes him noisy, impertinent, abusive, or immodest. His itch of appearing sprightly, in spite of his stars, makes him excessively talkative ; tho' the best of his conversation is but a dull repetition of other people's wit, which, however genuine in itself, comes from him like stale, second-hand coffee, without relish or spirit. In cracking ever so witty a joke, he is always sure to drop the kernel ; and whenever he attempts to repeat a humorous jest, he puts me in mind of a stupid fellow of a water-man I once saw, who, after taking abundance of pains to draw his boat to shore, that he might get into it, leap'd over it into the *Thames*. In dress, as in conversation, he is entirely directed by the rules of absurdity in every particular but one, *that is*, if I may be indulged a *mannish* piece of wit, the covering his enormous noddle with a *Tête-de-mouton* \*. The wisest action he ever did, was that of subscribing himself a minor for life, after having spent, in less than two years, an immense sum of ready money he was worth when at age, besides encumbering his estate, which is of some thousands per annum. The next to this was his being able to account for the going of so much money, all but the trifling sum of about thirty thousand pounds : which was no very foolish thing in him, considering that players, panders,

\* *Sheep's-head*. A name given to the little perukes worn by some ladies, who are forced to cut off their hair.



panders, fidlers, and gamesters, who had the greatest benefit from his profuseness, seldom keep a cash-book. However, if you cannot admire his wisdom, you may, at least, his fortitude. He has given ten guineas at a time to a stouter *Man* than himself, to stand a horse-whipping from him; and has nobly gone a-begging to his own gate, in the guise of a stroller, with such a generous anxiety to be horse-whipt himself, that any servants, who were absent enough to know him for their master, were as sure to lose their place, as they were sure to be the most amply rewarded who abused him the most, and shew'd the least disposition to mistake him for a gentleman. Such is his industry to laugh, and be laugh'd at. And yet so strange a fool is he in every circumstance, that nothing he says or does can provoke us to be merry or sad. His words and actions are as much beneath the dignity of a jest, as his person is below that of love or hatred. So that, tall and lusty as *Morio* is, all his bulk and strength are good for, is, to shew the folly and malice of fortune, in loading him with exorbitant riches, merely to rob the town of a notable porter.

But, as my adversary justly observes, one black feather makes no crow; and the character of *Morio* would be no reproach to his sex in general, if the generality of them were not guilty of as great follies. And if his rule will always hold good, that peoples genius is to be guessed at by their

company, what a motley set of changlings will not the major part of *Men* appear? What are their favourite companies made up of, but pipers, actors, jockies, fox-hunters, and gamesters, at best, and often of prostitutes, fots, and debauchees? What are their places of *rendezvous* but bear-gardens, cock-pits, gaming-tables, taverns, and stews? And what are their darling topics of conversation but racing, sporting, gaming, drinking, and riot? How often are our ears stunn'd by them with this kind of impertinencies! Not the aversion they know we have for such empty nonsense can hinder them from perpetually entertaining us with it.

Will all the contempt we shew for Miss *Prelatino* make him less busy to buzz his empty nonsense in our unattentive ears? If we are silent, he'll ask us impertinent questions: if we return no answer, he will coin one for us; and with a simpering silly face quote us for the authors of the gossip's tale he whispers to the next lady he visits. He can extract her ladyship's meaning from the dress she has on; can guess who and who are to be married, by the necklace of one, and the golden-headed cane of another; and can tell who and who are at odds, by the quantity of snuff Miss *Such-a-one* took last night at the play, the number of flirts her grace gave her fan in the drawing-room, and the many times lady *Betty* and Miss *Fanny* nodded their heads, whisper'd together, and look'd, the Lord knows how, upon the honourable Mrs

Some-



*Somebody.* No undertaker has earlier informations of deaths, no milliner has speedier intelligence of the birth of a new mode, and no wholesale haberdasher of small news has quicker accounts of town-chat, than he has, nor is half so industrious in vending his stock. How then shall we avoid this inundation of froth, which is ever at our heels? To affront him we are too well bred; to laugh at him we have too much pity; and to look grave, as Mr *Pope* happily expresses it, *exceeds all power of face*. As therefore it is past his skill to be silent, and past ours to be attentive, what have we to do with such a silly creature, but either in complaisance to him, to laugh, look silly with him, and let him run on; or, in compassion to ourselves, to wedge him to a *Quadrille-table*, where we may, at less cost to our patience, lose our money to him and pay it, or win his and not take it? But must we therefore be accountable for his follies, or be thought fools ourselves, because he is a fop we can't get rid of? If he will prim up his mouth to mimic us; if he will put on our softer manners; if he will dress as much like a lady as parliament will permit him; have we any legislative power to check him? No, all we can do is to condemn and divert ourselves with him, and all such fools as want the manhood to keep up to the dignity of their own *sex*, and grace to copy the better qualities of *ours*: their incapacity of reaching, which is plain to be seen in that vanity which makes them

them so assiduous in pilfering, however unsuccessfully, our most trivial talents.

So if lord *Thimble* prefers our company to the *Men's*, let them blame themselves for it, but not fall out with us. It is neither likeness nor sympathy makes him take refuge among us. He has no more of the *Woman* in him than he has of the *Man*: but, a kind of species in himself of no one sex, he has just sense enough to distinguish which of the two sexes have the most temper and mastery over their passions to bear with him. And would it not be quite barbarous, as well as unpollite, not to bear with a poor good-natured inoffensive thing, and a lord too? especially since he is not without his uses. But for him, we should perhaps never have thought of the advantages of a working assembly. Besides, how convenient is it, as well as pretty, to have a nobleman, who understands the business of a tea-board, to take that trouble off our hands, while we mind our knitting! If we read a play to him, he knots a petticoat for us; and if we shew him some degree of condescendence, he pays us no less a degree of gratitude. Besides the perfection to which he is studying to bring the science of needle-work for our improvement, he is drawing up a bill to bring into the house, to oblige all the sitting members to knot for their wives while the rest are speaking; which, if it should pass, will contribute no less to the ease of our fingers than the ornament of our



our toilets. However, little as he is obliged to the *Men*, to render this extraordinary genius as beneficial to that sex as to our own, as soon as ever he has finish'd the weighty business he is about, I design, as I am a sort of favourite with him, to set him upon writing a *Treatise* on the ART of FENCING with a NEEDLE. As he is quite master of the subject, I make no doubt but the piece will meet with universal approbation, and save a great deal of harmless blood, shou'd our war with the *Spaniards* be pursued for any time with the same warmth it is now carried on. So industrious are *Women* to extract public benefit from the otherwise most useless fops they are forced to admit into their company. Instead then of being reproach'd with their follies, we are rather entitled to the thanks of the public in general: especially since it is not from any pleasure we take in the conversation of such empty creatures, but from the necessity which the general insipidness of the *Men* reduces us to, of conversing with coxcombs, fops, or knaves, if we converse with any of the sex.

Our adversary then had little room to triumph over us for keeping fools company, or to attribute to any liking of ours what is the mere effect of our good-nature and pity. However, if he will have it that none but birds of a feather associate, and that *we* are fools because we keep company with such, what will he make of the general-

ty of *Men*, among whom almost all of any worth or note have been signal for their courting our conversation? He is pleased to warn us, that “ it “ will be to little purpose for me to quote him the “ illustrious names of the wits of all ages, who “ have admired the *Women*” and been done justice by them. But surely it will not be to as little purpose to quote them to all other *Men*, unless all are as void of candour and solidity as himself : which I am far from believing. My adversary is certainly out, in saying “ the polite, the witty *Anacreon* met with nothing but contempt from our “ sex.” On the contrary, he was honour’d with the regards of the greatest ladies at *Samos*, and all he complains of is the universal virtue he found among them, which obstructed his vicious gallantry. The charges of *Theocritus* are of the same kind ; and if *Ovid* and *Horace* have rail’d at some *Women* for their infidelity to them, their own writings prove them to have set the example ; both admire the good, as much as they bespatter the bad ; and the latter allows excellencies in many, and sings *Palinodia* to one whom he had wrongfully aspersed. And why may he not as well be believed, when he does justice to injured merit and innocence, as when he abuses some for their being as wanton as himself, and insults others for being too old for his debauch’d taste to be faithful to any longer? Or rather, why should he be believed in what he says against any of our sex, who  
has



has subscribed himself, upon record, the base calumniator of one virtuous *Woman*? Can it be supposed that *Horace*, who had such a lust of fame, would have subscrib'd to a lye, to record himself to posterity an infamous forger of slander?

Our adversary might have spared himself the great pains he has taken to invent a distribution of time for us; which is too senseless to fill the life of many *Women*. That modesty, which keeps us from prying into the indecencies of the *Men*, suffers me not to oblige him with a return. But wou'd this prying gentleman look into the pursuits which fill up their days and weeks, what a circle of vice and folly might he not discover! And what abundance of mis-placed invectives might he not excuse himself from!

Those invectives, indeed, have as little real force to diminish the superior merit of my sex, as his compliment to myself hath power to affect me with vanity. Mean as the notion he entertains of *Women* is, I am *Woman* enough to prefer his false censure to his insidious praise.

*The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,  
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar :  
These I cou'd bear ; but not a Thing so civil,  
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil,  
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie,  
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.*

F f

He

*He spies me out : But tell me, gracious God !  
 What sin of mine cou'd merit such a nod ?  
 That all the shot of dulness now must be  
 From this his blunderbuss discharg'd on me ?*

POPE's *Dr. Donne.*

Let our adversary and his sex then reserve their compliments for such unhappy creatures as are reduced to the infamous necessity of wanting them ; and be assured, that if all *Women* are of my mind, their flattery to us will meet with a due scorn, till they shew some honesty in restoring us to the power, dignity, and esteem, we have a natural, equal, nay, superior right to. In the meantime let us see what arguments our author uses in his attempts to disprove that right.

What I have before said will suffice to shew how little succour our antagonist can expect from any of the texts of scripture hitherto quoted by him : And a very few words more will serve to convince the honest part of his sex, how little reason he has to expect favour from any part of it. The whole sacred scriptures are full of encomiums on our sex : and afford many instances of *Women* governing nations, and greatly governing them. *David*, a *Man* according to God's own heart, is well known to have been a constant admirer of the *Women* to his death : nor can it be said his study of them was not sufficiently extensive to know them thoroughly. *Solomon* his son, wise as he was with  
 inspired



inspired knowledge, thought it no stooping of his wisdom to have the greatest regard for *Women*. And even *Ecclesiasticus*, whom my adversary has the courage to quote, is full of sublime praises of *Womankind*. Nay, in the very passage this gentleman hints at, he says, *Hast thou a wife after thy mind? forsake her not: but give not thyself over to a light woman*. All then which this writer says against bad *Women* hinders him not from doing justice to the good, or owning that there are good *Women*; nay, and *wise ones* too. For in the very same chapter he positively says, *Forego not a WISE and GOOD WOMAN, for her grace is above gold*. What then could infatuate this enemy to our sex to send us to a passage so much in our favour? The text of *Micah* is levell'd no more at *Women* than *Men*; but at the general corruption of the *Jews* of his time, which was such, that the father was not safe with his son, the mother with her daughter, nor the friend with his friend; and the prophet subjoins that *a Man's enemies are the MEN of his own house*. But how does this affect *Woman* more than *Man*? Or what advantage can our adversary hope to draw from scripture, till he finds something more to the purpose?

The *Men* lay a mighty stress on the laws concerning *Women*; and because, hood-wink'd by custom, they blindly conceit that they are infallible decrees which secure to every one their right, they as foolishly conclude that nature had a hand in the

framing those laws which exclude us from power, dignities, and public offices. But how strangely should I puzzle them, was I to press them hard upon this article, and oblige them to explain, in a manner to be understood, what they mean by nature in this case, and how it empower'd the *Men* to make such laws without consulting the *Women* ! The *law-givers* were *Men* themselves ; and therefore no wonder they should favour their own sex. Had the *Women* been in their place, they might possibly have done the same : though their natural propensity to justice and generosity renders it highly improbable. But does the advantage the *Men* have laid hold of justify their usurpation ? No : they themselves acknowledge dependence and servitude to be contrary to the design of nature, which made all *Mankind* equal. Dependence in itself is a mere civil restraint introduced by chance, force, or custom, and ought rationally to affect none but children, and that only till an age when they are capable of governing themselves. And if they lay aside for a minute the laws of their own making, they'll find it a difficult task to prove why a *Woman* should obey her *husband* any more than *he* his *wife*. The *Woman* has, generally speaking, at least as much and often more wit and discretion than the *Man* : and if she ought to obey him when what he speaks is reasonable, there is no solid reason can be assigned why he should not obey her, when what she says is so : unless my adversary

pleases



pleases to recur to the old plea, the law of the stronger.

Next to the authors of *Holy Writ*, I have the profoundest veneration for those pious *Divines* and *Fathers*, who have taken so much pains to illustrate it with their learned comments. Yet I do not think myself obliged to believe all they say with the same implicit faith as I do the scriptures, especially where I see them carried away by popular prejudice to favour a cause themselves are parties in, and without being able to assign a reason for what they advance. It no ways concerns christian faith, whether *Women* are qualified to govern or not; and therefore it would be no great wonder that any of those reverend writers should err in their opinion concerning it: since all their inspiration related only to matters of faith. And yet the passages which our adversary has been at the drudgery to quote upon us, out of their works, are far from being so disadvantageous to us, as he would have his readers believe; of which he himself seems conscious, by his having recourse to the mean artifice of unfairly translating them.

St *Augustin* does not so much as insinuate, in the text quoted by our author, that the *Women* are *unfit* to govern, to teach, or to testify: But only argues from the laws in force against their teaching or giving evidence, that much more may they be supposed to be forbidden by those to exercise any government: His express words are, *A Wo-*  
*man*

*man cannot exercise the office of teaching, appear as an evidence, nor even declare her opinion; how much less then can she give laws to an empire?* 'Tis one thing to say that *Women* are disqualified from power and public offices by laws, another to say they are naturally *unfit* for them. Now this Father does not so much as hint the latter; and tho' he does tell us what the *Women* are reduced to by the laws of usurpation, he does not take upon him to justify those laws. Indeed, in the second passage, he seems to insinuate something like it. But when he says, that "natural order among mankind requires that the *Women* should serve the *Men*," upon what does he build his assertion but the vulgar prejudice then in vogue, that the *Men* were the *greater* of the two sexes, which, without troubling himself to examine into it, he leaves as he found it: it not being so much his office as a divine to new-mould the laws of the state, as to exhort Christians to conform to their duty, according to the circumstances which those laws subjected them to while unrepealed. What St *Ambrose* says, in the place quoted by my adversary, is undoubtedly sufficient to justify the divine equity in punishing *Woman* for her disobedience, by suffering her to become subject to the unjust usurpation of *Man*, whom she had made an accomplice in her crime: and this is all that Father proposes. For he neither proves nor attempts to prove that usurpation lawful in the *Man*. And if one *Woman* must be own'd, in the  
single



single circumstance just mention'd, to have greatly injured the whole rational species, let it be also remember'd that another *Woman* has as greatly repair'd the injury done, by bringing a *Saviour* to the world.

All the invectives he has pick'd out from the *Poets* and *Orators*, will have as little weight with any, even of his own sex, who are disposed to be rational. The great end of these kinds of writers is to please and persuade; and every one knows that, with the generality of *Men*, probability and appearance of truth serve the same turns as well as truth itself could. No wonder, therefore, that such gentlemen should have recourse chiefly to exaggerations and hyperboles, as they are most likely to metamorphose good into evil, and evil into good, at their pleasure. One common trick with them is to attribute the properties of a part to the whole; a weakness not discernable to the superficial part of readers, for the ornaments of eloquence it is dress'd in. Thus is it sufficient for them to have known some few *Women* guilty of any one fault, to attribute it to the whole sex: and as there are no *Women*, any more than *Men*, but what have some few defects, and there are no defects but what some few *Women* are tainted with; hence they very artfully, though basely, charge all *Women* with all defects. And the pretty smooth jingle of words they wrap their accusations in, contribute not a little to gain them credit with the vulgar. Where-

as,

as, let but their pieces be stript of the gaudy trappings of rhetoric which furround them, let the metaphors, quaint sayings, descriptions, similies, antitheses, and other flowers of eloquence, be sifted from them ; in a word, let them be divested of all those glittering embellishments of speech, which are apt to dazzle the feeble eyes of the unskilful many, and how excessively empty of truth and argument will they not appear ! How full of false reasoning and passion ! And how stuff'd with prejudice and calumny !

How weak then is our adversary, to insist so much upon the opinion of *Poets* and *Orators* ! If *Euripides*, by the snarling invectives he loads us with in his writings, gain'd the character of a *Woman-bater*, his life and conduct were sufficient to clear him of that imputation : the same may be said of poor *Pittacus* ; and for *Tibullus*, we know that if he was said to be jilted by his mistress, he gave so little credit himself to the report, that he himself begs it may be stifled. However, let them laugh who win : if virtuous *Women* have had the pleasure of triumphing over the deceitful attempts of these peevish wits, these wits ought at least to be indulged the liberty of railing. Indeed *Menander* deserves a better treatment, for if he has been severe against some bad *Women*, it was no more than they deserved, as appears from the readiness he shews to do justice to the virtuous many, in the encomiums he bestows on them. He calls a vir-  
tuous



*uous WOMAN the stay of MAN's life*, and so far is he from considering her as unequal to the husband, that he scruples not to say, *she is the helm (or PILOT) of her family*. It is beautiful, cries MENANDER, to observe the beauty which appears in the conduct of WOMAN. Nay, in another place, he sticks not to add *that WOMAN is the fairest plant in life*. So little is *Menander* of the opinion of my adversary, who quotes him against us with as little reason as he does *Plautus*. For tho' this poet is pleased, in the passage quoted, to be a little witty at our expence, to humour the prejudice of his sex, yet he elsewhere shews himself of a very different sentiment, by putting into the mouth of one of his personages the following words :

- “ In troth the laws are cruel with regard to *Woman*,  
 “ 'Tis base in them to make her life a misery :  
 “ And much more base to make *her's* so than *Man's*.

Again, to shew how much our sex has the start of *Men* in virtue and conjugal fidelity, he makes a contrast between the married of both sexes.

- “ The wife thinks only on her own *good man*,  
 “ But every husband every woman craves.

And, *lastly*, to stop his own sex's mouths entirely, he brings them a kind of *argumentum ad hominem*.

- “ More widows, *says he*, are to be found than

“ widowers. ” If this was true in *Plautus*’s days, how much more so is it in ours ! For one *Woman* who ventures her happiness in a second marriage ; how many *Men* think it no hazard at all to engage in wedlock a second, nay a third time ! And how should this be true, if it were not true that the *Men* find greater choice of virtuous and good qualities among the *Women*, than *these* do among the *Men* ?

If my adversary will excuse me for leaving him awhile, I will bring an instance or two to confirm the observation of *Plautus*. *Pulchrina* and *Cornelia* were both left widows in the prime of life. And yet neither the one nor the other have, in twenty years time, found one of all the opposite sex worthy their acceptance : tho’ it has not been for want of a number of suitors ; nor for want of as much artifice and courage in the *latter*, as there appear’d virtue, sense, and beauty in the *former*. But *Pulchrina*’s first luck was too bad not to deter her from trusting her children’s happiness and her own peace to the mercy of a second tyrant. And though *Cornelia* had one of the highest tickets in the marriage lottery, it is plain she thought that more than her share, by her never venturing again to put into a bubble, where there are so many blanks to one prize ; nay, where the best chance is but a kind of blank. For as the polite Lord *Lansdowne* says of his sex, and what a *Man* says must be true,



*The best most perfect  
 'Are so alloy'd, the good so mix'd with bad,  
 Like counterfeited coin of mingled metal,  
 The noble part's not current for the base.*

Not so the *Women*, they are a kind of genuine species, with little or no alloy, but what serves to make their virtues more truly and generally serviceable. Else why should the *Men* be so covetous of them, as they, for the most part, shew themselves ?

Did not *Hoar-frost's* experience of two wives encourage him, even in his old age, to marry a third ? If he had not been practically convinced that there is a felicity in life which none but *Women* can give, and no *Man* can miss, who is once blest with a *Woman* ; if his knowledge of *Woman-kind* had not been enough to secure happiness to him in any *Woman* he could pitch upon ; would he have subjected a child he loved, and who was capable of being mistress of his family, to the novercal authority of her dirty maid ? But the graces which glared through the slime on her face, and the extravagant merit of her homely attire, appear'd a sufficient argument to the widower that any wife is better than none. No wonder therefore that he should be in a hurry to make a third match for himself before he made one for his daughter ; since probably he might never have

lived to enjoy the blessing of another wife, should he have resolved to wait till he could match his daughter with a man who really deserves her.

It is the same way of thinking that makes *Redivivo* put on, at the decline of life, all the fopperies of a young fellow. It is now, indeed, upwards of three months he has buried an excellent wife, and he is still a widower. But if he did not try to mend his hand in a second, even before she was laid in the ground; it must not be imputed to any dislike he entertain'd of our sex. For tho' during her life-time no *Man* was more satirically arch upon second adventurers than himself, his conduct since her death sufficiently shews his archness to have been only a copy of his countenance. The beauty, wit, and discretion of a dutiful daughter would suffice to put him off all designs of marrying again, and even render the very thought horrible to him, if the merit he finds in the generality of our sex did not incline him to think that there is no true happiness for *Man* in this world without a wife, and no unhappiness with one. For this reason from a very sloven he is turn'd quite a prig; from a miser, profuse; and from a home-spun *Stoic*, a downright *Epicurean*. He can simper like a *Soupe mitonnée*, can gibe like a country justice, and affects nothing but gallantry, gaiety and politeness; tho' his gallantry is as aukard as an *Oxonian's*, his mirth as stiff as a *Spaniard's*, and his



his breeding as formal and out of date as that of an old-fashion'd courtier. However his good-will is the same, and the disadvantages he labours under from the deep-rooted habits of irrevocable years he endeavours to repair, or at least hide, with the fervor of his youthful inclinations, which make him an absolutely humble servant to the *Women* in general, from the polite lady to the girl in the kitchen. In reality he has tried his fortune with them in all stations; and has now, for some time, laid close siege to *Jandicia*, for this single merit, that, of all the *Women* and *Wenches* he has purr'd about since a widower, she is the first who has return'd him a smile. And yet, did he but know himself, he must see that the same cause makes her pleasant which put the others out of temper. They shrunk with horror at the unnatural sight of a wanton letcher of fifty; and she cannot help tittering at the excessive extravagance of *mannish* pretensions to wisdom, while she sees one of that sex, after having at a very easy rate acquired the character of a wise man in his younger days, take pains, for the sake of gratifying a fit of lust, to appear a fool in his old age. Still *Jandicia* thinks to have him: she has nothing to trust to for a support but his wantonness or her own labour; and deems it more adviseable to play upon an old fool, than run the risk of working all her life time for a young knave. And therefore she designs to sell him a very great bargain, in  
her

her own person, on the *first* day of next *April*. As my maid is privy to this love affair, *Redivivo* has desired her to think of a posie for the ring, and by my advice she has given him the following one.  
*HO! HO!*

It is pretty plain then, to return to my adversary and his company, that the *Men* find not such a dearth of sense and virtue among us as we do among them, any more in our days than in those of *Plautus*. If *Tully* accuses the *Women* of *Avarice*, he is very far from laying his charge so strongly as my antagonist makes him: tho' *Cicero*, of all *men*, had the least reason to find fault with us. It is well known he was never suspected of the opposite virtue, nor indeed deserved to be so. However his failings would be no excuse for ours, as his bare accusation can be no sufficient proof to convict us of any. The *Orator* but copied from others, as this gentleman does from him: For

*Mankind* each-other's stories still repeat,  
 And *Man* to *Man* is a succeeding cheat.

HOWARD.

I am not insensible that many gentlemen of the faculty, have been very long-winded on the different temperament of *Sexes*, to the disadvantage of *our's*. But it was no new thing, even in *Philo's* days, for those gentlemen to affect a great deal of wisdom, at the expence of sense and truth. But  
 let



let their reasons be examin'd into, and what will they appear but light conjectures, form'd in the shallow heads of *Men*, guided by prejudice and simple appearances ; If a *Man* of *sense* and a *Physician* were either synonymous or analogous terms, I should be cautious how I dissented from their opinion. But as the antipathy is notorious, which reigns between reason and the generality of that unintelligible race, no *Man* of *sense*, without hazarding the reputation of one, can copy any thing they advance. The *Radcliffs*, the *Friends*, the *Meads*, are as extraordinary *Phænomena* in the medical sphere, as an *Atterbury* on the bench, or a *Murray* at the bar : comets of a happy age which take many centuries in their revolution. To quote then the herd of graduates for judges of *sense* is as absurd as to appeal to the honest gentlemen of the law in a case of conscience.

How is it possible to look at *Pollypheme* and think of *sense* ! How much less is it possible to depend on his opinion of it ! If what an illustrious author says be true, that *solemnity is the cover of a sot* ; his solemn phiz betrays one. A pompous strut, the smiles of self-approving confidence, and something of a tolerable person, set off with a look of consequence, stand him in stead of genius. And for learning,--- a loll of state, with eyes uplifted and a leg stretch'd out, the head lent carelessly on this upright arm, while some important motion waves the other, big words, and faithful lungs

lungs stand proxy. *St Paul's* at noon strikes not with more deliberation than he speaks, tho' it gives over sooner. For not even bells can ring so long as he can talk. Yet ever inhumed in native want of thought, in vain he struggles to bring meaning forth. *Self*, big *self*, the constant burthen of the song, ever at odds with sense, forbids it elbow-room, and while he speaks so swells each puny tale, that like some huge unwieldy mount in labour, the loud, slow, grave, mile-measured words his drawling tongue groans out, portend some mighty birth ; till, when the lengthen'd, irksome, tedious period ends, out pops the silly mouse, *great I*, and only makes you smile. With him every physician is a fool but one ; and that must be *I* : *Great I* is statesman, poet, critic and divine. No wonder then if *Pope* and *Swift* should sooner cease to write than he to rail. Not but his doctorship could write as much as they, with the same ease he can out-puff a *Henley*. He'll tell you to a minute the crisis of a patient's death, without telling the dose with which he designs to dispatch him ; can affect an intimacy with great *Men*, he neither knows nor is known by ; and, after walking a mile to save six-pence, can coach it from *Cheapside* to *Batson's* to save appearances. Now must it not be own'd that the doctor has all the qualifications requisite to make a figure in *Warwick-lane* ; and yet, where but at *Gotham* would



Would *Men* of this stamp be set up for arbiters of sense?

But the *Historians* it seems are less to be objected against, as being *Men* of experience. I would fain ask my adversary, whether all *Men* of experience are men of sense, or judges of sense? And tho' it must be granted that a *Man* ought to be a person of excellent sense, who undertakes to write history, yet experience itself has shewn how little sense the major part of *Historians* have been possess'd of. Not that I want to wave the authority quoted against me. *Tacitus* is one of my favourites among this class of writers; which he would not be, if I did not consider him as a *Man* of sense. But still he was a *Man*, and like the rest of *Men* prejudiced in favour of his sex. And therefore I must beg leave to reject his authority, till some reason be alledged from him to support what he says. If he gives some instances of cruelty and ambition in the degenerate part of our sex, he has given many more instances of tenderness, humanity, disinterestedness, and other virtues. And tho' history in general can only be consider'd as a kind of tradition of vulgar prejudices, it is very notorious to all, who are in the least conversant in that kind of reading, how much better a figure the *Women* in general make in it than the generality of *Men*. All history, prophane as well as sacred, bears witness to the native greatness and

H h

goodness

goodness of *Women*, as it does to the infamy of the *Men*.

If here and there a surly philosopher (who by-the-bye are no less *Men* than my adversary and the rest of his company) is pleased to snap at us in a peevish fit, the froth of his spleen will never be able to tarnish our real glory, in the eyes of such *Men* as have any sense left. And yet *Aristotle* himself, though quoted in this number, says in his 8th book of *Animals*, that, “*Woman* has more  
“ piety, and is of a nobler composition than *Man*.” When this philosopher says then that *Women* are unfit and want judgment to govern, to be consistent with himself, he must mean it only of *Women*, consider’d in their then and now present circumstance of ineducation. For he himself, while master of *Alexander*, thought it not beneath him to submit to the government of his mistress: nay, attributes his doing so to the dictates of philosophy, not of love, and even goes so far as to insist upon his wife-man’s engaging in love before he meddles with ruling the state. Why so, but that he may learn of his mistress the art of ruling well? For the truth of this I appeal to *Diogenes Laërtius*. Neither was this great Man the only philosopher who admired our sex. *Socrates* was the ugliest as well as the wisest *Man* of his time. I say not this in contempt to his person; for if a *Man* is but one degree above the devil, he is handsome enough in conscience. I only mention it to shew, that he  
thought



thought it no breach of wisdom to aim at love in spite of nature. And *Plato*, the divine *Plato*, was not more assiduous in erecting states, than offering incense to the *Archeanassas* of his time. And what had either to do with *Women*, had they not found them capable of adding to their knowledge and philosophy. As why had St *Jerom*, that wise philosopher as well as orator and father of the church, such an esteem for *Women*, as to inscribe many of his works to them ? It had been idle if he had not thought them competent judges, and by their judgment capable of adding in their names a lustre to his works.

Let our adversary's *anonymous* author then say what he will, we'll find another to match him on our side, with this addition, that our's cannot only say, but give reasons for what he says. 'Tis the *anonymous* author of the Political Aphorisms. "*Wo-*  
 " *men* (says he) in the greatest emergencies and  
 " most imminent perils are never at a loss to find  
 " a remedy, or to hit on sure expedients. Nay,  
 " their counsels are the best resource in all sudden  
 " cases. For such is the natural genius of that sex,  
 " that in impendent dangers their very first im-  
 " pulses of soul are greatly excellent and happy."

Who then more fit to govern states than they. It was this, doubtless, made *Libanius* in his *Academics* say, that " Nothing more becomes a *Man*, who  
 " means to shine in state-affairs, than to make it  
 " his rule to go from his wife's closet to the senate-

“ house, and from the senate to return again to  
 “ her. For such as follow this rule will be ena-  
 “ bled by it to add spirit to their counsels, dis-  
 “ cernment to their affairs, and reputation to  
 “ their administration.” And how could this be,  
 if their counsels and conduct were not assisted and  
 improved by the advice of their wives? Well  
 then might *Plutarch* say, that “ He who takes a  
 “ wife becomes a perfect master of a family : but  
 “ he who loses his wife is not only an imperfect  
 “ but a maim’d one.” For, in reality, what is  
 he more than a half-headed ruler, who loses at  
 least one half of the understanding which help’d  
 him to govern.

One would hardly after this imagine it possible  
 for my adversary to quote this very *Plutarch*’s au-  
 thority to prove us unqualified to govern, if we  
 had not already such flagrant proofs of this gentle-  
 man’s shameless courage. And what is it *Plutarch*  
 charges us with? Why, among many instances of  
 the spirit of tattle in his own sex, he mentions  
 some few in our’s : tho’ he no where pretends to  
 say that all *Women* are like them. Had my ad-  
 versary been a faithful quoter, he would have ad-  
 ded the opposite instance that author gives us of  
*Leæna* of *Athens*, who, being engaged in a conspi-  
 racy against *Pisistratus*, and fearing lest the exqui-  
 site torture she was put to should extort any disco-  
 very from her, bit her tongue off. At least, since  
 he thought it necessary to reflect on *Fulvia* for her  
 levity,



levity, it would have been but fair to do justice to that brave Lady's memory, in adding the attonement she made, by poniarding herself to encourage her husband by the like means to avoid the fatal effects of their joint indiscretion. The very same *Plutarch*, in another part of his works, has recorded the *Women's* talent for secrecy, in those of *Melita*, of whom, tho' all were in the conspiracy with their husbands, not one disclosed the secret. And my adversary's friend *Tacitus* has perpetuated the memory of *Epicharis*, whom all the cruelties of *Nero* could not induce to betray any of the secrets she was privy to in the conspiracy laid against him. But where is the necessity of recurring to foreign climes, and distant ages, for proofs which our own country, and almost our own times, can produce. The *Saxon Women* were a counterpart to those of *Melita*. And such as have been engaged in plots in this kingdom have shewn as much fidelity to the trusts reposed in them, as any of the *Grecian* or *Roman* ladies recorded by *Plutarch*, *Tacitus*, or any other antient historians. Let any one but look back into the State Tryals of some former reigns, and they will find what numbers of dastardly squeakers there have been among the *Men*; while neither pillory, whipping, nor hopes of life, or fear of death, could ever extort a discovery from the *Women* who were concern'd with them. Was there not one exposed to the outrage of the populace in one conspiracy? Were there not  
three

three executed in another, and no less than fifteen excepted in a general amnesty? And what lights or helps was the government able to get from any one of them, either by threats or promises? I say not this to commend them for their treason, or obstinacy in persisting in it, but only to shew my adversary that *Women* can keep a secret, tho' it be to their greatest disadvantage so to do. And tho' the being detected in a treasonable conspiracy is no reason why the persons detected should add to their former guilt, by obstinately persisting in it, yet surely such mistaken *Women* as continue strongly possess'd with the lawfulness of the plot they have (however unlawfully) engaged in, and therefore rather chuse to die than betray their trust, are worthy pity, if not applause. Whereas what pity do those base wretches among the *Men* deserve, who without any remorse of conscience have sacrificed to their own safety the lives of their accomplices, and without any other sorrow for their criminal attempt than regret for it's having miscarried, aggravate their treason against their country with treachery to their friends. It is pretty plain that such wretches would have equally sacrificed the most honest cause they could have been concern'd in. As, on the contrary, it is very natural to believe, that, if such *Women*, as we have been speaking of, had been happily embark'd in the true interests of their country, they would have as nobly sacrificed all their private hopes and fears



fears to the faithful discharge of any trust reposed in them. If *Homer* commends *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* for their steadiness in keeping a secret; he is no less eloquent in the praises of *Penelope* and *Euriclea*, the wife and nurse of *Ulysses*, for the same virtue. *Angerona* was so famous for it, that the *Romans* worship'd her for the goddess of *Silence*. And while the mysteries of the *Good Goodness* were wholly in the *Women's* keeping, the secrecy of them was so inviolably preserved, that the *Men* had no other way to come at the knowledge of them than by sacrilegiously intruding among them, disguised in *Woman's* apparel.

It is quite childish then in our adversary, to argue us incapable of government for want of a spirit of secrecy. It is notorious what gossips the ancients as well as moderns of the male sex have been, the voluminous tattle of many of them is a standing proof of it. *Simonides* and *Xenocrates*, so mightily cried up for their reserve of speech, were as arrant tattlers as any; and both allow, that, tho' they had never any cause to be displeased with having held their peace, they had often found room to regret their prating: A plain proof of their having as little government of their tongues as some of our sex, not one of whom, however, could pretend to vie with a *Ctesiphon*, who valued himself upon being able to chatter a whole day long, upon any subject that could be started to him; as *Erasmus* tells us, who was not the least chatterer of his time,

time, tho' perhaps one of the least tiresome ones. If the *Latin* editor of *Pindar* is not an idle prater, the *Men* of *Smyrna* were all gossips. The famous *Aristotle* was so egregious a one, that he confesses himself, that nothing seem'd to him less practicable than keeping a secret. Indeed *Pythagoras* was so in love with silence, that he obliged all his scholars to keep a five years taciturnity. But if we may credit gossip *Laërtius*, it was the silence of others that pleased him ; insomuch that the lust of hearing himself prate made him use that stratagem, not to be interrupted by contradiction. The same *Laërtius* tells us, that *Zeno* thought it a wondrous piece of news to send *Ptolemy*, that there was one old fellow who had learn'd to hold his tongue.

It is surely therefore conscious guilt which makes our antagonist unwilling to trust the safety of his cause to this common-place stuff. No wonder then that after finding his stock of ridicule out, he shou'd have recourse to the mean expedient of arguing from particulars to the general, and, after the drudgery of hunting out three or four silly *Women* who know not how to govern their families, triumphantly conclude that all *Women* are unfit for public government. If we have here and there a *Belluina*, a *Muccabella*, a *Priscilla*, or a *Prudentia*, our adversary will not sure have the face to say we are all like them. At least he would think me very rash to say that every *Man* is a *Hectorinus*, a *Molybditis*, a *Morio*, a *Hoarfrost*, or *Redivivò*, or  
to



to argue from their indiscretion in private life, that all his sex are disqualified from public government. Nay, I'll go farther,

Even *Anarchus*, for what I know, might make an excellent statesman, tho' a wicked manager of his private concerns. He is one of the most industrious men living in ordering the affairs of other people, and that may be one reason perhaps why his own are so vilely neglected. The money he squanders, in strolling about collections for others, hinders him from affording a sufficient provision to his own family : And the liquor he guzzles, in making up breaches among his acquaintance, occasions his perpetually breaking peace at home. Abroad he is ever lavishing his substance with alacrity, on such of his fellow-brutes as deserve it the least, and in his own house is as sparing of necessaries to his wife, as he is heedless of the waste in his servants : When he is up he is for ever abusing her, and when a-bed frequently puking upon her. Tho' civil to all besides, the public contempt he treats her with strips her of the authority requisite to put a remedy in his absence to the irregularities of her disorderly dependants, which his example when present serves to encourage them in. So that while he, at some tavern or ale-house, is drunk with wine and sollicitude for every one but those he owes it to, she is struggling with a weight of misery, amidst a wreck of confusion at home, with no other comfort to buoy her up than

the solitary solace of expecting a midnight visit from her dear monster, when he shall reel home to load her with ill-usage and filth.

Now tho' this picture be so very like the major part of the *Men*, that few will believe *Anarchus* was the only one who sat for it ; yet I am far from arguing from it that all *Men* are unfit for public government. Nothing then but a creature as weak as my adversary, and some of his sex, can conclude from the weakness of some *Women*, a general incapacity in us all for government and public offices. But enough has been said of this matter, and therefore it is time to proceed to the examination of what our adversary has to object against our capacity for the sciences.

Our adversary takes a great deal of unsuccessful pains to be witty in his common-place jokes upon gibberish ; which, if the *Men* will but be honest, they must fairly confess are applicable to as many of their own sex as of ours, and therefore I shall take no trouble to answer or defend it in either. Neither can I be desirous to see any of my sex conversant with the matters of the Law ; though I believe there are few who would not discharge any duty of it with much more honesty, clearness, and dispatch, than the most irreproachable of those *Men* who make themselves so busy with it. I am very ready to give up flagitious *Lolia* ; and the universal contempt she was treated with by all my sex, shews she was more the detestation of *Women* than  
 she



she was of the *Men*. I agree with this gentleman, “ that to complete a *Man* a knave, it is absolutely “ necessary to make a lawyer of him.” And therefore perhaps is it, that the surest way to advancement among the *Men* is the study of the Law. If they did not in general look on the perfection of dishonesty as a favourite accomplishment, why should they make this the readiest road to promotion ? Or if a genius for tricking was not a title to esteem with most of them, why should they not set *Albone* at bay ? why should not their public resentment single him out to ridicule and contempt, as our’s does *Lolia* ?

*Albone* is no more a lawyer by profession than *Lolia* was, and therefore has no more licence to cozen than she could shew. His trade is that of a gamester ; and yet it is hard to say whether he has enrich’d himself most by sharpening at *Mordaunt*’s, or by tricking with letters of attorney the persons he has coax’d them from. He is so deeply read in those instructive books called the *Law-Quibbles* and the *English Rogue*, that he can teach a *Man* the art of becoming the latter without seeming such, and could set a *Bailiff*, a *petty-fogging Attorney*, or a *Justice* of the *Quorum*, right in any relating to the former. He has bought goods of a tradesman, and arrested him for the money he paid for them ; he has paid a fellow eighteen pence for mending his shoes, and then forced three shillings and four pence from him for writing a receipt for it,

because the wretch was too poor to contend with him. And empower'd by a young lady to manage her affairs, he has appropriated her money without accounting to her, brought her in debtor to him for articles he had the impudence to forge, and the emptiness not to forge well, turn'd her out of doors in an abusive manner, for refusing to sign away her all to him, without advice of her counsel, in consideration of his faithful discharge of his trust, and arrested her when he had done for some hundreds he could shew no just right to. And yet *Albone* is a religious *Man* enough, all things consider'd : he no more misses prayers once a day, than he does the gaming-table once a night ; a Bible is as familiar with him as a pack of cards ; and he is as liberally impartial in distributing his devotions between the ladies and the church, as he is in dividing his *curses* between the poor and the clergy. However, the ladies despise him, the poor hate him, the clergy pity and pray for him in vain, and the church cannot but be disgraced by such a prophane out-law's pretending to be a member of it.

Now tho' I am very wide of thinking that there are many *Men* as base as *Albone*, yet I cannot think any of those who associate with him much better : and this I am pretty sure of, that were the *Women* executors of the laws, they would think it a justice due to their own sex, and the few honest persons of the other, to wed with an indissoluble knot him  
and



and *Lolia* together by the neck, was she still living, that they might add no more reproach to those laws, by using them as a screen to pervert the ends they were made for.

What I have already said, relating to physic, in my former Treatise, is sufficient to shew that we are no less capable of succeeding and shining in that branch of study than the best of the opposite sex : nor does it appear that our adversary has any thing solid to object against this. And as for his sarcasm upon the middle-rated gentry of the faculty, let *Polypheme*, and such of them as it affects, fight it out with him.

Unable to say any thing solid against the *Women's* capacity for *History* and *Politics*, the gentleman attempts to be arch upon our sex, tho' at the expence of his own, by craftily calling a late celebrated *Historian* an *Old Woman*. As to this particular, I agree with my adversary in his opinion, and if the founder part of his sex are not all as arrant old women as the *reverend* author of the *History of his own Times*, we may add to the catalogue of such a *Baker*, a *Rapin*, and many others, antient as well as modern. If *Women* have not been so industrious to signalize their talents in this way, it ought more to be attributed to their innate modesty than to any want of ability in them. The antient policy was less refined than that of our times, and the interest of princes less interwoven : so that it must require infinitely less pains to unfold

fold a *Roman History* than one of our *Gazetteers*. Why then may we not be as complete mistresses of *antient Politics*, as our antagonist seems to allow us to be of the modern.

Indeed he does it by way of sneer: tho' if I have any reason to depend on the veracity of the *Men*, his own sex have less reason to be pleased with his wit upon this subject than we have. For one *Novella* who pesters our drawing-rooms, their coffee-houses can produce hundreds of *Verbosos* as incorrigibly impertinent: wretches who, without organs for hearing, are perpetually talking of things they know nothing of, will run you over countries they never saw so much as in a map, and settle all *Europe* with the same facility they confound your senses with.

*Eccho* is one of this sort of mongrels, a kind of a half-pay spy, who has just impudence enough to thrust himself into every one's conversation, tho' not sense enough to gather the information necessary to make him useful to his pay-master. He is very intimate with my Attorney, to whom I am obliged for his character. At the *Old House* this extraordinary person was lately pointed out to me among the heroes of the pit; and proved at last to be my old acquaintance. I have several times been present when he has signalized the ability of his lungs at a cat-call; and, if I am inform'd right, he is as often busied in saving the drooping nation as in damning a new play. The creature has a  
good



good broad phiz of his own, which an uncommon share of self-content has plump'd into arrogance; and the redness of his coat, reflecting a flush on the lividness of his empty looks, gives him a settledness as unalterable as bronze. By the help of these Corinthian talents, he so happily clods into one solid mass, within his own *dura mater*, the seemingly jarring qualities of wit and statesman, that he can presage the fate of a farce before it appears on the stage, and could foretel the event of the present *War* before it was declared. At *Slaughter's* he concludes a treaty with the *Emperor*, flogs *Don Carlos* for wearing the old breeches of *Broglio*, sails down the *Mediterranean*, sinks a fleet of *French* in a dish of coffee, and takes the *Havanna* when he has done ; from thence proceeds to the *Pine-Apple*, with equal expedition enters into an alliance with the *Czarina*, gets a footing in *Florida*, and with one and the same knife hacks a *beef-stake* and a body of *Spaniards* to pieces. Some time ago, hearing I had a pretty large acquaintance at this end of the town, he found means, without any personal knowledge of me, to solicit my interest at court for the post of *English* courier from the Prince of *Saxe-Gotha* to the author of the *Farthing Post*. But *St James's* and *St Martin's* court happening to be divided in their politics, I had not the pleasure of contributing to the promotion of this ingenious gentleman. However, as shaving mustachoes has nothing to do with party, if he should

should happen to understand handling a razor as well as state affairs, I am in great hopes of getting him a patent for barber to the *Danish* troops, when they shall be landed in *England*.

In the mean time, let the *Novellas* and *Ecchoes* couple together, if the number of the former be at all proportion'd to that of the latter. But let neither *Us* nor the *Men*, if they wish not to forfeit the little sense they have among them, pretend to conclude from such uncommon mortals a general incapacity on either side, for the study of politics or any other useful sciences.

In like manner let not my adversary expose the littleness of his genius, by concluding *Us* all unfit for the study of poetry, philosophy, or any other profitable science, because a *Manly*, a *Bekn*, or a *Saphira*, have shamefully misapplied their talents. For a few shameless *Women* who have prostituted their wit to wanton subjects, how many illustrious ladies have raised the dignity of writing to the highest pitch of sublimity, delicacy, morality, and piety! whereas, among the ablest authors the *Men* have to boast of, how rare is it to find one who does not shed his vicious thoughts on the most sacred subjects!

However great pains my adversary has taken to find out three or four silly *Women*, as industrious to expose the levity of their heads or the corruption of their hearts, as the flood of *male* scribblers we are daily overwhelm'd with, I shall take no pains  
myself



myself to give him a list of the many whose excellence in writing has forced their just praise from the mouth of envy. I shall send no express to *Greece* to fetch thence the nine *Muses*, nine *Sybils*, and nine *Lyric Poetesses*. Let *Vossius*, *Midas*, and *Lilius Geraldus* inform you of *Megalostate*, and the daughters of *Stesichorus* ; of *Eritrean Sappho*, *Demophila* her mistress, *Erinna*, and the three *Theanos*, one the wife of *Pythagoras*, who improved his school after his decease ; besides *Cleobulina* the poetess, *Praxilla* another, and *Aspatia Milesia* a poetess and teacher of rhetoric, if we may believe *Plutarch*. Let *Strabo* do justice to the talents of *Hestia*, and *Thessalian Antipater* to the genius of *Nysis*, while *Tatian* labours for the immortality of *Anytes*. *Athenæus* thought it an ornament to his works to quote the poetess *Hedyle*, and *Diogenes Laërtius* deem'd it no disgrace to *Plato* to give him for company his fair disciples *Lasthenia* and *Axiothea*, besides the beautiful *Hipparchia*, whose life in particular he disdains not to write ; in which he celebrates her as a lady equally excellent in dramatic poetry, ethics, and philosophy. We need but recur to *Diogenes Harlicarnassæus* and *Longinus*, two of the ablest critics of their times, to learn the merit of *Sappho*, whose odes, spite of their mannish prejudice, they prefer'd to any of their own sex's, for a standard of wit and accuracy. But what will my adversary say, should I dare to mention two other *Grecian* ladies ? The one is *Talesilla* ; that

famous Woman, who to an excellent poetess added the character of an heroine, and signalized her courage by spiriting up and heading her countrywomen to victory over the *Spartans*, who came to surprise them in the absence of their husbands : The other is *Corinna*, who five several times gain'd a compleat victory of wit over *Pindar*, the best lyric poet of his sex, as *Propertius* relates the story.

Was I but to name the illustrious ladies who have added lustre to the sphere of learning among the *Romans*, I should never have done. *Quintilian* has said enough of *Cornelia*, *Sallust* of *Sempronia*; and for *Sulpicia*, *Cornificia*, *Polla Argentaria*, and *Helpine*, the wives of *Lucan* and *Boëtius*, who had no small share in the works of their husbands, as well as *Proba*, *Falconia*, and others, I shall refer my adversary to *Vossius's* account of them. If this gentleman had travell'd thro' *Italy*, *Spain*, *France*, and *Germany*, he might have heard of many of those learned names, which *Jacobus a S. Carolo* has been at the pains to register in his library of *learned Women*. Had he ever read *Voiture* and *Balzac* he would have found, that there have been some *Men* of sense who could both acknowledge and admire learning and wit in a *Woman*. Or was he at all conversant in the republic of literature, he could not be unacquainted with the merits of *Mademoiselle Le Fevre*, afterwards *Madam Dacier*, and *Madam Scuderie*; to the former of whom we owe many excellent translations, and valuable criticisms



ticisms on the *Greek* and *Latin* poets ; and to the latter several curious essays, besides the share she had in those of her brother. I don't suppose he has so much as heard of Signora *Cornara*, probably still living, who before she attain'd the age of thirty was perfect mistress of several different languages, and all the branches of polite learning, besides having gone through a compleat course of every Science dependent on Philosophy, with such success as to attract the admiration and esteem of the greatest *Men* in *Europe*. Neither can I think he ever heard the least mention of Madam *Gournay*, of *France*, who publish'd a treatise on the equality of the sexes, or of Signora *Marinella* of *Italy*, who wrote another on the superior nobility of the fair sex : And tho' he has got by rote the name of Madam *Schurman*, sure he could not be acquainted with either her writings or her talents : otherwise he might have spared me the pains of quoting the names of these illustrious ladies, who might themselves have spared the trouble of writing in defence of the *Women*, as they themselves were the best arguments of their sex's superior capacity. Tho' most people who know any thing know it, lest our adversary should not, I shall beg leave to inform him, that this last mention'd lady was perfectly versed in the *Hebrew*, *Syriac*, *Arabic*, *Chaldaic*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Italian*, *German*, *Spanish*, *English*, *French*, *Flemish*, and *Dutch* languages ; was a pretty poet in them all, was mistress of every

branch of *Philosophy* ; and to her universal knowledge of the *sciences* added a delicate taste in the polite amusements of *Painting* and *Music* : and all this before she was completely thirty years old.

I might be expected to pay some compliment to the eminent ladies of my own country : but I cannot think it in the least necessary. Let it suffice that *Erasmus* has given us the account of Sir *Thomas Moore's* daughters ; without mentioning those of Sir *Nicholas Bacon*, not behind hand with the former for wit or learning. As for lady *Pembroke*, Sir *Philip Sidney* has immortalized her genius ; and for the parts and extensive knowledge of *Mary* queen of *Scots*, lady *Winchelsea*, Mrs. *Philips*, and many other *English* geniuses and poetesses of our sex, their best panegyric is the modesty with which they labour'd to conceal their abilities. But for this obstacle they have put to their fame, the *Women* of *Great Britain* might shine in equal numbers, and with the same lustre, as those of *Greece*, *Rome*, or any other country ; as the list of truly learned *Women* in general might, for ought I know, far exceed that of the solidly learned of the opposite sex. At least, were the bare familiar letters of both sexes to be produced for a trial of wit between both, I fancy the *Men* would be the first to put in a demur.

It is more than plain then, that whenever the *Women* have been upon any degree of equal advantage with the *Men*, they have always run at  
least



least parallel with them in most things, and even outstript them in some particulars ; and that there are almost an infinity of our sex, who, had they had the like advantages, would have made an equal progress with them in useful knowledge.

And yet, though from the cradle the softest sex gives the fairest hopes, such is the unjust partiality of the *Men* to the blockheads of their own, that all the advantages of education are wholly reserved for them. The greatest care is taken to form and improve their minds ; and the poor *Women* are left to loiter away life in indolence and ignorance, or at best are employ'd in such offices only as the *Men* think the lowest and most servile.

In fact, nothing is omitted to give our sex a degenerate way of thinking, and to reduce them to as narrow a way of acting. All their science is confined to the needle ; and the looking-glass is the great oracle they are taught to consult for their deportment. The industry with which the business of dress is inculcated to a young girl makes her give up her favourite hours to it. The ogles, the signs, the love-tales, the encomiums on her beauty, and the fulsome compliments she is eternally pester'd with, decoy her unawares into placing all her happiness in being admired, and contribute to fill her mind with vanity and impertinence. Dancing, reading, writing, and playing a soft tune, are the sum of her compleatest education ;

tion ; the books her *Father* or *Guardian* stocks her study with are at best a treatise or two of devotion, a few play-books, and a set of romances ; and all her entertainments are limited to balls, operas, and fashions. Such of our sex as distinguish themselves by useful and instructive books they have seized with the utmost difficulty, and often by stealth, are frequently forced to hide them from the eyes of the *Men*, whose envy is ever ready to sneer them out of the true knowledge of themselves and the world: nay, they are forced to hide them even from such of their own jealous companions as have early lost a relish for the like entertainments, thro' the crafty practices of the *Men* they have been ruled by.

So that there is no wonder if *Women*, being bred in this limited manner, should sometimes be guilty of oversights when they are engaged in a marriage state ; which they are but too often inhumanly forced into against their inclinations, and even without so much as being consulted, like *Negroes* bought and sold at a *West-India* fair.

And yet, notwithstanding all the advantages which the *Men* have engrossed to themselves, and all the disadvantages they have laid *Women* under, there needs but a common degree of observation to perceive, that the case of the two sexes is like that of two brothers, of the same parents ; between whom this is the only great difference, the elder got the start in coming into the world, and the younger



younger makes the best figure in it. To be convinced of this, we need only compare them together, or converse with them apart. The *Women* are stately and graceful in their carriage, uniform and prudent in their actions, reserved and yet easy in their conversations, and their words are generally a flow of sense and sincerity. The *Men*, on the reverse, are for the most part odd and antic in their gestures ; rash and unsettled in their conduct ; forward, loose, weak and vicious in their language. When *Women* express their thoughts, their words cost them nothing, order is easy to them, and fancy supplies them with inexhaustible funds. If a question is started to them, they have the point at once, they view it with one glance in all its lights ; and, when they find it worth an answer, return such a clear, succinct and decisive one, as renders a reply often needless. They are neither fond of contradiction, nor addicted to dispute, and are generally averse to those technical, hard, and scientific terms, with which the generality of pretenders to learning of the other sex stuff their works. Wherever they are free enough to give their own opinion, it is so squared with sense, so suited to time and place, and so mix'd with sweetness and decency, that it seldom fails to insinuate into the minds of their company, like the genial warmth of temperate sunshine into the bowels of nature. Whereas, what the *Men* utter is mostly dry, rustic, barren, and obscure. What is most unintelligible

ble first attracts their attention, because the nearest to mystery. In a word, the generality of *Men*, whom the world calls learned, are a species of over-topt mortals, who seem to have stuff'd their heads with study, only to confound their understanding. Nothing comes easily from them ; and such is the labour they are at in digging for expression, that they either lose the thought, or throw it out in a manner which makes them appear but like drudges, employ'd by the nicer artists of our sex to cut diamonds from a rock : the rough and shapeless things they hew out we are forced to polish, and give lustre and play to. Nay, some of them have but just enough vivacity to distinguish them from rocks themselves ; and, whatever lustre and value they may intrinsically possess, are but so many buried treasures till we take them in hand.

*Occiput* is one of these rough diamonds, a mere unpolish'd being, all brilliancy within, but so outwardly beset with awkwardness, that every smooth coxcomb, tho' of less value than a *Bristol-stone*, appears with more lustre in public. With a lively penetrating genius, he possesses solidity of judgment, both which the advantage of liberal studies has greatly improved ; and, thanks to his own industry and good taste, as well as to the assistance of reading and masters, he has acquired an extensive knowledge in books and *Men* : a lawyer by profession, by talent a poet ; prodigious ! he is the  
one



one without dishonesty, and the other without vanity, and yet bids fair for raising his fortune by his business, and his reputation by his amusements. A modest, candid, and ingenious critic of other men's works, he shews himself an accurate sprightly author in his own. Who would not think it an advantage to so much personal merit for the person to be set in full view? But! if perusing his productions you wish to converse with the Man, when you view himself you are strangely tempted to fancy him incapable of conversing with you. With *Coke* and *Horace* he is all alive; but take him from both and he seldom appears half awake. In company he is ever sneaking behind, as if ashamed of his companions, or afraid they should be ashamed of him: and indeed, but for his head and his heart, his garb and his gait would almost justify their being so. His cloaths, which generally look the refuse of *Monmouth-street*, would fit any one better than him; and his wig, made of the beard of old *Aaron*, which innumerable showers have wash'd all the oil off, and succeeding sun-beams have rectified into rushes, gives him such a felonious look, that, without knowing something of him, no one could well be mentally present where he is, for consulting the safety of their pockets. Then, he never erects his head but in making a bow; and on other occasions, when an easy bending of the neck is becoming, he walks as if he thought all joints useless but in the hips and shoulders; to guess by

their motion, you would take his legs for a pair of stilts, and either arm for the swing of a pump. But when he stands or sits, his whole body is bent like the stalk of a poppy under the weight of its flower, or rather like a collier's back under a bushel of coals. If he is silent, he looks as if he had nothing to say ; and, when he talks, seems afraid of what he says. Tho' whatever he utters is good in itself, and quite to the purpose, it comes from him like contreband tea, with such confusion, false modesty, and so seemingly by stealth, as makes one almost cautious of dealing with him. The truth is, he considers satire as a general excise upon wit, which, tho' no one has less cause to be uneasy about, a kind of intellectual avarice makes him unwilling to submit to. Wherefore, like a covetous trader, rather than pay the usual custom for the large creditable commerce of a fair dealer, he chuses to confine himself to the narrow sphere of a smuggler in conversation. No wonder then his conversation is without spirit, his delivery without grace, and his carriage without dignity : all which is owing to the want of that modest assurance which conscious worth ought to give him. Desirous of steering the mid-way between levity and dulness, the dread of falling into one extreme jostles him into another. In running at a break-neck rate from the ridicule of others, he stumbles into lampooning himself ; forfeits in trifles the wisdom he pursues, and the fools he has the head

to



to despise, he has the weakness of heart to under-act, for fear of seeming like them. Now, must it not be own'd that, if *Occiput* has parts and learning, he has them to very little purpose ; since they serve only to make him appear a *slovenly, formal, awkward Scholar* ? And yet I will not, to mimic my adversary, say, that it is happy this gentleman is not married. I am rather disposed to think it a pity he should not be married before his outward coat of oddities be too much harden'd into habit for a wife to polish away. If any of our sex was to take him in hand, in all probability she might gradually smooth him into *ease*, laugh off his formal bashfulness, and at the small expence of a genteel suit of cloaths, a new wig, a little powder and oil, and a few lessons from *Glover*, mould the rustic scholar into a compleat gentleman, by finishing to convince him that it is no ornament to a *Man* of sense to make the figure of a fool ; nor any blemish to the merit of an honest *Man* to dress like one.

If there be any truth in that prevailing notion, that where both parents have sense the children seldom have much, I would by no means propose a match between this gentleman and the learned lady my adversary's acquaintance. For tho' I give little credit to the library which he has been pleased to provide her with, and which could not contribute to make her what he confesses her to be ; yet from the sketch he has given of her natural  
parts,

parts, it appears that her oddities and *Occiput*'s are owing to the same cause, and a little matter would finish both the compleat persons they are capable of being; and therefore I think it highly unfit they should be man and wife, however like one another, lest they should beget such another wit as our adversary.

But at his return to *England*, I think it would be very proper to publish the banns between *Campo-bianco* and my adversary's *Dromonia*. For if it be true that the wisest children are the offspring of a fool and a mad-man, why may it not be as probable that a cross breed of oafish fanaticism and wild enthusiasm should produce an orthodox babe of grace? If *Dromonia* is silly to an extravagance of bigotry, *Campo-bianco* is frantic to the utmost fury of senseless zeal. Commission'd by a solemn squint of devotion, the swelling of self-applause, and the knawings of envious want of merit, he can preach anarchy up to the eminence of christian obedience, blow pride to the warmth of religious ardour, and deal out damnation by wholesale at the expence of the clergy. A zealous apostle of Satan, he can look the faint and put on the similitude of an angel of light, to make the good rebel, and the wicked blaspheme through despair. He can thin churches by church authority, overthrow scripture by its own words, cant virtue out of practice, and religion into confusion. He has bilk'd the poor of their industry, the rich of their



their money ; rob'd one half of the people of their senses, the other half of their conscience ; talk'd libertines out of all hopes of repentance, the virtuous into diffidence of their salvation, and deprived church and state of the means to rectify this disorder by the contempt he has rail'd them into. Nay, a mere ecclesiastical prig, by an odd kind of miracle, he has at once render'd venerable and ridiculous the most contemptible fopperies, by a formal coalition of jarring ones in his own grotesque figure ; has ranted a coxcomb's toupee out of buckle in a smartly frosted bob, puff'd away the powder from one young girl's locks without ruffling his own, and with his gold-watch in his hand preach'd poverty to another so pathetically, that he had melted the golden pride on her mantle into solid humility in his own purse, if he had not been unluckily defeated with a smart repartee by the serpent of her wit.

However, if this solid Divine should have too high an opinion of his own country to entertain any hopes of gulling it a third time, and *Dromonia* too mean a one of *Pensylvania* to hazard a voyage thither ; let her not despair of a husband, while *Puzzle-Conscience* is in being. This worthy personage, without being a Divine, has all the merit requisite to qualify him for a Mitre, as Mitres are sometimes bestow'd. He is one of your good sort of *Men*, whose goodness, not unlike some of our *English* country roads, is excellent at bottom ; but  
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(as the peasants express themselves) *there's a woondy way to't*. Blest with an energetic corpulence of flesh and a happy broadness of visage, where native dullness ranges through every feature unhaunted by the shadow of meaning, he looks a very bishop for gravity. His brain, the pasture-ground of folly, ignorance, and bigotry, like a heath of fern and furz, is a kind of *vacant plenitude*, if I may call it so, of scriptural texts and common-place arguments fitted for every religious topic; which, by the help of an all-inspiring pipe of Tobacco and a pot of porter, he often applies with uncommon success. The fairness of his wig, the smugness of his dress, which for an old beau is smart enough, and a fortunate settledness of phiz, add such force to his discourse, that, after some hours talk, he seldom fails to convince you that he is very earnest about something that is designedly good, tho' you cannot tell what. He is so eaten up with the zeal of the house of the Lord as to retain but little for himself; and therefore, if he is impertinently forward in rebuking his neighbours for their conduct, they are the more obliged to him, as his charity renders him sollicitous to make others as good christians as he thinks he is. If you copy not after him, he will be friendly enough to tell you of your mistake; and, if you do, it is a hundred to one but he alters his practice, convinced that cannot be lawful for him to do which he sees done by frail sinners. Nor is he more sparing in his pious re-

proofs



proofs to the clergy than to the laity ; he has consulted a body of Divines about a lady's dropping asleep in church, and, the manner of their own behaviour out of it ; he once ask'd me, piously staring me out of countenance, whether I ever said my prayers with sincerity ; and to shew his own sincerity another time, ask'd a reverend clergyman, with graceful seriousness, whether he ever committed fornication after he was in orders : nay, I am told, he designs, if ever the Convocation should sit again in his time, to propose for their advancement in perfection, that all Church-men shall go cloath'd in sack-cloth, and wear linen a groat a yard cheaper than winnow-sheets.

I must confess that such geniuses as these out-top the abilities of our sex for divinity, as most of the philosophic tribe of that sex distance us in trifling with the sciences. But however we may be excluded from the sacred studies by the laws of God, for the reasons I have already hinted in my former Essay ; yet I defy the *Men* to prove from any arguments, divine or human, that we are by nature unqualified for divinity, or by any laws of God or nature prohibited or discouraged every other commendable science ; or even that we are less, or not more, capable of succeeding in the study of them than any of the *Men*.

Indeed, as I have already observed, we have no share with them in the external advantages leading thereto ; but are we therefore incapable of them ?

To

To convince us of this, the *Men* should prove, that the reason why we are not admitted to them is because we are essentially unable to reap any benefit from them. But this they will find an impracticable task. Whereas it would be no difficult matter to prove, that the very reason why they themselves acquire so very little benefit from the sciences is the confused notion they have of them in general.

One grand vulgar error which has crept into *Philosophy*, through the extravagance of mannish learning, is the very great distinction made among the sciences. Infomuch, that, to follow their round-about methods of teaching them, it is impossible to find any coherence in them; and hence perhaps it is that human understanding is consider'd in so limited a light, as to be thought incapable of excelling in many sciences. If we hunt this chimera up to its source, we shall find it to proceed from the same cause with that which influences their weak opinion of *Womankind*, to wit, *Prejudice*: which, confounding *Custom* with *Nature*, takes the disposition of different persons to different sciences for an effect of natural temperament, when in reality it is oftener the casual effect of necessity, chance, or education. So that would the *Men* once make a sacrifice of prejudice to reason, how plainly might they not see, that there is in fact but one great science in the world, whence all the rest, like so many branches from their trunk, are natural emanations; which is, the know-  
ledge



ledge of ourselves and all external objects according to their manner of affecting us. The rest of our knowledges are all dependent on this ; and this well understood, the others, proposed in order and method, have no greater difficulty, nor any thing in them which the meanest *Women* are not as capable of reaching as the greatest *Men*. The *Ideas* of natural objects are absolutely necessary, and these are form'd in all after the same manner. *Adam* and *Eve* had them, as we have : we first received them as children now do, and they have no other way of entrance into the minds of *Men*, than of *Women*, both acquire them by the use of the senses.

There is nothing more wanting than sensation, reflection, and attention in observing the different appearances of nature, to discourse on their effects. By the help of these any one will be capable of remarking that the luminous bodies in the heavens are of an igneous nature, since they both warm and light us as our terrestrial fires do ; and to judge of their motion and courses, there needs no more than comparatively to consider their different and successive appearances by the help of proper instruments. Now whoever are able to contain great designs in the mind, and set the springs of them in agitation, may with equal ease and exactness turn there the whole machine of the world, if they are but careful to remark its different appearances. The mind is always in action, and she who has once observed

the main spring of nature, and knows how it proceeds in one thing, may, without much drudgery, discover its manner of operating in another : there are but different degrees between the impression made by the *Sun*, and by a spark of *fire* ; nor is there any other difference than that of more or less, essential or participative, in all the analogies of nature. So that, to become perfectly versed in them all, there is neither required excessive stress upon the mind, nor violent exercise of the body.

In works of fancy there is much more industry and genius wanting, as they are arbitrary, and not to be perfected so much by rule as by strength of judgment and delicacy of taste ; which is the reason perhaps why few *Men* succeed in them so well as the *Women*. This is evident in the works of the needle, the tent, and the loom : where very great skill, judgment and dexterity are required to distribute the threads, to mingle the colours, to diversify the shades, to observe the proportions on a canvas, and so place the figures as neither to join them too close, nor place them too much asunder ; to link the threads together, and render the knots imperceptible ; in a word, to place no more in one rank than in another ; neither to crowd the scene, nor leave it too bare ; and so to play with art as to conceal its assistance, and make the whole look with the easy air of one of nature's frolics. To arrive to any perfection in this, there is need of invention ; whereas, to become mistress of the sciences,



ences, a *Woman* has nothing more to do than to inspect with order works already done, compleat in their kind, and ever uniform. And such *Women*, as fail of success in the study of them, miss their aim more from the want of skill and method in their masters, than from the obscurity of the objects themselves, or their own incapacity. For if we seriously consider, we shall be obliged to own that every one of the rational sciences requires much less genius and time than is necessary to reach to any excellence in tapestry, point, or embroidery, in which the *Women* undeniably far excel the *Men*.

The cause then of the *Men's* thinking that so much trouble is necessary to acquire a few knowledges, is the tautology with which they crowd their methods of attaining to them. To make their pupils reach one necessary truth, they often lead them a wild-goose chase through many unprofitable ones. All their knowledge generally consists in a confused history of other *Men's* sentiments who have gone before them ; hence most *Men* reposing on custom, and the credit they give to their masters, few have the good fortune to gain a clear conception of things, for want of a natural and concise method in studying them. And therefore perhaps one reason why *Women*, when they apply to the sciences, make so much greater proficiency, in less time and with less labour, than the *Men*, is their having a greater brilliancy of parts, and so-

lidity of judgment, to enable them to steer the shorter way to truth.

The two great ends for which we apply ourselves to study are, undoubtedly, to attain to a true knowledge of things, and by that knowledge to soar to virtue. Now if one truth will not choak the *Men*, they must own that the major part of our sex are in possession of virtue, which they could not be, without sufficient knowledge to acquire and retain it. Wherefore, since knowledge is the handmaid to virtue, and the *Women* in possession of this, it is the peculiar praise of most of them to have gain'd the principal advantage of all sciences without the opportunity of studying them, while all the study of the *Men* seems useful only to alienate them from the great end they were design'd for. It cannot then be doubted that the *Women*, who make such excellent use of the little knowledge they are allow'd, would infinitely surpass the *Men*, had they an equal share with them in the advantages of education : since it is very visible that they have much more natural capacity, and disposition for improving it. But as it is, granting an equal capacity in both sexes, 'tis a greater wonder that there ever should have been one learned *Woman*, than it would have been had all the *Men* been so, if we do but consider the inequality of education given to the two sexes.

It is commonly believed that *Turks*, *Barbarians*, and *Moors*, are not so capable of learning as *Europeans*.



*Europeans*. And yet, should we once see half a dozen *Æthiopian* Doctors at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, eminent in the sciences they professed, we should entertain a better notion of them. And surely *Women* deserve at least as much justice from the *Men* as savages do, and may claim as much right to their altering their opinion. Should a *Man*, on account of the ignorance which at present prevails in *Greece*, tell a *Grecian* that all his countrymen are naturally incapable of studying the sciences; must he not blush if he had any grace left, to hear the *Grecian* quote him the illustrious names of a *Plato*, an *Aristotle*, and many other antients of equal parts and learning? And what would he have to reply, if the *Grecian* should add, that *if his country is not as famous for learning now as it was formerly, it is for want of the same advantages?* Let our adversary then say ---- may not the *Women* in general make use of the same reasoning? There have been many *Women* illustrious for parts and learning; and if there are not (which I very much question, if the veil of modesty was thrown aside) as many now as there have been in former ages, it is because they have not the same advantages they then had. But does their not having those advantages annul their right to them?

It has been deem'd necessary for the security of contracts and the peace of families, that such as with a good conscience have been in a long and immemorable possession of the goods of fortune should

should not be liable to the disturbance of after-claims. But it never was heard of that a person, who, by ignorance, neglect, or the surprise of others, has fallen from his just right, may not try all lawful means to recover his property ; and his incapacity of possession was never consider'd as natural but only civil.

As the same goods of fortune cannot at once be possess'd by different persons, it is reasonable to maintain the actual possessors of them with a good conscience in possession of them, to the prejudice of very ancient proprietors. But it fares not thus with the goods of the mind : against them there can be no prescription ; but however long we have been excluded from them, our right of *Replevin* continues inalienable. Every rational being has a right to good sense, and all that is intelligible. Reason is absolutely unlimited in her jurisdiction over mankind ; we are all born to judge of what concerns and affects us, and if some cannot use the objects of sense with the same facility as others, all have an equal right to them. Truth and knowledge, like light and air, are not to be diminished by communication. On the contrary the more they are participated, the more useful and pleasing they are. The greater the number of persons employ'd in the search of them is, the sooner their enquiries will meet with success, and the more ample they must be ; and therefore had both sexes been equally busied in them, how much  
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ampler would not their discoveries now have been than they really are ! Knowledge and truth then are goods exempted from any prescription, and consequently so are the sciences by which they are to be attain'd ! So that such of our sex as have been deprived of them hitherto have a right of re-entry without any injury to those *Men* who are in possession of them. And they only, whose interest it is to rule weak minds by opinion and shew, have any reason to apprehend our re-establishment in our right ; for fear, the sciences becoming as familiar to us as to them, we should eclipse all their glory, and shew the littleness of their geniuses by the greatness of our own.

Their cowardice then in excluding us from the sciences is nothing inferior to their insolence in upbraiding us with the want of them. They first make laws and customs to deprive us of learning, and then blame us for ignorance. They keep us from the conversation of *Men* of sense, and then are angry for our conversing with fools, tho' not from choice but necessity. Nay pretend to prove us fools ourselves, because we have none of their sex to entertain us but fools. I agree with my adversary, that it is no bad rule to judge of people by the company they are fond of ; but surely our judgment must be wrong, when we pretend to judge of their merit by the company which is fond of them. I have heard of a Taylor's being in love with queen *Bess*, but am not therefore convinced

vinced that she was so with the Taylor. Nay, once I was told of a Footman's being immoderately vain of having been treated very familiarly by the late K. of *Sardinia*, when the whole familiarity amounted only to the king's having given him a kick with a *Sirrah* *get out my way*. And were the fops and coxcombs, who intrude themselves among us, capable of doing justice to us or themselves; they would have little better favours to boast of from us. But granting some to be fond of their company, it is quite stupid to argue that all our sex are silly creatures, because those few are so. Let but a fair comparison be made and the opposite truth will appear.

What a prodigious deal of time and money is generally spent to make the *Men* fit for something; seven years of school, as much at college, and often half as much in travels: Which after all serve only to compleat them clowns, fops, dunces or pedants; while the *Women*, without any of these expensive aids, make appear a fine understanding well improved, at an age when the others but begin to learn the necessity of hiding their folly and ignorance. Whatever then our adversary may be disposed to say or think, experience shews that the generality of *Women* learn under all disadvantages to make a better use of sense than the *Men* do: and if there are some incorrigible fools among us, I am sure they are fools at much less cost and pains than those of the other sex.



To prove the superior genius of *Womankind* it is almost sufficient to behold them: their look and air is more sensible, stately, and happy than the *Men's*. In *Women* the forehead is generally lofty and large, the eyes lively and quick, and the whole visage full of vivacity, which are usual marks with Physiognomists of wit and judgment. And their brain being generally temper'd with heat and moisture, which renders the mind quick and piercing, they have mostly an excellent imagination, a ready invention, and an easy discernment. Their memory is for the most part happy and their fancy sprightly; they represent things with a pleasingness that is quite insinuating, they are confessedly fortunate in their expression, and much readier than the *Men* in finding out turns and expedients the minute they are wanted. The natural wit of *Women*, with a little application, will suffice to acquire them a solidity of judgment: and many of them have shewn it with as much delicacy as the most learned of the opposite sex.

This is so true, that the ablest authors have generally shewn more apprehension for their works, from the criticism of the ladies, than of any of their own sex. For my own part, I must confess I am much less concern'd about the judgment the *Men* will pass on this little Treatise and my former one, than I am about the fate they will meet with from female judges. I am sensible that the many defects which may be found in both cannot

escape their penetration. The stile is not equal, nor the expressions proportion'd to the dignity of the subject. I have omitted, even purposely, many weighty observations, which might have greatly illustrated some points which I have touch'd upon but slightly, and many subjects I have totally neglected, which had been of themselves worthy consideration. But let the character I write in plead my excuse. Had it been possible for me to change sex, and yet retain the honest impartiality which inspires me at present ; I might have spoken much bolder truths. But as I happen to be a *Woman*, many noble things I might say to their praise, tho' I have not the least share in them, would be look'd upon as fulsom compliments paid myself, if I spoke them ; as they are generally taken for the excrescencies of gallantry in those *Men* who are honest enough to *Women* to do them justice.

Neither am I ignorant that some ladies will be angry with me for what I have said, however conscious they are of the truths I have advanced. That modesty which leads them into the mistake of concealing their own superior merit, and the fear they are in of incensing the irrational tyrants of the other sex to redouble their ferocity, will make them look upon this as a rash attempt, which, instead of healing their wounds, will only be a pretext for their butchers to gall them with fresh ones. But let them reflect, that, if the *Men* of sense and spirit can but be reason'd out of following the example  
of



of the fools and cowards they have to deal with ; these will easily be ashamed and scared into using *Women* better, to cloke that baseness which actuates them. For it is very remarkable, that nothing is more subject to fear and shame than that bullying race who ill-treat their wives ; as nothing could spirit a *Man* to lord it over a *Woman*, but that heartless cowardice which makes him fond of insulting the only creature he has a power over, from the single consideration of his having more brutal strength, and a legal authority to exert it. Besides, let such of my fair readers as may be disposed to think I have carried some things too far, reflect that I have no where gone beyond the strictest rules of truth ; and if I have too strongly proved our right to an equal share of power, dignity, and esteem with the *Men*, and our natural capacity of surpassing them, I have notwithstanding never aim'd at wresting the power they are in possession of out of their hands. On the contrary, let all I have advanced be candidly consider'd, it will be found that I have declared openly against it. I have indeed, in my former Treatise, and again in this, endeavour'd to spirit my sex to have that just esteem for themselves which is requisite to force the *Men* to pay them that esteem which is their due. If any blame me for this, let them reflect on the advice of *Pythagoras* : *Above all things, be sure to have a due respect for yourself.* If we think meanly of ourselves, how can we be sur-

prized if that ungenerous sex should lay hold of it to load us with the contempt we seem conscious of deserving. No, the only way to force those unjust creatures to do us justice is to be just to ourselves, by the improvement of our minds, the enrichment of our hearts, and such a conduct as may convince them, that if we are content to be subject to them, it is not for want of talents to command them. I am for shewing them that our submitting to act in a more confined sphere is only owing to the superiority of our virtue, and the want of that avarice, arrogance, and ambition, which are the great inspirers of the best actions of most of them.

The only indulgence then I have to crave from my fair partners in oppression is, that such of them as modesty, humility, or contracted timidity, may have induced to be displeased with some strokes of mine, would favour the whole of what I have written with a second perusal ; in order to qualify themselves for judging justly and unprejudicedly. If they do this, whatever faults they may find with the method or expression, for being so short of the delicacy of their own talents and taste, I am confident they cannot disapprove of the reasoning and design. I have no where been for the *Women's* departing from their character : but have aim'd wholly at giving it its true lustre, by shewing that the modesty, meekness, humility and reserve, which are so inseparably blended with it,  
are



are no arguments of their wanting sense, courage, conduct, and spirit, to act in a much superior sphere than they chuse to do. If I have not treated this subject in so compleat a manner as some of my sex now in being are capable of doing, I frankly own it to be more owing to want of genius than of matter. I was conscious, indeed, from my first setting out, that among the infinite arguments I could produce of the superior talents of *Woman*, the visible littleness of my own would appear a perplexing argument against me. Still an irresistible love of truth, spite of all disadvantages, made me resolve to do the rest of my sex all the justice I was capable of, however I might suffer by having it done to myself. If there be any rashness in this, I am content that such of my sex as are capable of excelling me in such an undertaking, should blame my forwardness, provided they will give me leave to blame them in turn for their remissness, in not exerting their abilities in so just a cause. For the rest I shall regret no freedoms which any ladies may think proper to take with my slender productions, if they will but indulge me the innocent liberty of exhorting them to apply themselves to the sciences, without regarding the little reasons of the *Men*, whose jealousy is so industrious to divert them from the improvement they might thence gather. Truth and knowledge are the only objects worthy their being solicitous after ; and these they have a mind capable

pable of reaching in the most perfect manner. It is therefore an indispensable duty in them to put themselves in a condition to avoid that reproach, which the stifling truth and knowledge in ignorance and indolence would justly bring upon them. Neither have they any other way to guard themselves from the error and surprize to which they are perpetually exposed, whose knowledge is but a kind of collection of oral traditions, for the truth of which they have little better than *Gazetteer* authority. In a word, they have no other certain means to secure happiness to themselves thro' life by a steady pursuit of virtue and prudence.

What advantages and delight may they not reap from a serious application to useful studies, as well when they are in company as in private. The satisfaction they taste, in hearing others discoursing on elevated subjects, may suffice to give them some idea of the exquisite pleasure they may reap by being enabled to treat upon them themselves. They might, by such means, render the most trivial topics of conversation sovereignly profitable and pleasant, by treating them in a more elegant manner than the vulgar do. And by joining to that delicacy of manners, which is their undisputed property, a fund of useful knowledge, with a solidity of reasoning, they must affect their hearers with pleasure, improvement, and admiration. What entertainment, delight, and reputation would not their drawing-rooms afford them, if changed  
into



into academies ! And with what solid peace and recreation would not their very retirement be attended ! Never less alone than when alone, how many solitary hours would they be able to fill with advantageous amusements ! How many melancholy thoughts would be dissipated by the pleasing pensiveness of mind-engrossing study ! How many griefs expelled by the solace of philosophy ! How many soul-dilating comforts might they inhale from the lecture of well-written books ! How many diverting voyages and journies might they take over a globe ! How widely might they range the world, penetrate to the very center of the earth and seas, or soar to the highest heavens, on the wings of fancy, without danger, expence, or the pains of stirring from their closets ! How little time would they then find occasion for means to assassinate ! Or rather, how solicitous would they then be to multiply their minutes to hours, their days to months, and their years to ages ! The thirst of learning, which the bare taste of truth is capable of giving, would make them live an eternity by anticipation, and grasp an infinity of knowledge in imagination and wish.

Such of my sex as have been earlily so far infected by the artifice of the *Men* as to have only an ambition to please, may, by the help of study, gratify even that weakness, and render it both useful to others, and unhurtful to themselves. The beauty of the mind, which is to be attain'd only by a  
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proper application to study, cannot but add a double lustre to their native charms. *Women* of very ordinary persons, who are but witty and provided with useful knowledge, are generally esteemed by both sexes ; and however homely they may appear, their advantages of mind, cultivated by study, so amply supply the scantiness of natural graces and fortune, that we often see them talk themselves handsome and agreeable in the eyes of the nicest critics of beauty. What power of charming then may not those ladies without vanity hope for, who, to all the endearments which nature and fortune could lavish on their persons, add the superior graces of a mind and heart enrich'd with useful learning and virtue ! By the authority of these, both the one and the other sort must attract the admiration and esteem of all *Men*, they will be admitted into the most refined entertainments of the learned of the opposite sex, and reign in their hearts on a double account. The *Men* will find it their interest to consult them in every affair of importance ; and though the love of power may hinder those from admitting them to any share in government, they will at least treat them with deference, as they become sensible of wanting their advice and assistance to execute with safety and honour the affairs they are charged with. There is then no one reason to be assigned why the *Women* should not apply themselves to the study of the sciences ; but there are many and weighty ones too why they



they should: the least of which is, that properly methodised studies can be no injury to any of them, however little progress they should be able to make; and must be of eminent service to them and to all Mankind in general. Since if they take care, as they will when properly instructed, not to let their studies break in upon the immediate duties of their station, they cannot fail to turn out better children, better parents, better servants, mistresses, or wives, and better subjects to the state, than indolence and ignorance is capable of making them.

From what I said in my former treatise concerning the natural ability of *Women* for military offices, no one could well be so weak as to imagine I wanted my sex to be admitted to any share in them. The contrary must appear very plain from what I there said. I neither meant nor could mean any thing more than on one hand to expose the excessive silliness of the *Men*, who force themselves to believe, from the *Women's* being excluded from warlike exercises, that they are naturally cowards, and therefore unfit for them; and, on the other hand, to shew that the heart of *Woman* is no less capable by nature of that steady resolution which makes up virtuous courage, than her head is of that sense and discretion which is requisite to distinguish the proper occasions for exerting it. And I think I have already so fully proved that the *Men* have no more title to either than the *Women*, that it is needless to add much more on

that subject. If the *Men* are more hardy than we are ; that advantage, as I have already observed, ought greatly to be attributed to their difference of education. Were both sexes equally exercised, the one might possibly acquire as much vigour as the other. Nay, we have seen it verified in fact in many common-wealths, where wrestling and other exercises were common to both sexes ; and if the accounts of our mariners be right, the same is still true among a sort of *Amazonian* race in the south parts of *America* ; not to mention that virago breed among the *Dutch*, who are stronger and hardier than the stoutest *Men* among them. If many *Women* are shy and timorous even out of the neighbourhood of danger, they may thank the *Men* for the excessive industry made use of to inure them from their infancy to fear. A girl is taught not to think herself in security under the eye of her governess, nor under the wings of her mother ; is perpetually frightened with stories of Hob-goblins in all the corners of the house, and ever provided with matter of fear against she is alone. In the streets, in the town, in the country, or wherever she is, there is something to apprehend for her safety : And not even the church is to exempt her from perils, if without her guards. What wonder then the greatest natural courage should be lost in fear, or that this should grow up with children thus educated ? And yet it is undeniable matter of fact, that *Women* can and often have surmounted all these



these fears, and dared the greatest real dangers on laudable occasions. If there are a few such inconsistent creatures as my adversary's friends *Tremula* and *Viragina*, as I never intended to espouse the cause of such, or any of the fools or bad *Women* he has been pleased to expose, I think it but little concerns me to plead any excuse for them ; and therefore shall leave them to justify themselves as well as they can. Neither do I think it at all reflects any disgrace on our sex, that there are a few *Women* of bad or weak characters ; considering how few they comparatively are, and how much the far greater part of *Women* out-shine the *Men* in sense and virtue, while the worst characters of a few particulars among them are very short of the wickedness and folly of many general characters among these. The bringing a character or two of a few cowardly *Women*, bred up in the school of fear, can have but little force to prove that all *Women* are cowards by nature ; while history perpetuates the memory of many who have sacrificed their lives for a good cause. The few instances I have produced in my former Treatise may exempt me from quoting the warlike bravery of *Deborah*, *Thalestris*, *Penthesilea*, *Camilla*, and many others, who have gallantly fought in the cause of their country. I might add a list of innumerable female martyrs, who have braved the acutest torments mannish brutality could invent, baffled the barbarous invention of the cruelest tyrants, and smiled on death for the

sake of Christ. I might bring up the rear with a warlike maid of *France*, who freed her prince and country from over-powering oppression, snatch'd conquest from a victorious enemy, and died as bravely amidst the flames, as she had fought intrepidly her way to glory through the swords of innumerable hosts. But what need is there for so many instances to prove an undeniable truth, that *Women* in general never want a heart to despise death, whenever it stands in competition with their honour or their conscience? Let the memory of the brave and virtuous *Mallonia* never be forgotten, whom all the promises and assiduities of *Tiberius* could never induce to suffer the least stain on her chastity; and yet, when in consequence of his brutal revenge she was sacrificed to the violence of his domestics, as brave as she was chaste, so far was she from setting any value on life, or having any dread of death or pain, that she nobly wash'd off her disgrace with her generous blood, by lodging a dagger in her breast. The daughter of *Sextus Marius*, immortal *Rubellia*, avoided the like disgrace by timely dispatching herself. And *Eusebia*, the beautiful *Eusebia*, died on the same glorious account by her own undaunted hand, to escape the savage violence of the Emperor *Maxentius*. Nor was the death of *Venuna* a less glorious instance of the intrepidity of our sex, where our honour is concern'd. This lady for her extraordinary beauty was promised to the grand Signior *Selvin* by his general



general *Mahomet*, who was besieging *Nicossia* in which she then was. But her valour and virtue disappointed them both. She was inform'd of the design against her, and therefore as soon as ever the town was taken she threw herself into that part of it which was in flames, to preserve her chastity unfully'd. *Adrochia* and *Alcidda*, the daughters of *Antipenus* prince of *Thebes*, to restore peace and safety to their country, to which their exquisite beauty and extraordinary merit were like to be the innocent means of ruin and utmost desolation, generously kill'd themselves. But was I to rehearse a thousandth part of the glorious deeds of this kind done by *Women*, I should never have done.

I do not pretend, however, from any thing I have said concerning the valour of these illustrious ladies, to justify suicide. Even in them nothing but the ignorance and superstition of the barbarous ages they lived in could excuse self-destruction. But those were times when the extravagance of mannish wickedness was such, as laid them under a necessity of deifying the most horrid vices, as they had not yet the secret of our modern heroes of iniquity to keep vice in countenance, by de-throning the powers of Heaven, and treading religion into contempt. No wonder then that the *Women* of those times, who could have no other lights of religion to act by than they received from the *Men*, should rescue themselves from vice and corruption,

ruption, by such means as they were taught to look upon as the most heroic of virtues. And however the action be criminal in itself, it was undoubtedly noble in them under such circumstances ; and is sufficient to prove that *Women* have as much true courage as the *Men*, when their own virtue and honour, or the public good, calls upon them to exert it. Tho', independently of all these instances, there needs no greater argument of their courage and spirit, than that they dare be virtuous, notwithstanding the little chance they have of being at all upon any equal footing with the *Men* while they persevere to be so.

The conduct of *Women*, whatever kind of life they embrace, is, generally speaking, remarkably virtuous ; they who chuse to keep their freedom, seem born only for patterns and examples to others ; christian modesty appears in their countenance and dress, and honour and goodness seem to make their chief ornaments. In a word, their assiduity in works of piety and religion, is a sufficient proof that their chief reason for not engaging in a matrimonial state was to enjoy such a liberty of mind, and such a freedom of heart, as might dispense them from attending to any other objects than heavenly ones. Humanity and christian compassion are virtues so peculiar to our sex, that they seem born with us. The miseries of our neighbours, our enemies not excepted, seldom fail to affect us with a concern little inferior to that with which



which we feel our own : and any suffering of others need but reach our eyes to penetrate to our souls. Is it not the *Women* who in public calamities are the most lavish in their charities ? Which of the two sexes is the readiest to melt into compassion for the poor, to visit the sick, or to relieve the imprison'd ? Tho' I cannot think it a jot more absurd to ridicule and contemn such generous creatures, as beneath the very miserable objects they voluntarily submit to serve, than it is to say or think that *Women* are inferior to the *Men*, because the *former* have virtue and fortitude enough, for the sake of peace and charity, to submit to the slavery of humouring the *latter*, tho' so very much in general below them, in every consideration but that of bulk and strength.

It would be endless to descend to particulars : otherwise, was I to relate the several virtues which *Women* make appear in the different occurrences of life, I might say enough to strike envy itself dumb, and force jealousy to do them justice. I could shew to what a length they carry their temperance in eating, their sobriety in drinking, and their moderation in every innocent pleasure of life. How shining is their patience in trouble, their courage in dangers, their fortitude in affliction, their constancy under the sharpest pangs ! How frequent their fatigues, their fastings, their watchings, for the ease of their husbands and the good of their children ! What compliance do they not use that  
they

they may live peaceably with the former, submitting to their caprice, doing nothing without their consent, and laying a restraint on themselves in the most innocent freedoms, as well as depriving themselves of the most harmless pleasures, merely to free them from fantastic suspicions ! But without enlarging on these truths, for a confirmation of them I need but remit my candid readers to their own observation. What I omit, to spare the modesty of my fair sisters, the honest part of the *Men* have continual opportunities of observing in public and private, at court as well as in the closet, at public assemblies, or domestic interviews, in the poor as well as the rich, and in *Women* of every quality, rank, and degree.

To draw then to a conclusion, let it fairly be consider'd, what my adversary has done for the defence of his own sex, and the humiliation of ours. Why, truly, throughout his whole laborious drudgery of wit, he has been able to sum up no better arguments than a few voluntary assertions, misapplied witticisms, disagreeable characters applicable only to a very few particulars, a heap of abusive quotations, and an idle collection of foul-mouth'd scurrilities from the antients, as void of truth and appearance of reason, as those of his own advancing. But among all this congeries of impertinencies, he has not been able to contradict one single argument I have advanced in my former Treatise ; and tho' he has many times labour'd to do it, he  
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has hobbled so in the attempt as palpably to point out the lameness of the cause he espouses. As to the learned, on whose authority our adversary lays such a mighty stress, there cannot need much difficulty to rid us of them. Every one knows that as their profession does not oblige them to the strictest enquiries, probability and appearance to *Poets* and *Orators*, to *Historians* the testimony of antiquity, however false, and to *Lawyers* custom and practice, however senseless, are generally sufficient for persuading, which is the chief end they propose to themselves. Indeed, as to *Philosophers*, one might expect something more solid from them, as they are apt to lay a claim to abundance of wisdom. Tho' if we examine their writings, and compare the many absurdities they advance with the few tolerable things they stumble upon, and again compare the best of their reasonings with the common run of their actions; we shall find them, for the most part, a set of inconsistent madmen, creatures possess'd of as little just title to the name of *wise men* as our *Bedlam* pensioners, who probably might have acquired the title of Sages too, had they lived in those ignorant bigotted ages, when their rants would have been taken for inspirations, and the rational things they utter in their lucid intervals for grave apothegms. Nevertheless I have plainly shewn, that these gentlemen, whatever they might say in their delirious fits, have not fail'd to do the *Women* justice at their returns of reason.

Though had they never said any thing in our favour, what they have said to our disparagement can have little weight in the eyes of the sensible part of mankind, since they are not only to be consider'd as *Men*, and consequently parties concern'd, but likewise as subject to the same humours, prejudices, passions, peevishness, revenge, &c. as the rest of that sex; and, therefore, as they have not strengthen'd their assertions with any stronger appearance of reason, than our adversary has his, all they say or he says can amount to nothing in point of evidence.

The same may be said of those other classic authors my adversary has been so free with; if they have said any thing in some parts of their writings to the discredit of some *Women*, they have said more to their advantage in general; and none of them all have been half so severe on the fair sex as they have been on their own; but particularly *Juvenal*, whom our adversary quotes with so much pomp: For if in one of his surly fits he has fallen foul on the *Women*, and undistinguishingly abused them in one satire, he found vices enough among the *Men* to bestow all his other fifteen upon them.

However, for the summary of all the accusations laid against us, it is said, by these gentlemen, that we are more malicious and wicked than the *Men*. Now surely the *Men* cannot mean, by this charge, that there are more bad *Women* than bad *Men*: for that is a manifest falshood. We have no share  
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in public employments, the abuse of which is the cause of all public calamities ; and, in private life, our virtue is too exemplary to be disputed, and the disorders of the other sex too notorious to call them in question. All then which our accusers either antient or modern, can mean by calling us great evils, or wicked things, must be that such of our sex as do give their minds to evil do it in a more refined manner, and drive it farther than the *Men* are able to do, however willing. Now, granting this to be so, what can our adversary infer from hence, but what is rather to the credit than discredit of our sex in general ? It is impossible for a *Woman* to be capable of doing much mischief, without having good parts, and a capacity to do as much good. So that in this, bad *Women* comparatively eyed with *Men*, are but like rich wicked persons, who are more wicked than the poor, because more in a condition for hurting. If such *Women* can do much harm, they could also do much good. As therefore it is owing to the ignorance the *Men* educate them in that they are worse than *Men*; knowledge, on the contrary, would make them as much better. But as I cannot imagine my adversary will undertake to defend the actions of all the felons, murderers, parricides, tyrants, and vile persons of his sex, so neither do I think myself obliged to defend the few persons of ours, who have been guilty of manifest crimes. No, we are as ready to give them up to public re-

sentment, as our adversary, or any of his sex, can be for devoting them to it.

The question is not whether there have been and are any ill *Women* in the world, but whether there have not been, and are not actually many more good ones. That there are, is a truth so manifest, that our antagonist will find it no easy task to disprove it. At least, to carry on the attempt with success, he must come a little closer to the point than he has hitherto done. For, after all, will the boldly advancing things without making them out, the cracking a joke, quoting a few sentences from *Men* in a passion or out of their senses, railing with abusive fluency, searching all history, and ranging the whole nation for a few singular instances of bad *Women*, suffice to justify his singing victory as he does? Tho' I am not disposed to dispute the truth of the characters he has given, yet they are so very odd and uncommon, that, however well each may suit the *Woman* it was drawn to resemble, they are so very unlike the generality of my sex, that few would be inclined to think any *Woman* is affected by them. The same cannot be said of the portraits I have here given of the *Men*. I made but one person indeed fit for each; and yet every one is a near resemblance of so many, that most people, I dare say, will be inclined to think them design'd for the out-lines of the whole sex. So that, like the famous piece of *Apelles*, once they are exposed to public view, I shall not  
be



be surprized to hear all the upright unfeather'd animals in the town braying to their likeness in some one or other of them. But however loud and ungrateful a noise this confusion of uncouth sounds may produce, it will only serve to divert me, as it can affect no otherwise than with laughter any of that sex who have a just title to the character of *Men* of sense and virtue.

For I do not deny that there are some, nay many who are such, though it must still be own'd that those many would dwindle to the appearance of a very insignificant number, if compared with the much greater number of *Men* who can justly lay no pretence to being either virtuous or sensible. Still I am willing to be just, which I could not be was I to follow my adversary's method of involving the innocent with the guilty. Tho' it may be perfectly agreeable to his principles, from the overstrain'd characters of a few particular bad and foolish *Women*, as much shun'd and despised by us as by himself, to draw in his conclusion a general odium upon our whole sex ; I should think it both wicked and absurd in me to conclude that all the *Men* are knaves, or fools or both, because much the major part of them are so. No, let the guilty of both sexes bleed, if my adversary will have it so, till their worthless lives ebb out : But let not the innocent feel the edge of satire's weapon. Since the major part of our sex are virtuous and discreet, what danger have the *Men* to apprehend from ac-  
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knowledging them such ? And if there are a few *Men* of sense and honour, exceptions from the general rule, why should we be ashamed to do them justice ? I myself know some of this character and respect them as such ; and tho' many of my sex have but too bleeding reason to be averred to the whole of the other, for the little sense or virtue they have found in any ; to speak impartially, I may justly say that I have no personal reason to be offended with so much as one. Thanks to propitious providence, the state of life it has placed me in, has raised me above the reach of knaves, and blest me with the liberty of shunning fools. The little acquaintance I have chosen to cultivate with any of that sex, has ever been with *Men* of sense, and those, for aught I have reason to believe, *Men* of virtue too. Indeed I have never had, and hope I never shall have, occasion to put to trial the honour and honesty of any but two, as I have never encouraged an intimacy with any but them, and their goodness is trial-proof. One is *Honorio* my guardian, and *Claudio* who was my writing-master is the other.

This gentleman has very good natural parts, and without any regular education has treasur'd up in his mind a great deal of very useful knowledge, by the help of which, and the excellent reflections which experience has taught him the art of making, he is qualified to afford solid entertainment to persons of the best and most improved understanding.

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It is difficult however to say which in him is best, the mind or the will : since if from the one we may guess, that, properly applied, he would have been capable of shining in any sphere he had been placed in ; the other discovers a propensity to every thing that is good. Not only a strict moral *Man* but an exemplary Christian, he has an universal benevolence for all Mankind. In short, it may truly be said, that with regard to intentional good his head and his heart are never at odds. And yet with all these virtuous and sensible qualities there are some visible defects in both. His desire of seeing all *Men* as good as he labours to be himself, makes him insupportably peevish to those who are not so ; and his love of truth, which makes him often mistake good-breeding for insincerity, and therefore hurries him into an offensive affectation of bluntness, puts it out of his power to make them otherwise. With goodness to a fault he is humble to inconsistency. For while he labours to enhance and raise his virtues in the sight of God by his own mean opinion of them, he depresses and forfeits his sense in a thousand childish ways to the eyes of the world by rating it too high. Tho' a very good writing-master, what he chiefly excels in is accompts. He has happily hit upon a new and easier way of working some few rules in arithmetic ; and the vanity with which this little excellence is swoln in his heart, too narrow for every thing but naked piety, boils up to his very brain

brain, and intoxicates the whole *Man*: infomuch that there is great danger, if I may be allow'd the metaphor, of his drowning a world of solid merit in a sea of froth. If you ask him a question on ever so important or indifferent a subject, it is much if he don't answer you with a numerical problem. His consciousness of being a good figurist renders it difficult to convince him that is not as good a Merchant, Lawyer, Physician, Soldier, Statesman, Philosopher, and even Divine; when, but for the hopes I retain of his recovery from this profound dream, I should fear that he will soon cease to be both a good companion and a good *Man*. And yet, notwithstanding all the seexcrescencies, I think no *Man* at present more worthy the respect, esteem, and friendship of all who know him than *Claudio*, if I except one.

That one is *Honorio*, whose extraordinary worth the happy years I lived under his wing afforded me frequent opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with. What is astonishing for a nobleman, he has both excellent parts and a great deal of learning: and what is more astonishing still, he is possess'd of the quintessence of honour unborrow'd from titles. Not a great *Man* because a lord, the excellence of his understanding and probity led rather than raised him to the peerage: the first of his illustrious family rewarded with a coronet, he is behind none of his ancestors in the worth which deserves one; and the glory to which

his



his great and good qualities have lifted his race and name in his own person can receive no other augmentation than that of additional ermin. And yet not all this tide of splendor can hurry him to pride or meanness : but safely steering from either extreme along the mid-stream of dignity, he can stoop with courtesy to the person the most abject who has virtue and sense, while with contempt he overlooks folly or vice in the highest eminence. Humanity seems to have taken up her favourite seat in his bosom ; and all other virtues in concert with wisdom seem to have entrench'd themselves in his heart, to reign secure from the attacks or surprises of a vicious idiot world. It will seem an hyperbole in a peer when I add that he is not only a nice Christian in his own practice, but zealous in the propagation of the christian name both at home and abroad in the way he thinks right ; and with the art of frequenting a court untainted by it's vices, he has the happy secret to make his own mansion a chapel of ease without the form of one, by the sanctity of his manners, the purity of his conversation, and the strength of his example. In short he almost excels my adversary's ideal *Philanthropus*, and is very near as perfect a being as human nature can aspire to : the best of husbands, the best of fathers, the best of guardians, the best of subjects, and to every one, who has the least pretension to merit, the best of friends. Still *Honorio* has his foibles : he is a little disposed to

carry politics to party, and suffers his religion to lean a little to bigotry. An excess of loyalty to the prince he loves makes him backward to oppose the measures of a minister he disapproves ; and prejudice for the sect he was educated in makes him labour rather to convince himself that the faith he professes is right, than to examine impartially whether it really is so or not. So that this excellent *Man*, with the most generous zeal for the good of his country and religion, trusts the one to fancy, and the other to chance.

What a pity is it, and, at the same time, what a deplorable fatality on that sex, that the most amiable and the most glorious characters among them, should be thus surrounded with oddities ! But it is even so ; and inconsistency is so inseparably blended with their nature, that they would cease to be *Men*, could they be all of a piece.

Where shall we find among the *Men* that uniform grandeur of soul which is so universally admired in *Clarilla* ? Ever the same, inflexibly good, and always discreet ; her wisdom and virtue know no alteration but the improvement which every day produces in her mind and heart. The beauty of her external frame is such as angels would make choice of in an earthly embassy, to make themselves more welcome ; and then, her soul seems form'd of the same heavenly substance theirs are. All spirit, life, and intuition, her very look is sense, her words are emanations of intelligence, and all  
her



her actions thought. Mistress of every useful knowledge science can impart, and yet more the mistress of herself, tho' born to outshine the brightest geniuses the letter'd world is lit by, like cloister'd saints, she courts obscurity behind the veil of modesty. Her beauty, sense, and learning contribute no more to make her forward or assuming, than her reserve does to make her solemn, formal, or affected. But gay with a becoming gravity, affable with dignity, and social with decorum, whether silent or speaking she is ever affording instruction, while intent to receive it. Such grace and meaning animate her speech and practice, that all she says or does breathes out the wisdom she is big with, and looks the same she is. In her the very pantings of the heart are virtues : for every virtue has a mansion there. But still benevolence, christian benevolence, like the noon-day orb, gives life and light to all the rest, and, like that too, sheds its unbounded influence on good and bad alike. For *Clarilla* is a christian, and an observant one too, not by chance, caprice, or prejudice, but inspiration and conviction ; and so close a copy of her Saviour, that she is all to all to gain all, honouring the wise with esteem, distinguishing the good with her friendship, and treating the bad with tenderness, indulgence, and mercy. It is enough to be poor, or afflicted, to obtain relief from her ; and more than enough to be sick, in prison, or distressed, to merit the blessing of her sight and assistance.

The widow, the orphan, and the oppress'd, find made up in her the loss of a husband, a father, and a friend ; and if all human nature feel not the effects of her unlimited bounty, 'tis for want of her having a fortune to supply all, and hands to distribute it. And yet she suffers not the money and time she bestows on the necessitous to injure the circumstances of her family, or break in upon her duties to it. She is as industrious in her œconomy at home, as she is liberal in her charities abroad ; and the prudence with which she distributes her pity enables her to be so. She has a time for the embellishment of her mind, a time for the affairs of her house, a time for conversation with her domestic friends and out-door acquaintance, a time for the relief of her neighbour, and a time for her innocent relaxation ; and tho' the purity of her intention makes all these but so many varied scenes of prayer, she can still find a time to allot more especially to private devotion. By these sagacious means, she has gain'd a happy facility of acting successively the part of a wife, virtuous, careful, tender wife to her husband, a discreet and indulgent parent to her children, a gracious mistress to her servants, an instructive entertaining companion to her friends and acquaintance, an universal benefactress to human nature, a judicious friend to herself, and not only a useful subject to the state, but a faithful servant to her God : all which she is, without the least vanity or  
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ostentation. Rather, if she has any fault, it is that of being too anxious to hide so much exemplary worth ; which envy dares not blast, nor suspicion call in doubt ; which adversity could never affect but with fortitude, nor prosperity but with humbleness : so very humble, that tho' learned and wise to admiration, none can labour less to appear so ; and tho' good to perfection, none can be less disposed to think so. In short, the lowliness of opinion she has of herself makes her construe the just praises she receives from friends into instructive reproofs, as the universal generosity of her wishes to others makes her soften into accident or oversight the injuries she receives from her enemies : for enemies she has, but they are such only as it would be a disgrace not to be at variance with, and such as providence has provided her with on purpose to point out the excellence of her charity in forgiving ; which she does with as much cheerfulness as if she stood never so much in need of forgiveness ; tho' at the same time she is perpetually studious to live so free from faults and the want of pardon herself, as if she was determin'd never to grant it to others.

How many other illustrious Ladies now living might I not name, of no less shining characters than *Clarilla* ? But I content myself with this one noble instance of *womanly* worth, sufficient of itself to make the whole opposite sex chafe with envy

vy, for want of souls capable of reaching so much real excellence. For real it is, however the narrowness of some *Men's* minds may dispose them to look upon it as a fiction. Have not the *Men* then the greatest reason to be ashamed of their unjust usurpation of superiority over us, who can shew so little title to even an equality of merit in head or in heart? What though, by brutal strength of body, they have distrained all the goods of it, and appropriated all the power of them to themselves; have they thence sufficient grounds to believe themselves sole masters, or even possessors of the riches of the soul? Are the *Women*, therefore, to be included in the lawless usurpation, as creatures made only for their use? I am very confident, if they think so, they would be much more firmly convinced of the contrary, were all authority lodged in our hands, as it was amongst the *Amazons*. But, after all, if the *Men* are obstinately bent on imagining that they are endow'd with a greater capacity for wisdom, and a greater propensity to virtue than our sex is, be it spoken to their never-ending shame, that they omit no industry to stifle their capacity, and give that propensity a contrary bias; while, to their immortal glory, the generality of *Women* improve their talents, whether great or little, to a much better use than the best of the other sex. And as for the few *Women* who make an ill use  
of



of the favours bestow'd on them by nature, let such of the *Men* as are guiltless throw the first stone of vengeance at them. But then, as the *Men* have so much the power of revenge in their own hands, let them set down satisfied with glutting their cruelty at the expence of the few bad *Women* who merit their indignation, without extending their undistinguishing fury to the wise and virtuous many who deserve their profoundest respect. Tho', let their provocation be ever so great, as I am apt to think that the noblest revenge a *Woman* can load the *Man* with, who injures her, is to expose him to infamy, by such a greatness of behaviour as may attract her the admiration of the world; so I am satisfied, that the wisest and most effectual vengeance a *Man* could inflict on a *Woman* who wrong'd him, would be to force, by his conduct, all the world to upbraid her, while he forbore to do it himself. Tho' severity may sometimes seem absolutely requisite, it can never be consistent with either justice or prudence to apply it, till mildness and good usage have been found, by experience, ineffectual to reclaim her. There are indeed some injuries a *Man* may, and now and then does receive from a wife, which scarce any satisfaction can atone for; but then, before a *Woman* be charged with those, let evidence appear against her; and let not dubious ground, or the surmises of jealousy, supply the place of conviction.

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If the vanity of some, and the malice of others, is made the rule of judgment, what virtue can be safe? *Ariosto's Bradamante*, *Gonsalo's Auristilla*, and *Shakespeare's Othello*, are sufficient to shew how prone jealousy is to give appearance to the upper hand of truth, to the grievous and utter oppression of the most spotless innocence.

Was it possible for the *Men* to divest themselves of jealousy and malice, they would find as little room to complain of the virtue of *Women* as they have reason to under-rate our capacity. But for the prolixity of running thro' the records of time, it would be easy to make appear, that *Women* have never yielded to the *Men* in any thing that is good or great, but have often surpass'd them in both. They have on many occasions shewn a greater excellence of virtue and genius; and their wit as well as their judgment has ever shone with brighter lustre in parrallel circumstances. Many have gloriously govern'd the greatest empires with a moderation, dignity, and wisdom not to be exceeded; and numbers have administer'd justice with an integrity equal to that of an *Athenian* judge, and a sagacity nothing inferior to that of a *Hebrew* monarch. How many have, by the intrepidity of their conduct and the strength of their parts, restor'd honour and safety to their nation, tranquility to their people, and a peaceful crown to their husbands! And how many have raised the glory  
of



of arms by their valour in the field, or with more than heroic bravery render'd the walls of a city impregnable, by the courage with which their presence and example has animated the champions who are defending it ! I could mention legions of ladies whose immaculate purity has been proof against the most dreadful menaces and dazzling promises of tyranny and power ; and who, with astonishing greatness of soul, have triumph'd over vice and infidelity, amidst the most excruciating tortures. I could name almost an infinity of others, who have surpassed the *Men* in their erudition and familiarity with every laudable science, who have fathomed the most useful and profound mysteries of nature, penetrated through the abstrusest secrets of policy, refined morality to its nicest purity, and raised themselves to the highest peak of Christian perfection.

In a word, if it was not for the narrow limits this little Treatise confines me to, I could, from the single evidence of History, which is so much perverted to debase us, throw such a dazzling glory round my whole sex, as would suffice to render their honour inaccessible by the most presumptuous and daring of the *Men*. However, what I omit at present, I may possibly make up hereafter, by giving a parallel history of the most eminent persons of both sexes in past ages, for virtue or vice. In the mean time, what I have here barely hinted will suffice to convince the most obstinate of that

sex, who have any sense left, that if the *Men* have by fraud and violence, gain'd a superiority of power over us, we still retain our original superiority of sense and virtue over them: and if they are not ashamed of truth, they must own that the best qualities they are masters of give them no more title to an equality with us in the perfections of soul, than their homely awkward figures can justify their vying with us in the charms of personal beauty and graces.

*F I N I S.*









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